Saturday Review

JANUARY 19, 1963 / 25¢

EDUCATION

MAX RAFFERTY OF CALIFORNIA

By Paul Woodring

POPE JOHN AND HIS OPEN WINDOW

By Norman Cousins

EXPANDED BOOKS, MUSIC, THEATRE, AND MOVIES

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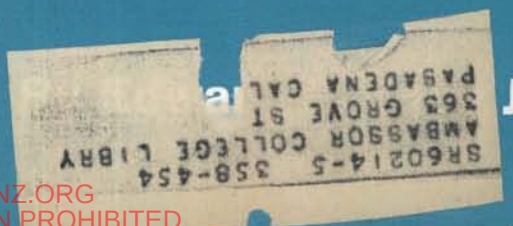
Jr.



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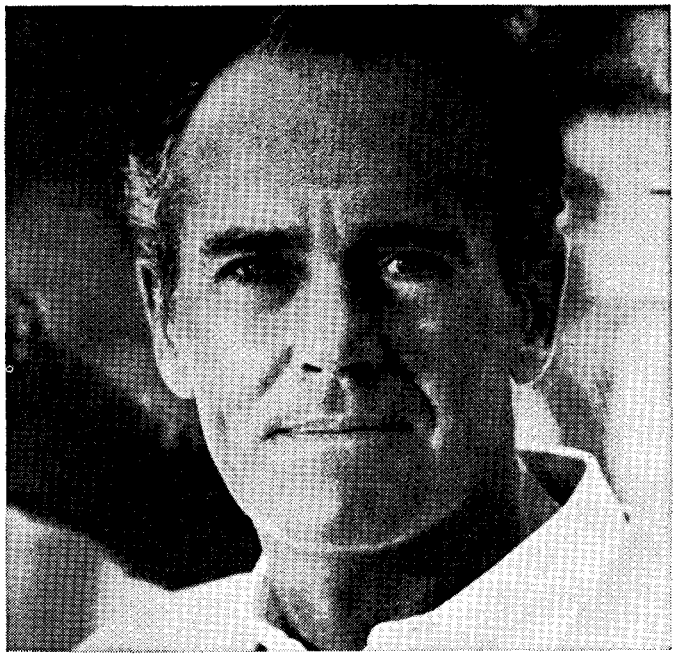

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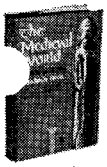

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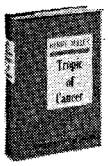

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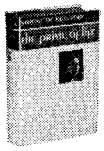

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The Emancipation Proclamation figures in at least four books we are publishing this season. This may seem either coincidental or the overworking of an idea, but the situation is one of fortunate incidence, rather than coincidence.

It was one hundred years ago that President Lincoln delivered himself of the message which made a start toward delivering many human beings out of slavery. The timing accounts, to some degree, for the fact that this month John Hope Franklin's book, *The Emancipation Proclamation*, appears and that Dorothy Sterling's book for young people, called *Forever Free*, has just appeared. *Dusk at the Mountain*, by Haynes Johnson, mentioned last week, examines the Negro condition in Washington D. C. The Proclamation is not the matter under discussion in Johnson's book; it merely lies at the heart of it. Later this year, *Terrible Swift Sword* will be published and in it Bruce Catton illuminates the way to and beyond Emancipation.

Professor Franklin's book is basic, giving perspective to the precedents and pressures, the decision and the writing. Mrs. Sterling's volume (with its excellent drawings by Ernest Chrichlow) explains the story in simpler but not oversimplified terms.

When Mr. Lincoln confronted his Cabinet with a draft of the paper, he apparently said that he wanted them to hear it, but he would not be deterred: he had made a promise to himself and to his Maker. That promise, with its eloquence and courage and the tremors of fear and joy it struck, goes on echoing, wherever men look beyond a wall.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Emancipation Proclamation ($3.95), and *Forever Free* ($2.95) are published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. Copies are available at your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at The Old Corner Book Store, 46 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

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Edited by Martin Levin

THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

A man is changed into an ugly beast.
A woman lugs her husband's corpse with her.
We get a Boris Karloff-Hitchcock feast.
But with a sauce of intellectual gore.
And so we cannot say,
We must not, dare not say:
It is a bore.

—Bryllion Fagin.

• • •

SPARE PARTS OF SPEECH

1. The Noun

THE noun is the worst word we have because it isn't anything at all. People think that when you say "chair" there is a real chair there. It makes them nervous if you explain that there is no chair and you were merely using a symbol, or a sort of vocalized pronoun for a chair. It makes me a little nervous too.

If you write "chair" on a piece of paper it's still a noun but it still isn't a chair. All you have done is draw a picture of a sound. This makes me more nervous.

There are, among others, proper nouns and common nouns. Proper nouns don't stand for anything special but they always begin with a capital letter. "I" is sometimes a proper noun and it stands for me. "You" isn't.

Many proper ones come from common ones, as in the case of all English (British) (United Kingdom) stage butlers. English butlers are all named after the landscape, viz: Fields, Brooks, Barnes, Woods, Hedges, etc. Of course the butlers are commoners.

As a matter of fact, almost all propers started out as commons. Smith was smith. Carpenter, Cook, Baker, Miller, Butcher. Rosenberg, roses, mountain. Boulanger, baker. Stalin, steel. Fidel, faith.

If you want proof that a noun is nothing, try "sixteen." What is it? Well, one more than fifteen. "Silence" is a darb too. Means absence of noise. Frightful.

Sometimes a noun tells you absolutely nothing unless it has an adjective along with it. *Dirty* Communist. *Wild-eyed* radical. *Foolish* virgin. *True* fact. (Wha'?)

In a way it's too bad that a noun really isn't anything because it's hard to write a piece about nothing. Still, it isn't the first of its kind. And there is a lesson in it just the same, according to us General Semanticists: "The map ain't the territory."

—Henry Morgan.

• • •

THE KING'S BARBER

The Great Strike of 1918

ALMOST immediately after my graduation from the Novgorod High School I went to Petrograd to see if I could enter the Art Institute. I wanted to become a painter. No revolution, I said to myself, was going to deter me.

The time was the summer of 1918, a very dismal summer. The Bolshevik revolution was only several months old. The country was at a standstill. On its borders enemies were stirring, gathering their strength. The shadow of a civil war was falling over the northern plains, the southern steppes, the Siberian tundras. The intelligentsia struck, and all the multitudinous offices and bureaus throughout the vast land became deserted. It was the so-called Period of the Great Sabotage of the Russian Intelligentsia.

The Russian intelligentsia, all the professional and white-collar people of Russia, the most rabidly revolutionary segment of its population, became frightened, when the revolution finally came, of their own creation. Teachers, lawyers, doctors, governmental employees, writers, journalists, actors—they all struck, they all stayed home, expecting the Bolshevik regime to flounder helplessly within a very short time.

The offices of the Art Institute were closed. The only man I found was the guard in the gallery. He was quite surprised to see me; he did not think there was anyone in Russia insane enough to want to study art in the midst of the Great Sabotage. "Anyway," he said, "art students get no deferment from military service."

He suggested that I try the Ministry of Education, now the People's Commissariat of Education. "There is surely someone there and it is only a short walk from here."

I went to the People's Commissariat of Education and found myself in a large corridor with many doors on each side. Some of the doors were open. I looked into the rooms behind them—they were empty. In one of the rooms, however, almost at the end of the corridor, I found a girl. She was reading a book. She wore her hair bobbed, which in those days was a sign of radicalism, and pince-nez, which was a symbol of culture. She looked surprised when she saw me; I was probably the first visitor that day. "Do you want to see Comrade Lunacharski?" she asked. Anatoli Lunacharski, a writer and a friend of Lenin's, was the People's Commissar of Education—the first Commissar of Education in the first Bolshevik government of Russia.

"No," I said and began to tell her my story.

She interrupted me. "You may go in without knocking."

I went in without knocking. Lunacharski was behind the weirdly ornate desk of his Imperial predecessors, writing furiously. A few sheets of paper were on the floor. His narrow Mongolian eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles were half closed. He had a sparse grayish beard and he looked every bit the member of the intelligentsia that had struck against his government.

"Good day, Comrade Lunacharski," I said diffidently.

"Greetings, Comrade," he said. "What brings you here?"

I told him.

"Art?" he said disdainfully. "Forget about it for the time being, young man. We are going through tremendous changes, holocausts, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions. We need men. Come to work for us. I need clerks, secretaries, assistants, vice-commissars. Stay here and serve the revolution. Leave your name with Ludmila at the reception desk. Report tomorrow morning."

"I'd like to, Comrade," I said, "but I'll have to consult my parents."

He raised his eyebrows in astonishment: "Consult one's parents? During a revolution?"

He went back to his writing.

"Comrade Lunacharski is writing a play," Ludmila told me as I was leaving.

I subsequently saw the play. It was called "The King's Barber"—about a revolutionary plot against the King of France. Lunacharski had begun to write his play after the abortive revolution of 1905, but what with all kinds of bothersome conspiratorial activities he never found the time to finish it until he found himself condemned to idleness by the Great Sabotage of the Intelligentsia. It was a pretty bad play.

—M. K. Argus.

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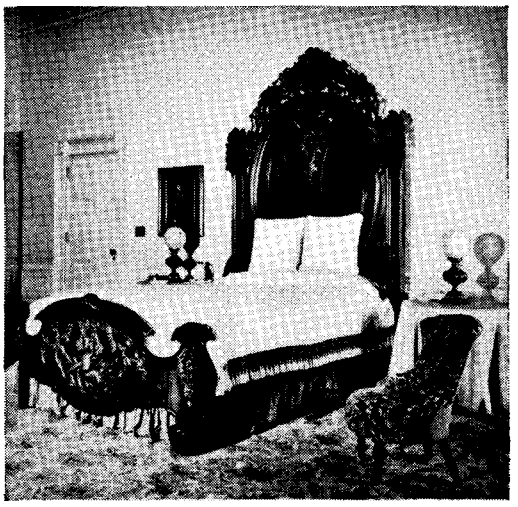

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THE LINCOLN BED
The most famous piece of furniture in the White House

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THIRTY-THREE Presidents have lived and worked in the White House. (Washington did not, though he commissioned its construction.) Every time someone moves a chair or makes a decision, another chapter is added to its history.

Haphazardness and the American people have made the White House a great building. Its treasures have been looted, its furniture auctioned, its architecture maligned, and its policies picketed. Like America herself, the White House has survived all attacks—including those made on it by a legion of interior decorators who, over a 50-year period, turned the East Room into a Louis XV audience hall, a Doric temple, and a jungle.

A Tour of the White House With Mrs John F. Kennedy grew out of one of the most successful programs in the history of American television. Conceived and produced by CBS News, the program was seen by 80-million Americans and was hailed by critics and viewers alike as "a superb television document."

The book, written by Perry Wolff, producer and director of the telecast, employs the considerable research material gathered for the program. Mr Wolff blends scholarship, anecdotes, memorabilia, and wit to tell the story of the 160-year effort to make the White House a home. The story is a dramatic one.

This luxurious and handsome volume includes more than 150 fine photographs, illustrations, and sketches of the White House —in full color and black and white. There is a behind-the-scenes chapter detailing and illustrating how the television program was made.

About her first days in the White House, Mrs Kennedy said: "I loved living in [the Lincoln Room]. It's on the sunny side of the house and one of Andrew Jackson's magnolia trees is right outside the window... Every President seemed to love [the Lincoln bed]. Theodore Roosevelt slept in it. So did Calvin Coolidge. It's probably the most famous piece of furniture in the White House."

About the White House itself, President Kennedy said: "Anything which dramatizes the great story of the United States—as I think the White House does—is worthy of the closest attention and respect by Americans."

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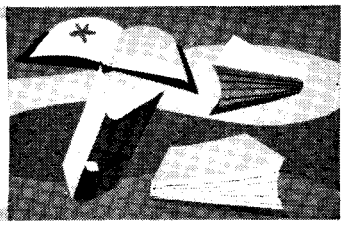
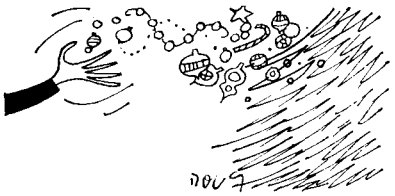
Trade Winds



ANOTHER CHRISTMAS has come and gone without any sign of a compromise between the two ideologies that have split our world right down the middle. One says tinsel should be carefully placed, strand by strand, on the tree. The other insists on standing back and tossing it on by the handful.



ANOTHER BLACK MARK for the Kremlin. On CBS-Radio, announcer Bob Hite revealed, "A chill wind from Russia brought storms and freezing temperatures to the European continent."

I WAS LISTENING to the radio because in our part of the country there were no newspapers. Fortunately a friend air-mailed me daily a copy of the Des Moines *Register*. It was there that I read Washington correspondent Fletcher Knebel's story about the latest snafu in the nation's capital: a top-secret National Security Council paper being prepared for a columnist was leaked to the State Department.

ACCORDING TO J. T. Reay of Taunton, Massachusetts, the following is an exact, literal copy of a letter he received:

"Dear Mr. ———: In accordance with your postal card received today we are pleased to send you "——— in Your Home" and "Home Decorating with ———." We hope these will prove mutually beneficial to you. Yours very truly, ———."

IN ONE OF THOSE Lavender Hill Mob-type operations, a gang knocked off Bravington's in London on a December weekend, making away with $75,000 worth of diamond rings, wrist watches, and other loot. They burned and cut their way into the shop and blasted the vault open on a Saturday night. There were eight men in the gang, and the reason the police know this is that they found eight tea cups and brewing equipment left behind from the tea break, along with all the burglar tools.

THE STORY BEHIND "How to Succeed at Touch Football" is probably not typical of the publishing business. For the Booksellers Convention in Washington last spring, Macmillan made up a jacket for exhibit. Then they asked Frederic A. Birmingham, the author, to copy some quotes from the book for the back cover, which he did. It was clever of him, for he had not yet written one single word of the book itself. Fortunately, he buckled down later and wrote the manuscript, carefully including the material from the jacket.

He says, for example, that when picking sides for a game of touch, you should look for nicotine-stained fingers and choose the man who goes with them. Smokers play a relaxed game; non-smokers press too hard. Birmingham also cautions us to avoid picking old varsity football players for our team, because "they are usually beer drinkers and take on more cargo as the game progresses."

EVERY TIME American publishers get mixed up with the Russians something wild happens. (You remember "Doctor Zhivago.") This time it involves one Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who wrote a novel about some poor fellow's experiences in a Stalin-type forced labor camp. At the end of this month two rival New York publishers, Frederick Praeger and E. P. Dutton, will each bring out a different English version under the same title, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Dutton is doing this, along with Victor Gollancz of England, by having signed a contract with the Moscow outfit that deals with the outside world wherever Red authors are concerned. Britisher Ralph Parker translated. Royalties will be sent by Dutton to the author.

Praeger, however, snared copies of *Novy Mir*, a Russian publication in which the whole novel appeared last year. He hired Ronald Hingley, Oxford professor, and Max Hayward, who co-translated "Zhivago," to put it into English. Since the Russians don't adhere to international copyright practice, this is perfectly legal. No contracts, no royalties, no nothing.

The Kremlin thinks this book is great. It has okayed German and French versions, too, and it is reprinting the Dutton translation in English in at least two publications in Moscow. It figures the labor camp yarn will drive the needle a little deeper into old Joe Stalin's well-punctured image. (Old South Russian adage: "Watch out for needle with two ends.")

In the meantime, Russia resists joining the copyright cabal which would permit writers there to collect royalties on the stuff the Russians swipe from us. Elliott Macrae, head of Dutton, believes they will come around if we show them how much better it is to work through legal channels. But Mr. Praeger says the way to convince the Russians is to give them a shot of their own medicine until they see the light. So that's why there are two publishers in "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

SHARPS AND FLATS: Jack Guinn of the Denver *Post* defines an intellectual as a man who can listen to the William Tell Overture without thinking of the Lone Ranger.

►Lester Cohen of 160 East 48th Street, New York 17, is writing a history of the *Graphic*, a New York newspaper of the Twenties and Thirties. He needs a complete file of the first two years of the paper, 1924 to 1926.

►The French Government is doing a nice thing, I read in *Variety*. It is frowning on "politicians" and favoring writers and artists. Proof is indicated by new money just issued. Bonaparte's picture is off one series of bills, replaced by Corneille. Racine is seen on another instead of Henry of Navarre, and Voltaire is featured instead of Richelieu. Victor Hugo stays put on the $100 bills.

►Some typographer in Boston, where they are not on strike, let this get into the *Herald*: "The Sullivan Award went to Patrolman Vincent D. Kelly of Division 9, who, alone on August 1, trailed and disarmed a dangerous melon."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1501)

Moll:
MR. SEIDMAN AND THE GEISHA

I got from them, I don't know, such a feeling how they appreciate life, beauty, nature—but quiet, always quiet. You come into a room: There's one flower in a vase not five dozen. One picture on a wall, not a whole roomful one on top of another, you have to get on a ladder to see.

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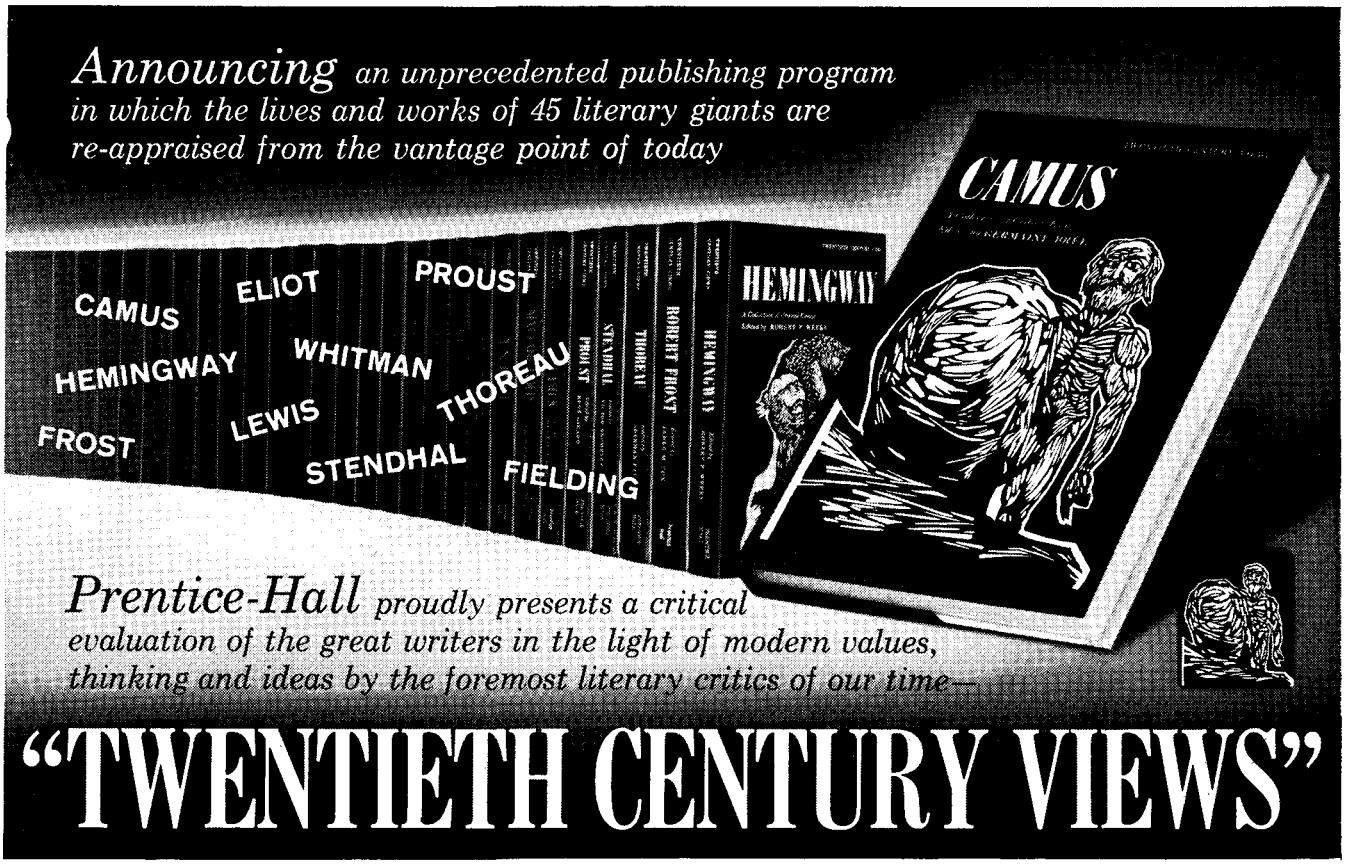
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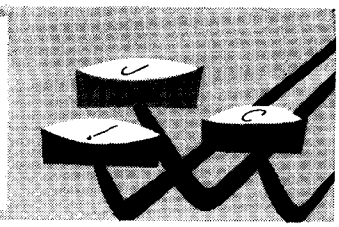
Manner of Speaking



THE TRIVIAL HISTORY OF OUR TIMES: All of us know by now that we are living in a time that spells HISTORY in upper case letters. How shall our age be known to the future, assuming there is to be one? Shall it be as the Age of Decision? As the Turning Point? As the Age of Seconal? Or perhaps the future will know us as the Age that Tried to be Last.

No matter what the final caption, such history as we see moving about us looms large, and its very size stirs our anxiety. It is for the trivial that we shall yet learn to be grateful. If only we can manage to keep trivia going, we may yet find it possible to make it into some sort of habitable future.

"Hell," I was once moved to observe, "is the denial of the ordinary." I had been reading a book about concentration camps, wherein depraved men have certainly done their best to stage a production of hell on earth. The essence of that hell, I found myself thinking, was in the fact that the trivial had been swept away by a nightmare in which everything—a remark, a crust of bread, the mood of a jailer, the irritations of a fellow sufferer—became portentous and deadly.

Toward the dream of the ordinary kingdom, therefore, and in the fear we must all feel at the stirring of the portentous, I offer these randomly collected trivia of 1962 as some part of one man's good, and in the momentous (but not, I hope, portentous) hope that this world may be spared for its exercise of the trivial.

THE GLORY: I had sat down with my nephew on Thanksgiving Day to watch Texas dispute the possession of a football with Texas A & M. Toward the trivial history of our times, and in anticipation of some Celestial Football League, I cite the pre-game invocation offered by a minister unknown to me, who reverently offered all the glory of the game to God the Father. "We pray," he said, "that in all we do, as in this great spectacle today, the glory will be Thine." As I say, I may have missed a word or two of it, but I went racing for a notebook the instant his words registered upon me, and I dare attest that the gist of the offer is as I have rendered it. Whatever else we magnify in our times, the trivialization of great concepts remains a constant with us.

YOU, SIR, ARE A DAMNED FOOL: I have by now received just about every conceivable communication from our readers, but let me remember 1962, above all, as the year in which an Air Force captain stationed in Germany read my column on pilots bailing out of disabled jets (*SR*, October 6, 1962), and relieved himself, at cable rates, of a firm sentiment. The text read: YOU, SIR, ARE A DAMNED FOOL.

I am having the cable framed to hang over my desk at *SR*. For my reply I borrow happily from H. L. Mencken one of his favorite form letters:

> Dear Sir or Madam:
> You may be right at that.
> Yours truly,

THE CHANGING WORLD AS CONVERSATION AT THE BAR: In the course of various mixtures of bourbon and water over various bars, I had long since caught on to the fact that Reno lies a bit west of Los Angeles, and that if a line is extended due south from Detroit, the first foreign country it will hit will be Canada, but it was in 1962 that, lounging in a Northwest Orient plane and browsing through a polar map and an attached table of air mileages, I finally caught on to the rudiments of the new geography, discovering that New York, which is 1,100 miles north of Miami, is 445 miles closer to Manila (8,948 nautical miles and 9,393 nautical miles, respectively). Or so at least Northwest Orient computes the distances, noting by the way that "Mileages shown are great circle mileages, for general information only." New York, for general information only, is also 463 miles closer than Miami to both Tokyo and Seoul (the distances from the first being 7,066 and 7,529, and from the second 7,800 and 8,263, all in nautical miles, and always respectively).

I shall not pretend to be sure what these facts from the changing world import on any major scale, but in the measure of this world's trivia, I am willing to bet that such golden information can be worked for a free drink at any convivial bar. Convivial bars, moreover, must stand high in the orders of the ordinary on the simple assumption that so long as they are with us, hope still keeps one small clearing in the jungles of our days.

ARUNK AND GOSHO: I thought by now I had seen every possible notation the airlines can enter on a ticket or reservation form, but during 1962 I came on two new ones that I am moved to treasure.

The first appeared in the blank between airline connections in which I was used to seeing the notation "SURFACE" (indicating that I would travel that portion of the itinerary on the ground). This time, however, the clerk had written "ARUNK." "Arunk," it turns out, derives unspectacularly from the first two and then the first three letters of "ARrival UNKnown." However common its origins, I find it a lovely and an arunking word. (Imagine what love lyrics an airline clerk might compose: "Arunk, my love, but yet my heart is there. . . .")

The second was "GOSHO" and derives not from "Gosh, oh Gosh!" as the airlines have frequently tempted me to think, but from "GO" and "SHOW," and indicates a reservation with an "illegal connection." An illegal connection is one in which the passenger has less than thirty minutes between the scheduled arrival and the scheduled departure of his connecting flights. "GOSHO" therefore, indicates that he may "go" if he "shows." (And so to a second entry for the airline clerk's lyric anthology: "My trembling soul stood GOSHO at love's door. . . .")

The world, I conclude at these restoring moments, is an infinite possibility.

MANHATTAN MYTHOLOGY: Among the least trivia of 1962, I dabbled for a while in TV, and, in mid-dabble, picked up the story of a friend who had been working on a "Special" (a TV show not part of a regular series). In the course of things he had spent several days lining up an important lady as a guest for the show. The lady had other commitments, and in order to persuade her to change her plans, my friend poured out his soul on the importance of the show and, furthermore, pledged himself to the scrupulous performance of all sorts of promises. His soul firmly in hock, he returned to the office only to be told the show had been canceled.

"But I have been pitching sincerities at her for three days!" he cried to the man behind the executive desk. "What am I going to tell that woman after all the promises I made her?"

The man behind the desk proved his executive caliber with an instant pronouncement.

"Level with her!" he said. "Lie!"

—JOHN CIARDI.

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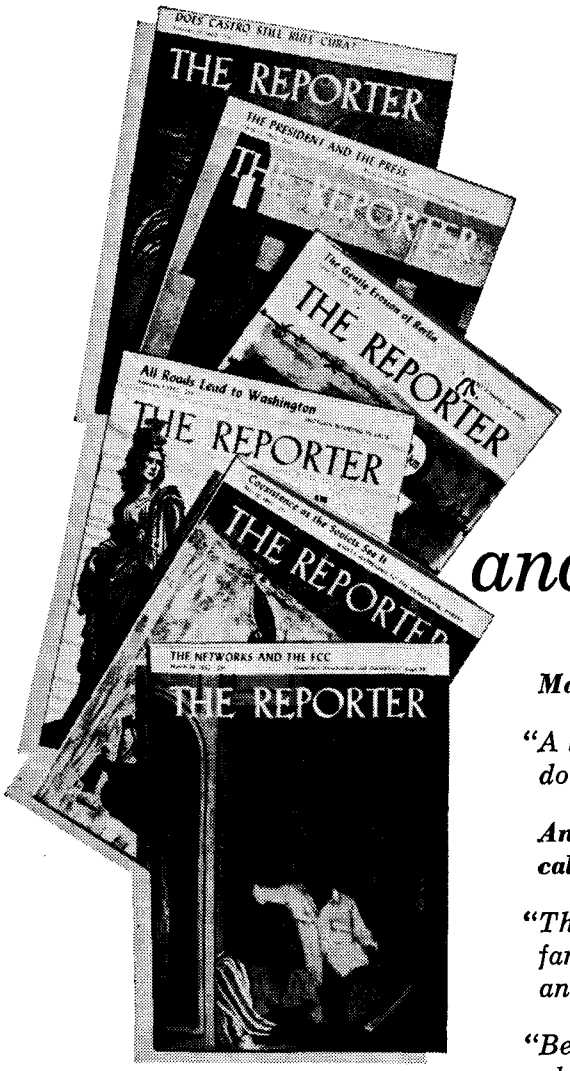

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Saturday Review
JANUARY 19, 1963

GENIUS AND NEUROTICISM

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

PSYCHOANALYSIS is now one of the taken-for-granted tools of the biographer and critic, whether "serious," middle-brow, or even low. It seems to me, nevertheless, that one fundamental question has never been satisfactorily answered. Exactly what is the relation between a writer's complexes, obsessions, or neuroses and his genius? An ancient gag used to run "Photographers don't have to be crazy, but it helps." Are we compelled to say the same thing about artists?

Back in the late teens and early twenties when Freudianism first became a fad, an affirmative answer to this question was often implied or even given. The argument ran something like this: Closely examined, most great men turn out to have been at least a little bit queer; therefore, genius is necessarily queer. In fact, queerness and genius are the same thing. The artist's gift is the neurosis he exploits.

With shame I must confess that I was guilty of seeming to accept this absurdity in the first book I published (not counting a doctoral thesis). It was a biographical-critical study of Edgar Allan Poe, who was, among other things, a perfect sitting duck for the amateur psychoanalyst. And I chose him for that very reason. I laid great stress on his sadistic fantasies, his obsessive concern with death and dissolution, and with what seemed to be in his own life a desperate determination not to become sexually involved with any of the women whom he professed to love; also on his "Philosophy of Composition," which maintained, despite conclusive evidence to the contrary, that he deliberately chose the macabre effects which were in fact the only ones he could produce.

I am still ready to argue that the theory I evolved concerning Poe's personality is consistent. I still believe also that the "*frisson nerveux*" which Baudelaire discovered and celebrated in Poe is a neurotic shiver. But in my enthusiasm I went far beyond this. I said, or at least strongly implied, that Poe's neuroses *were* his genius and that, if we could get all the facts, such was usually the case with great imaginative writers. They are always neurotic. Unfortunately I neglected to ask why, if all geniuses are neurotic, all neurotics are not geniuses.

What I am asking now is simply this: Granted the extravagance of any mere equating of genius with mental disorder, what actually is the relation between them, especially in extreme cases like that of Poe where at least much of the unique character of the work obviously is profoundly influenced by these disorders? That great art is essentially sane I am convinced. But it often is the product of minds which seem to be more rather than less disturbed than those of ordinary men.

Perhaps the reason why the contemporary critic seems rather disinclined to face this question is simply that he (and all of us) have come to believe that what used to be called "abnormalities" are part of the psychic make-up of nearly everybody and that the genius sometimes seems more abnormal than most men simply because he gives us a better opportunity to see his mind at work. But, even so, I think my question is not completely answered. To take again the extreme case of Poe, it seems certain enough that if he had been less neurotic his work would have been quite different from what it is. Would it have been better or would it have been less original, less interesting? What would be the answer to the same question if it were asked about some other writer much less obviously "unhealthy"?

Shortly after my own indiscretion was published, I received a letter from Dr. Beatrice Hinckle, translator of Jung and then (next at least to the Freudian, A. A. Brill) the best-known practicing psychoanalyst. She approved my diagnosis and said she had met a number of cases where the pattern was the same as Poe's. But she added a vehement protest. The neurotic genius was a genius in spite of his neuroses, not because of them. Mental illness was never anything but a handicap. This seemed to me then, and still does, as much an overstatement as my own opposite thesis. Poe would certainly not have written what he did if he had been "normal." It's there that the problem arises.

Since Dr. Hinckle was engaged in the attempt to cure neurotics she was perhaps reluctant to admit that she might sometimes be doing them and the world a doubtful service. A few years later

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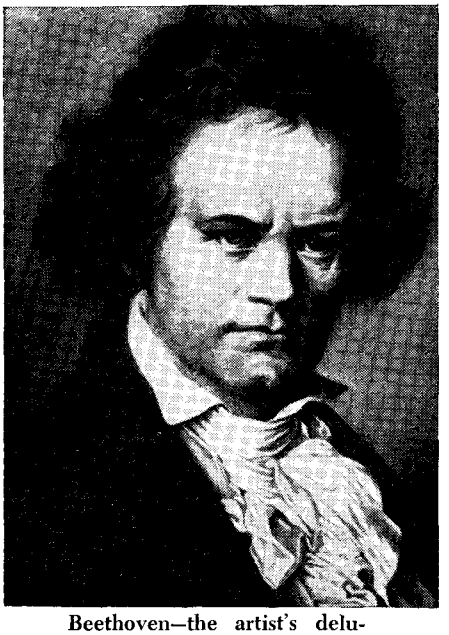
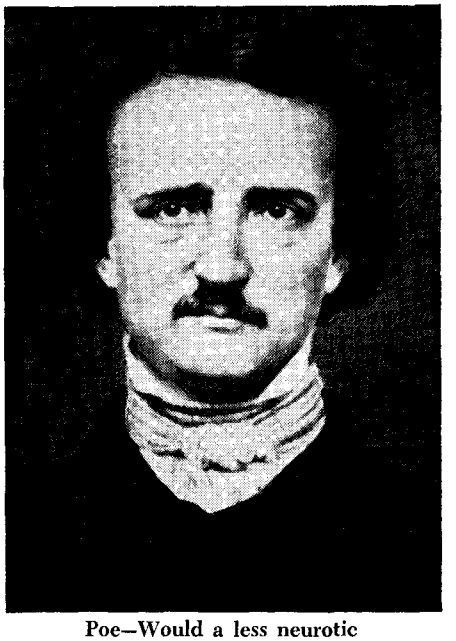
"Great art is essentially sane. . . . But it often is the product of minds that seem to be more rather than less disturbed than those of ordinary men."



Beethoven—the artist's delusions became art's realities.



Poe—Would a less neurotic man have been as original?

Dr. Alfred Adler revealed in conversation that he, at least, was quite aware of this possibility. I have told the anecdote at more length elsewhere but the nub of it has to be repeated. I had accused him of a non sequitur by pointing out that more than one of his books had first set out to show how abnormal the great men had been but had then concluded with the exhortation, "Therefore, let us all try to be as normal as possible." Adler hedged and I asked the direct question, "Suppose that a creative artist was functioning effectively; would it be dangerous for him to submit to a psychoanalysis?" He replied with cagey pomposity: "I would not like to answer that question directly. But I will say this. Dr. Freud and I are the only two leading psychoanalysts who have never themselves been analyzed . . . and I think we have made the greatest contributions to the science."

The whole question comes to my mind again because I have just been reading several reviews of the new 1,400-page edition of Beethoven's letters, many of which had never before been accessible and which, so the reviewers all seem to agree, are painful reading for those who admire Beethoven the man no less than the music he wrote.

Here is a case far more complicated than that of Poe; the relation between the man and his abnormalities is far less simple. "Ligeia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher" (to say nothing of such astonishing productions as "Berenice" and "The Pit and the Pendulum") obviously bear so close a relation to their author's own neurotic fancies that the one seems a direct expression of the other. Though Poe has given artistic form to his obsessions, they and the stories they inspired are qualitatively almost identical. But whatever the Ninth Symphony may express, no one would be likely to call it obviously "sick" in the sense that Poe's writing usually is. On the basis of the works alone, the understandable image of Beethoven has been of a heroic figure struggling manfully against a cruel fate and transmuting his agony, sometimes into tragedy, sometimes into a joy that transcends the suffering over which an abounding vitality triumphs.

This is the way in which he has usually been pictured by admirers who assumed (and wanted to assume) that the man and the music were identical. That element of stormy protest which is so different from anything to be read into the cheerful Haydn or even into the plaintive discontent sometimes audible in Mozart is sometimes explained in terms of a changed socio-political atmosphere. Haydn accepted the position of the musician as merely that of one of the higher servants of the nobility; Mozart, for all his nascent vision of democracy and brotherhood, was too gentle to be moved to anything approaching rage. But Beethoven was the child of a revolutionary era. He was less contented than either of his two great predecessors because he could not, like them, accept the status quo. Hence he spoke out violently with the voice of the genuinely committed rebel.

But whatever truth there may be in this picture, it is not the whole truth. The letters are said to confirm abundantly what some of the more recent biographers have maintained; namely, that the man whose utterances are so "noble" was in his own character and personality a sort of distressing parody of his musical utterances. It is not merely that he was quarrelsome, pettish, and given to throwing dishes at the cook. His relations with his scamp of a nephew—conventionally pictured as proof of his loving patience—actually included a dishonorable attempt to separate this nephew from his mother and to become in effect a mother himself. The lonely titan aspiring toward fulfilment in the love of the several women he worshiped but was denied, seems, not entirely unlike Poe, to have seen to it himself that any promising relationship was broken off. All this, together with the grotesque possessiveness of his attitude toward the incorrigible nephew, invite the psychoanalyst to explore some pretty dark corridors. But even that is not all. Though it may seem odd to speak of a truly great artist as suffering delusions of grandeur, Beethoven seems to have been close to paranoid in both his sense of his own greatness and in what amounts to delusions of persecution. The fact remains that what were mere delusions in the artist are somehow transformed into

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convincing realities in the works which he created. Listening to them we believe what he believed about himself; reading the letters we still see a relationship between the man and his work. But it is by no means an identity.

Perhaps the best of the reviews I have read (that by Albert Goldman in *The New Leader*) puts it thus: "No one who has read the Sterbas' book ["Beethoven and his Nephew"] will ever forget the terrible image it contains of the great Beethoven living constantly in a kind of emotional squalor, his imagination periodically inflamed by fantasies of a paranoidic order in which he figures as the noble and innocent victim of base and evil persecutors. And no one who knows Beethoven's music could fail to connect these dreadful distortions of reality with the mythopoetic content of his compositions—allowing, of course, for the idealization of fantasy in art."

This describes, perhaps as well as possible, what seems actually to have happened. But it does not answer the question (possibly unanswerable) how anything so improbable *could* have happened. Some critics dodge the question by insisting that in the case of any work of art one should always fix one's exclusive attention on the work itself; that all "background," whether biographical, historical, sociological, or what not is both irrelevant and misleading; that it not only tends to explain away rather than explain, but may also make it actually impossible to take the work in question at face value—which is the only way in which a work of art can profitably be taken. We must not let Beethoven the man get between us and the works. It is only they that we have any business concerning ourselves with. Too much biography and there is danger that we will hear in the Ninth Symphony only the paranoid ragings (which are not actually there) and miss the grandiose triumph of a joyously achieved victory over cruel fate (which very decidedly is there).

Such an attitude defines one approach to criticism and possibly the most fruitful one. But if—as seems to be the case—we must remove Beethoven from the category of the "normal" and "healthy" artist where we once pigeonholed him along with Haydn and Handel, then we must put him among the neurotics and raise again the question with which we started: What is the relationship between works of art and the neurotic afflictions of their creators?

What is the power, which Beethoven had and Poe did not have, of using but transcending delusions of grandeur and of persecution? Would this question lead to the conclusion (not too helpful, I admit) that it is wrong to say either that neurotic abnormality is genius or that, as Dr. Hinckle protested, it is merely a disability over which the artist triumphs? Would it enable us to grant that most geniuses are neurotic and at the same time explain why all neurotics are not geniuses? Genius, in this conception, does not consist in the abnormality but in the power to transform it, and Beethoven was a far greater genius than Poe just because he could make a sane image out of what was in itself not entirely sane. Such an explanation is perhaps no explanation at all. It leaves "genius" as mysterious as ever. But it does enable us to recognize the troublesome fact that great works are often created by men less great than they, while, at the same time, it removes the temptation to fall into the error of believing that art itself is not "sane" and "healthy."

Those who read Havelock Ellis in pre-Freudian days will remember that he was concerned with our problem in a rather old-fashioned way at a time when the "abnormality" of genius was most likely to be attributed to physical causes. Max Nordau in his once famous but now mostly unread "Degeneracy" argued that most modern literature was indeed neurotic and therefore simply bad art. But others were far from ready to accept this simple solution. Did the febrile excitement characteristic of the tubercular contribute to the glow of Keats's poetry? Did a moderate colony of *Spirechaeta pallida* act as a stimulus in Swift, Neitzsche, and Beethoven, all of whom were suspected of playing host to it? Were geniuses most likely to appear in families some members of which were mentally subnormal, and did this suggest that the creative spirit was more closely related to feeble-mindedness than to insanity?

ANY theory that the artist is in some sense sick (note, by the way, that Thomas Mann seems to have at least toyed seriously with this thesis) raises a practical problem which becomes more pressing as "planning" is more and more talked of and is coming to include artificial insemination in the interests of eugenics, as Sir Julian Huxley has only recently proposed. One of Havelock Ellis's theories might suggest that syphilis should not be stamped out completely; some psychological theories that all neuroses should not be nipped in the bud. Now we are back to Alfred Adler. Perhaps Beethoven would never have written any of his major works if he had been psychoanalyzed in time.

For the present, most of these are, fortunately, only theoretical questions. But there is a related and very practical one. No age before ours has been so determined to give children "all the advantages" of a good education and a happy, normal childhood. Yet the lives of great men all (or at least in numerous instances) remind us that they frequently had none of these good things and that overcoming difficulties was a stimulus, not a deterrent. Either God or Nature seems to work in a mysterious way. Whom the Lord (or Mother Nature) loveth he chastiseth.

Who is to take the responsibility for planning these difficulties and attempting, for the benefit of humanity at large, to thrust painful greatness upon some of those about to be born? Had I been asked as I was reaching the age of discretion whether or not I wanted to be Beethoven at the price he paid, I am afraid I might have said: "No, thank you. I'd rather be 'normal' or even just 'average.'" But think what the world might have lost had Beethoven been given that choice.

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Behind the Publishing Scene

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The extended newspaper strikes in Cleveland and New York have deprived many subscribers of full listings and reviews of the season's books, some of which fall outside SR's normally more selective critical scope. SR is therefore doubling its book coverage in this issue, with additional literary features.*

By JOHN TEBBEL

AS AN international business, book publishing is not often seriously hampered by local labor troubles. But the printers' strike that led to the shut-down of nine New York newspapers early in December was beginning to demonstrate, as the new year began, some of the peculiarities in the relationship of the publishers to the Manhattan press.

If a strike was inevitable, it could not have come at a better time for the book people. By mid-December nearly everything on a publisher's fall list has been released, most of the books have been reviewed if they are going to be, and the bulk of pre-Christmas selling is over in the stores. What buying remains before the holiday does not require the stimulus of advertising or reviews. Consequently, as 1962 ended, the industry, not averse to a bromide, was quietly congratulating itself that "it could have been worse."

In the chill dawn of 1963, however, publishers were beginning to ask themselves, "Well, how *much* worse is it going to be?" The publishing business is celebrated internally for its lack of ready, machine-turned answers to hard questions, and there was no oversupply on this one, but a cross section of opinion produced a few educated surmises.

If the strike continued for a long time, the surmisers said, New York sales, which vary with the size and nature of a publishing house but which average 30 to 35 per cent of all trade book sales in most houses, would obviously be hurt to an undetermined extent. The full effect would not be felt in January, since relatively few books are published so near the holiday season; but in February the spring list begins to burgeon and waxes until the early summer wane sets in.

Anticipating the spring, publishers and authors alike were contemplating with some horror the prospect that a good many books might never be reviewed at all by the New York critics. It is no denigration of the first-rate critics on out-of-town newspapers to say that New York reviews, particularly those in the daily and Sunday *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, are important to many a book's chances.

A substantial aspect of the problem is that New York publishers have never really developed a national posture. They have become so heavily oriented in the metropolitan area that they have failed to strengthen available outlets beyond the local newspapers. Ironically, some of the same publishers who made it virtually impossible for non-New York media to exist are now complaining the loudest at the prolongation of the New York strike.

Out-of-town newspapers may well renew an old complaint against the publishers, whom they have beseeched for some time to buy more advertising in papers outside New York on the ground that this would encourage

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newspaper publishers to expand book coverage. Book publishers have consistently resisted this pressure. To be sure, one reason is that most books have advertising budgets of not much more than $2,500, which buys precious little space. Part of that must go for announcement ads in the trade journals. The largest share usually is spent in daily and Sunday *Times* and daily *Herald Tribune* advertising. What remains, if any, is split up among magazines and the out-of-town newspapers. Often this kind of division runs counter to all logic, but tradition and habit patterns are strong.

If it is reviews and not advertising that sell books, as some argue, then the dependence of the publishers on two New York newspapers becomes even more striking. A front-page review in the Sunday *Times Book Review* is considered the jackpot, and the same position in the Sunday *Herald Tribune* is second money. Out-of-town newspaper reviews are seldom taken as seriously, unless the book has a special local or regional sales potential.

It is the contention of many publishers that the national circulation of the *Times* gives it a special cachet, and as the new year began, some of them were openly fearful that the prolonged absence of its Sunday book section would certainly affect library sales, important to most trade books, and would also hurt sales in cities whose newspapers do not carry book reviews. While these contentions might well be true, it was also true that some magazines carrying book reviews outsell the *Times* by wide margins in several important American cities, and are relied upon by libraries. Nevertheless, as the year turned, there was little indication that the publishers had any intention of freely spending elsewhere the advertising money they might not be able to spend in New York.

As the strike ground on in mutual bitterness, the *Times* was the only struck newspaper engaged in any kind of salvaging operation, as far as books were concerned. Non-union members of its staff were still putting together its best-seller list, and its daily reviewer, Orville Prescott, could be heard discussing new books on the *Times*'s "good music" station, WQXR. On the other hand, Maurice Dolbier of the *Herald Tribune* has been frequently invited by the three major TV networks to discuss new releases.

One enterprising publisher's promotion man reported that he had tried to get the firm's California salesmen to send him the West Coast edition of the *Times*, which carried the best-seller list and some reviews, but the salesmen reported no copies were to be had. They were snapped up as soon as they went on sale, and there was reason to believe that a good many of them were shipped back immediately to interested people in New York.

Cut off from their normal outlets in New York, it would be reasonable to believe that the publishers might turn to magazines that have substantial New York circulations. But as the publishers themselves often say, publishing is not a reasonable business, and most of those who were queried said they intended to try more radio advertising if the strike continued. Radio, for the most part, has been a conspicuous failure in selling books, as far as author appearances on the medium are concerned. The publishers have bought little time on the air and they are generally agreed that only advertising on "good music" stations, which presumably reaches a larger number of book readers, is effective. But the cost of radio comes within the range of book advertising budgets, and so it appeared to be a possibility.

The publishers are virtually unanimous in asserting that television has priced itself out of the market, as far as they are concerned, although their publicity departments were continuing to supply as many authors as they could for interview programs, panel shows, and any other kind of programming where an author could make a legitimate appearance.

While most publishers appeared more concerned by the possible loss of reviews than of advertising, the reverse was true in the children's book field. There the general feeling is that advertising is more essential than reviews.

The question of how to promote books in a newspaperless New York also concerned the advertising agencies handling book accounts. One agency proposed buying a block of radio time and selling units to its clients on a graduated basis, but the clients greeted this idea with lukewarm enthusiasm. There was a prevalent attitude of "wait and see." One of the largest houses had another kind of proposal up its corporate sleeve—putting out its own newsletter and distributing it in quantities to New York bookstores, which in turn would place it on their counters.

Amid the confusion and the growing uncertainty, the plaintive voice of the author was heard in the land. Authors are chronic worriers, and with reason, even when matters are normal in the book business. By the end of December those with books scheduled for January and February release were beginning to make apprehensive calls to their publishers. Some were new authors, to whom every step in the publishing of a book is naturally painful, and who were now justly afraid that the final and most important step might be a faltering one. It is not easy to sell a first novel in the best of circumstances; to sell one without New York reviews is a virtual impossibility.

But established authors had cause for concern too. Widespread attention from the critics, even if it is not all laudatory, is a major help in launching a "big book." To keep it on the best-seller list against the competition of other "big books" requires an advertising campaign. Out-of-town reviews and advertising are not enough, in most cases.

Some authors were anxiously suggesting postponement of their books, but the cross section of publishers surveyed was unanimous in its rejection of this idea. For one thing, it is not easy to stop the elaborate, coordinated machinery that goes into publishing a book. Large-scale postponing would cause monumental confusion in any house. As the new year began, most publishers were still optimistic, though with no particular reason, that the strike would soon be over. They thought it better, in any case, to go ahead with the spring plans that were carefully laid months ago, and trust that the people who read books would somehow find what they wanted in spite of the Manhattan newspaper blackout.

If the strike ends after the spring freshet is in full flood, everything published during the Great Silence will get short shrift while the newspapers try to summarize for their readers what they missed. Already, at the old year's end, publishers and authors alike were lamenting opportunities forever lost. One noted author would have had a front-page notice in the Sunday *Times Book Review* if only the strike had been postponed one more week; and there were several agonizing variations on this theme.

To those perennial critics of New York who decry the Big Town's provincialism the plight of the book publishers will provide further support of their criticism. The publishers themselves do not underrate the remainder of the nation as a book market; their sales figures tell them how much is sold where. But there is no question that the industry is New York-oriented. Most of it is located in New York, where it forms a tightly knit community of its own within the metropolis. The strike was a rock thrown through the front window. The publishers were not much consoled by the thought that the rest of the house was still intact.

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House Full of Heartaches

By GRANVILLE HICKS

WHEN, two years ago, I reviewed fifteen first novels (*SR*, Feb. 4, 1961), Jean Rikhoff's "Dear Ones All" seemed to me by far the best of the lot—"a completely mature and satisfying novel," I called it. Laid in Springfield, Illinois, in 1936, it is a story of domestic life, a study of the five Timble sisters and their mother, unsparingly describing their various deformations, the tortured lives they live, their failures in their search for love.

In "**Voyage In, Voyage Out**" (Viking, $5.95) Miss Rikhoff has moved on to 1950, to show what is happening to the next generation, the grandchildren of Mrs. Timble. She begins with two cousins, Lois and Stu, who have escaped from Springfield and are living in New York. Lois has a good job, dresses well, and impresses everyone as being competent and successful. Stu, on the other hand, is an obvious failure, always quarreling with his wife and running away from her, always losing jobs, always drinking and fighting.

Both return to Springfield, Lois quite deliberately, Stu on impulse. In spite of her air of assurance, Lois, who has just had an unhappy love affair ending in an abortion, feels that she has never known what she wanted or where she was going, and she hopes to find herself by returning to her beginnings. Stu, learning that his wife is about to have a child, abruptly decides to take her to visit his mother, who for years has not seen him or, indeed, known whether he was alive.

The Springfield cousins, as we come to know them, have their troubles too. Carolyn, Stu's sister, has a well-to-do husband, an expensive home, two children, and a maid; but she is estranged from her husband, dissatisfied with herself, and increasingly inclined to find solace in alcohol. Pete, Stu's younger brother, who had to get married at the age of seventeen, has five children, and he and his wife have been crushed by the burden. Erwin, once Lois's favorite cousin and the person she loved most, now married to a rich, snobbish, domineering woman, has coarsened and deteriorated. Eileen, the unmarried cousin, lives more and more in a world of her imagining.

As the story moves from one home to another, Miss Rikhoff shows her skill in using the minutiae of domestic life to reveal character. Each household has its own quality, and makes its own revelation. There is, however, no ponderous massing of descriptive materials, but an adroit selection of telling details.

In reading "Dear Ones All," I was impressed by the firmness with which Miss Rikhoff presented each of the characters. In "Voyage In, Voyage Out," with an even larger cast, she has been just as successful. Four of the sisters are still alive—the suicide of the fifth, Lois's mother, was one of the climactic points of the earlier book—and each has developed in what one feels to be the inevitable way. The cousins are rendered just as skilfully, and a number of lesser characters—husbands, wives, and lovers—are given life. As a piece of realism, the novel is a solid achievement.

BUT it is something more than a realistic novel of family life; it is a novel about love. Thirty years ago "love" was scarcely a respectable word for serious novelists to employ. Under the influence of psychological theory, both Freudian and behavioristic, and in revolt against current sentimentality, they abandoned the word to movies, slick-magazine serials, soap operas, and popular songs. But it has come back, and if today it is often used in too facile a way, especially in books of popular philosophy and religious inspiration, it has proved indispensable to many writers of thoughtful fiction. ("Whatever gains I ever made," says the hero of Saul Bellow's "Henderson the Rain King," "were always due to love and nothing else.") Miss Rikhoff explores the nature of love, knowing and showing that self-respect is as essential to it as the triumph over selfishness. "I can never give to others," Lois observes, "until I have given to myself what is rightfully mine."

Jean Rikhoff—"sure of her craft."

Failures in love can be of many kinds, and Miss Rikhoff understands that external circumstances may be the cause: Pete and Peggy, for instance, with their five children and their poverty, haven't much of a chance. But as a rule failure comes from within. Lois speaks of "the terrible self-centered selfishness of most of us," and sees meanness as a kind of Timble family trait. The assertion of self, however, may be no more disastrous than a certain kind of denial of the self. Poor Eileen has no awareness of herself in relation to reality, and in the end she becomes psychotic. Carolyn and Stu are tortured by their sense of a great emptiness within. Lois is consciously searching for identity. These are men and women who do not know what is rightfully theirs and therefore cannot give to others.

There are many poor substitutes for love. Carolyn tries to make her possessions a substitute. Erwin falls back on a phony sociability. Eileen finds consolation in her dreams, but pays for it by the loss of mental stability. The commonest substitute, however, is sex, which, as Miss Rikhoff sees it, is probably the least satisfactory. I can think of no recent novel in which so much so-called love-making is joyless.

Some of the characters seem to be damned beyond any redemption, but some may be saved. Stu, at the outset the one who appears to be most hopelessly lost, is in the end firmly on the road to salvation. Carolyn, in what is to me the only scene that is less than wholly convincing, is brought back to life by the sudden awakening of her husband to the nature of their dilemma. Lois has not found what she was seeking in Springfield, has not achieved the integration and the capacity for love that she craves, but she is still striving. Stu meditates at the end of the book: "Save her, he supplicated the summer night. She's worth saving. Go for broke, Lois, he said to the summer night."

"Dear Ones All" proved that Miss Rikhoff was sure of her craft and sure of herself, and in "Voyage In, Voyage Out" she has told a more complicated story with equal skill and authority. If there is, as I have suggested, one scene that does not quite come off, there are dozens that do. Always readable, though never superficial, the novel moves ahead with speed and grace. It is a remarkable study of the way we live now, and, more than that, a wise commentary on the human condition. Whatever Miss Rikhoff does next, whether she goes on with the story of the Timbles or takes a new direction, I shall want to see what she writes.

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Combination for Stalemate

"The Deadlock of Democracy: Four-Party Politics in America," by James MacGregor Burns *(Prentice-Hall. 388 pp. $5.95), asserts that we suffer all the weaknesses and stalemate of coalition government without having the advantages of parliamentary responsibility. Roscoe Drummond is Washington columnist for the New York Herald Tribune.*

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS has calmly tossed an unlighted time bomb onto the American political scene and invited President Kennedy, Governor Rockefeller, or some other national Republican to touch off the fuse.

Professor Burns is a scholarly political scientist with a flair for animate writing. He combines a knowledge of history with a potential for making history. His latest book, "The Deadlock of Democracy," is compulsory reading —and exciting reading.

There is no doubt that it is going to be read in the White House—and in Albany, Harrisburg, and Lansing. I recommend it to voters who are not happy about the national political parties. I recommend it to the politicians who are not happy about the voters. I recommend it to everybody who thinks that U.S. politics today is just about right; it is constructively disturbing.

For the most part, Professor Burns's study of "Four-Party Politics in America" is deceptively quiet. It is fair-minded. It does not rant. It does not make the mistake of falling into the good-guys-bad-guys school of political analysis.

The four national political parties with which "The Deadlock of Democracy" is concerned are 1) the Democratic Presidential Party, 2) the Democratic Congressional Party, 3) the Republican Presidential Party, and 4) the Republican Congressional Party. These groupings are usually described by historians and politicians as "wings" of the two parties, and I think that Professor Burns adds insight and sharpness to his appraisal of the party structure by stressing their separateness rather than their overlapping.

These four parties have over the decades proved themselves to be durable and distinctive. Today they are as intact as ever in the Roosevelt - Truman - Stevenson - Kennedy Presidential Democrats; the Willkie - Dewey - Eisenhower - Rockefeller Presidential Republicans; the John Garner - Howard Smith - Harry Byrd - John McClellan Congressional Democrats; the Allen Treadway - Robert Taft - Charles Halleck - Everett Dirksen Congressional Republicans.

It is at this point that Professor Burns comes to the heart of his argument. He points out that while we have the appearance of two-party majority rule, we have the substance of multiparty coalition government with all the weaknesses and stalemate of coalition without the advantages of parliamentary responsibility. He agrees that the four-party system has produced flexibility and representativeness in our governmental system, but at such an expense of leadership, vigor, speed, and effective and comprehensive national action that it is no longer equal to the needs of the times.

The Congressional Democratic leaders take about the same attitude toward their composite national platform and the campaign promises of their Presidential nominee as do the Congressional Republicans. It is an attitude of nonresponsibility and substantial opposition. Professor Burns describes the strategy of the Congressional Democrats this way: "They oppose the Presidential Democrats in elections and in Washington, all the while benefiting by the victories of the liberal Congressmen in the North, who will return to Washington to form a coalition in Congress with the Congressional Democrats so that the latter may retain their chairmanships and their control of Congress."

As to the Republican platform of 1960, which was the party's national appeal and national commitment, Republican Congressional leader Charles Halleck once remarked with a rare burst of candor: "We will take it out and read it from time to time."

The effect of this four-party system of U.S. Government is that while the Presidential Democratic Party and the Presidential Republican Party create a national consensus to carry out their declared purposes, the two Congressional parties, either separately or in partial coalition, make it nearly impossible to implement that consensus, and act to stultify it.

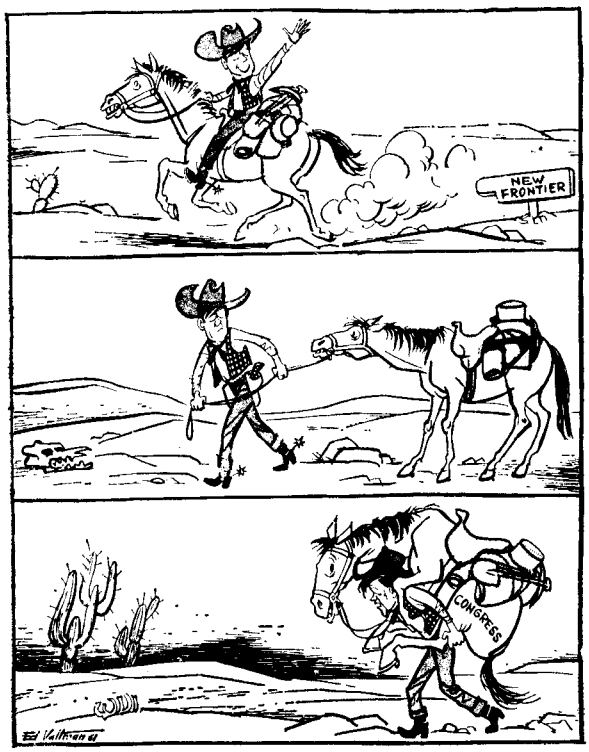
> As a nation [Burns says] we have lost control of our politics. We cannot collectively settle the elementary question of who may vote in national elections and hence we cannot extend the vote to millions of our fellow Americans, especially Negroes.
>
> We lack popular control of the policy-making process. Our splintered parties set up barriers between the people and their national government rather than simplifying the alternatives, clarifying competing party doctrines, and allowing the victorious majority to govern.

Question: What needs to be done? Professor Burns's answer:

> The two Presidential parties should join forces in Congress and elsewhere

(*Continued on page* 33)

So Early in the Journey, Too



—By Ed Vattman in the Hartford Times (Wide World).

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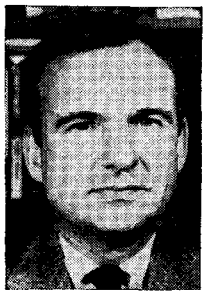

James MacGregor Burns

THE AUTHOR: Introduced recently on "Meet the Press" as an "expert" on John F. Kennedy, Professor James MacGregor Burns has long been keeping an eagle eye on JFK in particular and politics in general—even more sharply since 1958, when they both ran for office in Massachusetts. We discussed it on a snowy afternoon in Washington: "Senator Kennedy could hardly have been more generous in extending his coattails to me during the campaign. We made a film together which I was allowed to put on TV as many times as I could afford. He shared the platform with me at party rallies and other ceremonials."

While J. F. Kennedy went on to triumph, Burns's thrust in the First District turned out to be something of an exercise in futility. "The two TV stations covering my district were both *outside* the district: one was across the state line in New York. Whenever I appeared on TV, I was guaranteed an audience of which at least 75 per cent couldn't vote for me. Communicating with the voters was like trying to grab a handful of water. And my opponent wouldn't debate with me.

"My chief memory of the campaign," he lamented, "is a big room in some fraternal hall with a bar in the rear. After opening with the usual local references and pleasantries, I tried to deal emphatically with at least one national issue. I had to be emphatic to be heard over the buzz and laughter and tinkle of glasses. Although I was stressing bread-and-butter issues—it was a textile area caught in a recession—I had to fight for my audience. And in the midst of my oratory someone was likely to rise from a table in front of me, make his way noisily and unsteadily to the bar, and then, with all eyes following his uncertain progress, return triumphantly to his seat bearing four martinis.

"There was simply no way—I believe we tried every method except skywriting—to lift the campaign out of the grip of local forces. My education was completed on election night with defeat."

As a college sophomore years earlier, Burns set out "to deliver Massachusetts to FDR." The venture started auspiciously: "I managed to borrow a car, rigged it up with an amplifying system, and decorated the thing with gaudy streamers. And then the rains came. The streamers became glued to the car, the amplifier conked out." Despite this initial fiasco, Burns, a self-described "Democratic Party stalwart," went on to serve as chairman of the Williamstown Democratic Committee in the Truman period, was a delegate to the '52, '56, and '60 national conventions, and ran for Congress in 1958 ("It was probably the least satisfying experience of my life").

If politicking provides meager gratification to political scientist Burns, what doesn't? Writing, especially the FDR and Kennedy books ("The Lion and the Fox," 1956; "John Kennedy: A Political Profile," 1959); teaching, skiing, and tennis, the latter two being something of a compulsion, he admitted. "Teaching keeps me in touch with inquiring and skeptical minds. Too, intellectual roots are important to me.

"But teaching at a high caliber college like Williams is demanding. Every class meeting is something of a test. It leaves little time for writing. I've been able to complete my books only because Williams has been generous about my taking leave."

"Deadlock in Democracy," which grew out of a course in American politics that Burns teaches, required not only library but live research—at the White House, on Capitol Hill, and in Lower East Side bars for confabs with Tammany leaders in the wee hours. It is his fifth book.

Like Kennedy, Burns grew up in Boston, served during the war in the Pacific Theatre, and hit the sawdust trail of politics at a tender age. But he now considers himself "essentially a political outsider," and wonders if what he has to say will get through to the "so-called practical politicians."

He thinks JFK is "on the road to greatness, has extrasensory political perception," and has been especially strong in management of foreign affairs. "The whole flavor he's given to foreign policy is impressive." Kennedy's problems "stem from the House—not faulty leadership on his part. The House is the least representative agency of our national government. In 1960 both candidates came out for strong domestic programs, but the House won't give the people what they voted for. The Rules Committee is still dominated by rural conservatives. The great urban population is underrepresented. No President seems to be able to get what he wants from Congress. Kennedy's a pretty cool customer, though. During the next two years he'll move ahead even at the expense of Democratic Party unity."

Occasionally Professor Burns abandons the coolly clinical approach for a blistering pragmatism: "Politics is not just a lot of fun and excitement and hoopla," he snapped. "It's also a pay-off proposition, or should be. I don't understand people who get all beside themselves with joy when their Presidential candidate wins and then hardly turn a hair when his programs are gutted. Take aid to higher education. The big wave is coming in 1963, 1964, yet the national government is making no serious preparations for it.

"The truth is that our politics is disorganized and inchoate. It doesn't clarify alternatives, or pose issues clearly, or allow the election winner to govern, or the opposition party clearly to oppose. I first saw the national political system at work when I came to Washington in 1939 as an intern in government. My job was with a Congressman who served on a committee to investigate the National Labor Relations Board. The chairman was Howard W. Smith. He was mounting one of the first Congressional counterattacks against the New Deal. And now—twenty-four years later—who is still dominating Congressional news but Howard W. Smith?" There was steel in his voice: "Presidents rise and fall, dynasties come and go, but Smith and his fellows go on. These Congressional leaders need as much attention as Presidents. I hope my book redresses the balance a bit. But much depends on the ability of the press and our leaders to lift the problem of deadlock above personalities and gimmicks and see it as a deep, historic problem—an intellectual as well as a political one."

In spite of the mighty dim view Professor Burns takes of American political machinery, he'd not abolish the national party conventions, for one thing. In fact, he is slated to be a delegate again in 1964. Although he's convinced it will be Rockefeller *vs.* Kennedy, Professor Burns would prefer to see Goldwater as the Republican standard-bearer. "It's high time we gave the Congressional Republicans a chance to prove their boast that the GOP could win with—and only with—a genuinely conservative candidate."

—Mary Kersey Harvey.

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Pope John and His Open Window

ROME.

WHEN the Papal election ceremonies in the Conclave of Cardinals were completed the evening of October 28, 1958, well-wishers in profusion pressed in upon Pope John XXIII. Indeed, the congratulatory urge felt by many of the members of the hierarchy was so strong that aides of the Pope tried to protect him by installing him in one of the offices of the Vatican Secretary of State and placing the Holy Seal across the door.

Breaking the seal is a profound sacrilege. But the enthusiasm of the pursuers, many of whom were Cardinals and Bishops, persisted and they swept through the seal as though it never existed. Trying desperately to stem the tide, Dean of Cardinals Tisserant cried out to Monsigneur Cardinale, then secretary of the Conclave: "Stop them! Do something! They will be excommunicated!"

Pope John smiled. "Very well," he said gently. "They will be excommunicated and my first act as Holy Father will be to grant them complete absolution."

Then everyone laughed and the tension was broken. The Pope quickly became engulfed by a human congratulatory tidal wave. It was a strenuous session for the seventy-seven-year-old Pontiff, but he was equal to it. For the central and presiding fact about Pope John XXIII—indeed, the key to the many far-reaching changes that have come about under his Papacy—is that he likes people. The historic Ecumenical Council just recessed is a reflection of his desire to bring the Catholic Church into closer contact with the outside world, making it more responsive to needs of human beings everywhere, whether Catholics or not. He doesn't believe that God penalizes anyone for not being a Catholic. Religion is a matter of individual conscience. All religions are entitled to respect. Even non-believers who have had audiences with the Holy Father are told that he includes them in his prayers.

Pope John's genius for human relations and the importance he attaches to direct contacts with the outside world are highlighted by several specific incidents. Shortly after his election, he set out from the Vatican one morning on the first of a series of visits to Italian prisons. Asked by his aides to explain his purpose, he said simply: "It is somewhat more difficult for the prisoners to come to see me."

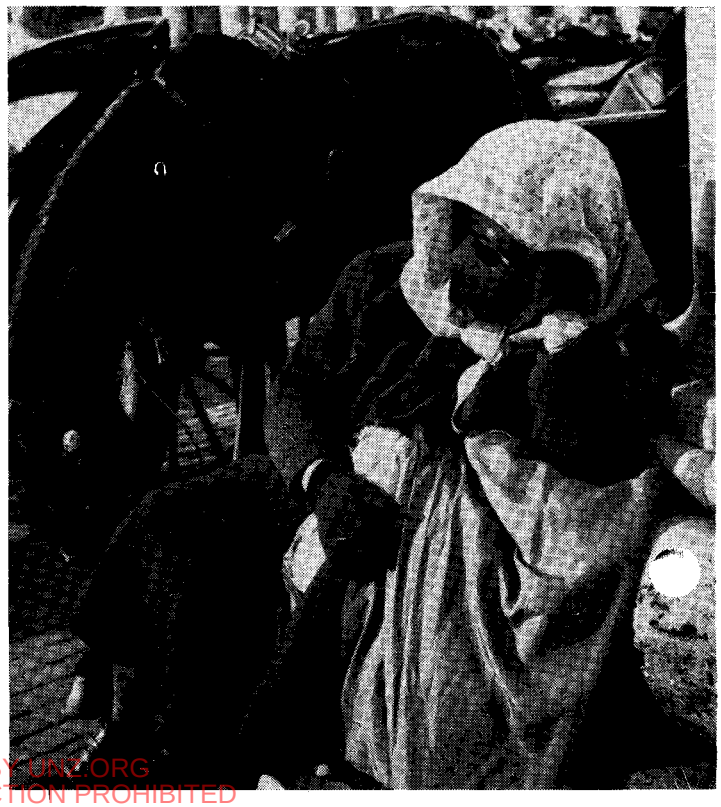
On another occasion, the Pope had left his car and was strolling back to his apartment in the Vatican when a distraught priest came up to him and begged his prayers for the paralyzed wife of a friend. The Pope said he could do better than that; he would go directly to the stricken woman at her home, which he did.

The third incident illuminates Pope John's central purposes. A Canadian dignitary asked him to explain the main objectives of his Papacy in general and the Ecumenical Council in particular. Pope John stood up, walked over to the window, opened it, and said, "What do we intend to do? We intend to let in a little fresh air."

Through that open window the winds of change have poured almost steadily for four years, culminating in the historic Ecumenical Council. What kind of change? First of all, change that meets the needs of a world that itself has seen more change in a half-century than the world had known for the previous thousand years. Second, change that seeks to unite all Christendom and perhaps even to contribute to the spiritual unity of all mankind. Third, change that serves the cause of all people, and not that of Catholics alone.

Pope John has no intention to dictate change; his purpose is to set the stage for it. The Ecumenical Council, already one of the great events in the history of religion, was called for the

A weary pilgrim in the courtyard of St. Peter's.



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purpose of having peoples of all Christendom consider what kind of changes were required and how best to meet the problems involved.

Pope John's approach to the Ecumenical Council, in fact, reflects his own conviction that the Church is not the private possession of its hierarchy but a common responsibility shared by all its members. Accordingly, he makes an important distinction between dogma in theology and dogmatic attitudes. It is one thing to be strongly rooted in one's religious convictions; it is another thing to be rigid and authoritative in one's attitude toward human problems and relationships with people of other faiths. A dogmatic attitude or approach toward the honest convictions of one's neighbors is itself a violation of the religious spirit. All men, whatever their belief, are important; God does not impose penalties or withhold blessings on people just because they are not Catholics. In this sense, all have access to the Deity.

IN world affairs, Pope John does not believe his role is to denounce or assail but to utilize the full moral power of the Papacy in relieving tensions and in helping to create an atmosphere in which important and fundamental measures can be taken that can lead to a just peace under law. He believes the cause of human survival is too important for bluster or bombast. Moreover, in the event of a crisis, as in the case of Cuba, Pope John would like to speak from a position that will enable the Holy See to be as effective as possible in keeping that crisis from skidding into a nuclear disaster.

Underlying this concern is the conviction that the question of war and peace in today's world is no longer mainly a political or national issue. Nuclear war is primarily a spiritual and moral issue. Nuclear war smashes at the nature of man, and not just at man himself. That is, the effects of nuclear war are registered in the human germ plasm, deforming the basic units of heredity, cheapening and disfiguring life for generations to come. Nuclear war is also directed against the vital balances of nature that make life possible. In this sense, modern war is not just a war by nation against nation, or a war by man against man, but a war against God.

A moral and spiritual issue is also involved in the punishment inflicted on nations and peoples outside the warring powers. Only two nations may be involved in a direct nuclear exchange but ten times as many people outside those two countries may be killed as are killed inside these nations. It is as though two occupants on the top floor of a large apartment house decided to wage war against each other by setting fire to the entire building. Anyone who ignores the moral issue involved in such a situation is a partner to the crime.

—*Religious News Service.*

Pope John XXIII: "We intend to let in a little fresh air."

The action, therefore, of Pope John in issuing an anguished cry for humanity when the Cuban crisis was at its height was not the result of a sudden awareness of the implications of nuclear warfare. It was the result of a profound conviction that man's total spiritual and moral energies have to be mobilized in behalf of human safety and sanity.

"We entreat all statesmen not to remain deaf to the cry of mankind," Pope John declared. "Let them do everything in their power to save the peace. By so doing they will spare the world the horrors of a war that would have disastrous consequences such as no one can foresee."

It is only natural that Pope John's apprehension about world tensions should be a reflection of his interest in the conditions of human life. Freedom is the proper political environment for mankind; but freedom must not be stagnation or nothingness. It must be tied to the cause of social progress and a better life.

THESE are not the only questions to come before the Ecumenical Council. More than seventy subjects were introduced for consideration by the Council. These have now been reduced to twenty; all are now being studied by special committees. In view of the reduction of the number of subjects, the work of the Council is now scheduled for completion by Christmas, 1963.

Even before the Ecumenical Council was convened, Pope John made his position clear on various questions. He instituted specific reforms in the administration of the Holy See. He has combatted bureaucratic tendencies in the Vatican. He has called for an avoidance of prayers and ceremonies offensive to non-Catholics. He has been especially severe in opposing false miracles and superstitions, such as weeping madonna statuettes and ap-

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paritions, etc. He has reinforced the policy against interference by the Vatican in the political affairs of nations. He has prohibited organized "crusades" against political enemies in the name of Christianity. Several Catholic organizations were forbidden to use the word "crusade" in their title. He has carried forward the realistic approach of his predecessors to social and economic problems; the complexity of modern industrial civilization requires advanced knowledge and flexibility. Similarly, colonialism in the modern world is an anachronism and must be replaced.

Pope John has set stern and sizable objectives for himself and the Church. Even for a Pope in perfect physical condition, this would be a severe assignment. Pope John is now eighty-one. Until a few months ago, he was in excellent health. Then he developed abdominal symptoms, with a severe hemorrhage. Despite the stern urgings of his doctor, the Pope insisted on addressing the Ecumenical Council and in participating at the canonization of three saints in St. Peter's Cathedral.

I watched the Pope as he fulfilled his Papal duties during the canonization ceremonies. He did not allow his voice or his manner to betray the physical ordeal he was undergoing. His characteristic smile and warmth of manner did not fail him. But his pallor left no doubt about the weakness of his general condition.

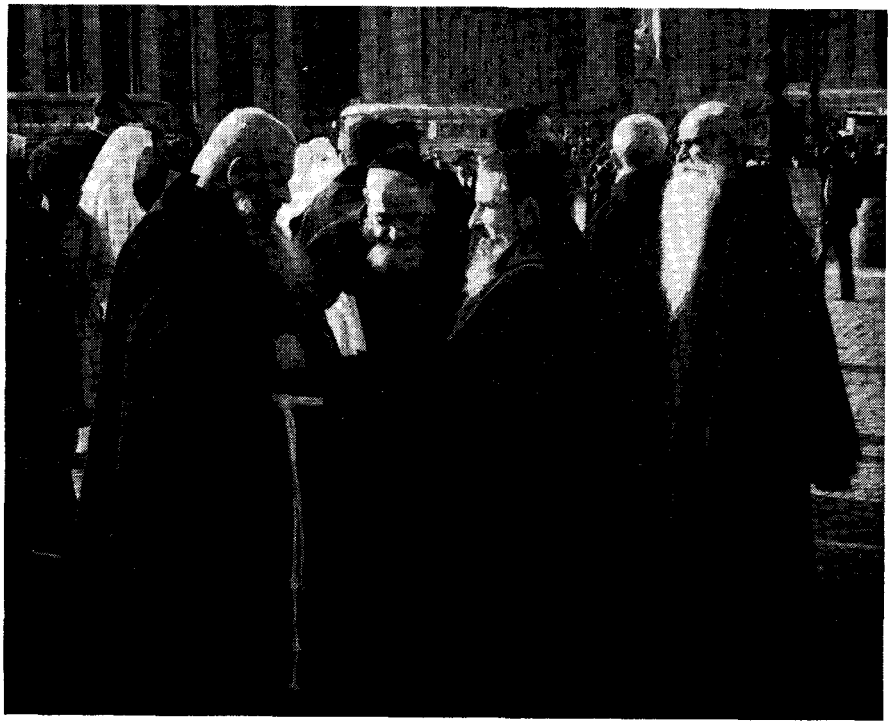
—*Photos by N.C.*

A newly ordained priest from Gabon, Africa, is besieged for his autograph outside St. Peter's.

Even after the Ecumenical Council recessed in early December, Pope John continued to perform his duties, holding audiences with pilgrims, reviewing the work of the Council with his aides, and preparing his Christmas message. When I saw him again, he seemed somewhat stronger than a week earlier at the canonization ceremonies. His pallor had lessened. And the pastoral nature of his Papacy came through in the earthy anecdotes he related and the comments he made about world affairs. When concern was expressed over his insistence on maintaining a heavy schedule, he looked up, smiled, and said with a twinkle that he had decided to study a new language in order to make use of his spare time. As for any suffering caused by his illness, Pope John remarked that a lifetime of rich memories is a potent enemy of pain. He said he has so many satisfactions in his life to dwell upon that it is difficult to think about personal distress.

By remaining in constant good spirits, Pope John manages to get more latitude from his doctor than his illness would ordinarily permit. He knows that his work is important; before he dies he would like to see this earth become a far safer and nobler abode for man than it is now. This at least is his aspiration; if it is shared by enough men, the prospects of realizing it are reasonably strong. —N.C.

Outside St. Peter's after the canonization ceremonies—". . . a reflection of the Pope's desire to bring the Catholic Church into closer contact with the outside world."



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JUNIOR POPULATION EXPLOSION

THE BOMBAY PAPERS recently reported statistics from the United States and Great Britain showing that an increasing number of teen-age girls are becoming mothers of illegitimate children.

On the Eastern seaboard of the United States, and in the Los Angeles section of California, we read that almost every junior high school and secondary school has to cope with substantial numbers of young girls who discover they are en route to imminent motherhood. This situation is also widely prevalent in southern Connecticut.

We also read that in Derby, England, thirteen grammar school girls, aged sixteen or under, became mothers during the past semester. One of the fathers was fourteen years old.

If we consider these facts against the background of the Kinsey Report of a few years ago, we can recognize that the present situation may be disturbing but it should not be surprising.

Under these circumstances, what ought to be done?

We in India have solved this problem to a greater extent, I believe, than almost any society in the world. We not only encourage children of tender age to marry; we arrange the matter ourselves. Over the centuries this has proved to be the most enduring basis for a lifelong marital relationship. To be sure, there are those who contend that young people understand "love" and ought to be permitted to arrange their own marriages; I refer them to the latest divorce statistics. In the United States, divorce is fast approaching the rule rather than the exception. In India, the divorce rate for 1961 was less than 2 per cent. What better test is there?

I know this may come as a shock to those who like to think of themselves as "advanced." I assure you, however, that few countries are more biologically sophisticated than India. We've been through it all and are guided by centuries of experience. Why should the United States and Great Britain go through the multiple ordeals of history before they arrive at where we are today?

S. ROY, M.D.

Bombay, India

ETYMOLOGICAL QUERY

RACHEL CARSON, in her recent book "Silent Spring," uses the term "biocides" to describe poisonous chemicals. Her reviewers, Lorus and Margery Milne, in the *New York Times Book Review* of September 23, 1962, also use the same term and in a similar context.

It seems to me that somewhere in my literary travels I have encountered the term "biocide" used in a context similar to genocide. My old Webster's Collegiate does include genocide but not "biocide" (I am still hesitant about dropping the quotes).

In view of Miss Carson's frightening revelations, so close on the heels of the Thalidomide affair, I somehow prefer the latter connotation for "biocide," namely, the destruction of living species by indirect chemical, or, for that matter, nuclear, poisons.

I would appreciate it very much if someone could shed some light on the origin and correct meaning of the term "biocide."

WALLACE G. HOLBROOK.

Spring Valley, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's about young Winston Churchill, sir. I'm afraid that we'll *never* be able to teach him to master the English language."

NO SAFETY IN NUMBERS

THANK YOU FOR the discerning article by James J. Wadsworth, "Let's Be Adult" [*SR*, Dec. 29]. It seems to me that we must become aware that the belligerent attitude can be one of the causes of war in itself. As I watched the CBS year-end report, and listened to the commentators and reporters spend ninety minutes limiting their world-view to the narrow spectrum of Communist pressure spots for war, I kept hoping that they would talk about some of the other causes of war. They didn't touch realistically upon the effect of the vast "industrial-military" complex in our own country, which is almost as much of a threat to the peace of the world as Cuba incidents. It is a threat because of the war psychosis which that complex promotes or at least allows to happen. It is a threat because it allows the hardening of attitudes of hate and misunderstanding in our country. It is a threat because it drains off from the economy funds which could well be spent in waging the peace.

I am not against a standing army, or an up-to-date air force, or a nuclear-age navy. But I am against allowing our military to become so large that they are a constant power threat to the government of our country itself with their rocket-rattling and threats of "we'll bury you first" and enormous budgets. There may be some advantage in having the ability to blow up the entire world one time, but there is no distinct advantage in having the ability to blow up the world ten or twenty times. Mr. Wadsworth has given us an outstanding article.

(The Rev.) PAUL STEELE, Pastor,
Zion Evangelical
United Brethren Church.

Wanatah, Indiana

I WOULD LIKE to correct an error of fact in your issue of December 29, where you kindly placed my article "Let's Be Adult."

In describing the author, you refer to him as "currently president of the Peace Research Institute in Washington, D.C." I resigned as president of the Peace Research Institute as of last September 14 in order to free myself for more writing and lecturing.

JAMES J. WADSWORTH.

Washington, D.C.

THE WRONG WAY

THE SAME BLUE PENCIL that busily puts apostrophes in "Finnegans Wake" gave me a red face by changing to a traditional boner my correct spelling of "Florodora" in the review of "The Great White Way," by Allen Churchill [*SR*, Nov. 24].

STEPHEN DRAPER.

New York, N.Y.

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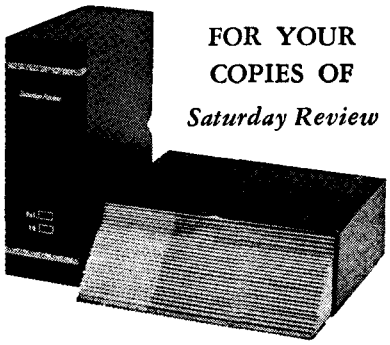

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Fitful Slumber

THE latest innovation in art houses is the Toho Cinema, in the heart of New York's theatre district. The Toho, which opens next week in what was formerly the Griffith Theatre, and before that a legitimate house known as the Bijou, will show only Japanese films and will be an American showcase for Japan's largest film producer, the Toho Company. This company, besides producing some seventy films a year, is the proud patron of one of the world's most noted directors, Akira Kurosawa, and there is not much doubt that the Kurosawa films will dominate the fare at the new Toho Cinema, which for its opening bill will present "**The Bad Sleep Well,**" the film Kurosawa made just before "Yojimbo."

The Toho Company has a West Coast cinema, too, the Toho LaBrea in Los Angeles, which in the last year or so has attracted a hardy following to a series of subtitled Japanese films. But it will go further this time: the New York theatre has been redecorated in Japanese style, with lanterns instead of the usual house lights, a lady in kimono at the box office, ushers in Japanese dress. The lobby will have a rock garden, the lounge will have Japanese furniture, and Japanese tea will be served.

Why is the Toho Company doing all this? Few Japanese films, in the past, have succeeded in getting much in the way of American distribution. Several good films have gone begging among the distributors, and Toho has decided —perhaps wisely—that its better films must make a New York splash before the situation can undergo correction.

The little Toho Cinema would seem an ideal place; it has only 299 seats, and thus can run a picture for several weeks. It is in the very center of things, the traditional first-run area of Manhattan. Less ideal, unfortunately, is its first choice of program, "The Bad Sleep Well," mainly because it does not show Kurosawa at his best.

Not that any Kurosawa film is ever wholly bad. He is a director given to bold, powerful strokes; he is obviously influenced by American movie-making, and particularly, it would seem, by the gangster and Western genres. Kurosawa adds, usually, more than a dash of social conscience, and sees to it that the emotional pitch of his films is carried nigh unto hysteria. "The Bad Sleep Well" is certainly a case in point. It purports to reveal the corruption in high corporate places in Japanese society. It tells of a bribery scandal among the managers of two large and mutually beneficial corporations, and before the tale is finished, one man has committed suicide, another has been reduced to a state of catatonic insanity, and a third has been ingeniously murdered.

"Is this right?" shrieks a man who has exchanged his identity with the hero of the picture and thus can never tell the dreadful truths that have been revealed to him. He collapses to the ground, sobbing, and we subsequently learn that everything has been hushed up, and that the powerful ones, high up in the corporate structure, will continue their evil managerial ways.

But Kurosawa's exposé loses its point and punch very quickly, because he has told his story in the melodramatic terms that might have been concocted in the old days of Monogram and Republic pictures. The nice, elderly man who heads one of the corporations is subtly evil at heart, his daughter is a beautiful cripple, his son a lazy, goodhearted playboy. Into the family comes a son-in-law, modest in appearance, sincere in manner, efficient as the private secretary to his father-in-law. But he is really seeking revenge for the murder of his father, once a member of the corporation, and sacrificed for the corporate good. Wierder and wierder it all gets, as it is revealed that the son-in-law was the illegitimate offspring of the murdered man, that he has exchanged his identity with a friend, and that he is as diabolical in pursuing his "good" cause as the evil directors are in pursuing theirs.

And I have merely hinted at the complications, for these spread and proliferate to such a degree that one can count on a new surprise roughly every three minutes. Kurosawa, like Ingmar Bergman, has his pet group of actors, with first on the list the capable Toshiro Mifune, here seen in modern dress and wearing horn-rimmed glasses. Others are Takashi Shimura and Akira Nishimura, and they play their villainous roles with not only a range, but a welter of emotions, for Kurosawa has made sure that none of us will miss his message.

—Hollis Alpert.

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SR's Guide to Current Films

DAVID AND LISA: A lovingly wrought little film that presents the case histories of two emotionally disturbed adolescents. This "runaway" production, shot in Philadelphia by director Frank Perry, turns to advantage the use of real streets, real rooms of real houses. Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin play frozen human beings reaching out to each other. If their dream sequences seem synthetic, nothing else does in this heartening, successful effort.

DIVORCE, ITALIAN STYLE: An expert Italian comedy, with a fine edge of satire. Marcello Mastroianni, seen here as a noble, languid Sicilian, conceives of an elaborate plan for ridding himself of a once beautiful wife who, in recent years, has taken to kittenish behavior and grown a mustache. His eye has, of course, fallen on a ridiculously young girl, and everything that follows is charming, slightly insane, and somehow always understandable.

ECLIPSE: Antonioni, the most talked about Italian director, shows us, in the third part of his triptych that began with "L'Avventura" and "La Notte," the spiritual darkness creeping over modern Rome, his protagonists a free-living, free-loving girl of twenty-two (Monica Vitti) and a young, harried stockbroker (Alain Delon). Our emotions, having found no reason to care particularly about the characters, remain unaffected. Antonioni reveals the fact that he is an artist but not—this time, at least—a storyteller.

ELECTRA: This is the Euripides version, the most pastoral of the three, but it is perhaps more correct to say that it is the Michael Cacoyannis version, for he has made not only a translation from the classical Greek into the modern language, but he has made, further, an adaptation of it into film. Cacoyannis is already known here for his vivid direction of those fine Greek films, "Stella" and "The Girl in Black," but this is the film he has always wanted to make, and he has made it beautifully, with the aid of American financing (Ilya Lopert, of United Artists). The dialogue is spare, the play has been reconstructed in terms of film images (for which that fine young English photographer Walter Lassally must be given much credit), and Irene Pappas leaves one quite literally shaken by her haunting performance as the mournful young woman.

FREUD: All too rarely can one raise the charge of overintellectualization in the movies, but that seems to be the case here. John Huston, the director, allows fully half an hour to go by before anything resembling a character appears on the screen. Until that time we see someone identified as "Siggy" Freud in a series of unremarkable situations. Montgomery Clift, as the father of psychoanalysis, remains, in fact, a rather cold and elusive fish throughout the picture. Once the dreams start coming, however, the picture achieves much more visual excitement, and the hallucinations of Freud's patients (as well as his own) eerily suggest the underworld of sexuality and symbol that Freud painted. For confirmed Freudians, though, the picture must inevitably appear an oversimplification, sincere and honest though it tries to be, and it seldom touches on a human level. Susannah York is the prettiest of the patients.

JUMBO: Based loosely on the Rodgers and Hart show (book by Hecht and MacArthur), this brightly colored musical wisely subordinates a completely predictable plot to a succession of production numbers that are lavish and gay. The clowns come tumbling in, Martha Raye, Doris Day, and Stephen Boyd are agreeable performers, all of them abetting Jimmy Durante's plot to steal the show.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA: The longest and, astonishingly, perhaps the best picture of 1962, it provides more than three and a half hours of sustained visual beauty, stirring excitement, and performances of high quality, not the least of which is that turned in by Peter O'Toole as the enigmatic Lawrence. Robert Bolt, the screenwriter, and David Lean, the director, would seem to have agreed that Lawrence, buoyed up by luck and a mystic sense of mission, attempted to stick his fingers into the workings of history and discovered that change in the affairs of men is a complicated process. Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Jack Hawkins are sturdy and prominent in the cast.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT: Sidney Lumet took four well-known acting people and nearly three hours of time to plot out in two shots and close-ups the stage version of the Eugene O'Neill play. Faithful, but frustratingly slow, the Tyrones talk their way through their psychological torments. Ralph Richardson is good, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell are fair, and Katherine Hepburn is agonizing in the caricature of herself she has perfected over the years.

THE LONGEST DAY: Three directors—Andrew Marton, Ken Annakin, and Bernhard Wicki—put together this vivid enactment of history's most awesome amphibious assault, and they were backstopped by the producer, Darryl F. Zanuck, who discovered that three directors were not enough. The dialogue is occasionally preposterous, but the battle scenes on the beach are magnificent and chilling. The picture should serve as an adequate reminder of the old-fashioned kind of war, where a long day's casualties could be kept down to a mere 50,000.

THE LOVERS OF TERUEL: Ludmila Tcherina, Europe's most beautiful ballerina, mimes and dances her way through a torpid sea of color, surrealist pretentiousness, and now and then a flash of originality. Who are the lovers of Teruel? You may puzzle out the answer, but you certainly won't care.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY: Another long one that does offer a lot to look at—breathtaking seascapes and landscapes, the *Bounty* dark and majestic against the orange fire of a South Seas sunset, natives by the thousands. Trevor Howard is realistically cruel as Captain Bligh, Marlon Brando makes a stylish fop out of Fletcher Christian, is pleasingly simple and direct in his love scenes with a native, is dignified in his hours of crisis. But his character is not consistently drawn, and it grows uncomfortable watching him trying to draw the ends together. And, for all its length, the film seems somewhat piecemeal, as though its connecting tissues had been chopped out to make room for all the incidents.

SUNDAYS AND CYBELE: So artful a French film that its young director, Serge Bourguignon, almost obscures a rather simple little story. A war victim of amnesia (he has bombed some children) creates a fantasy world, a labored and not too interesting one, with a girl of twelve, and is eventually shot dead for fear he will harm the child. The consciously arty and unnecessarily difficult camera work obtrudes throughout.

TWO FOR THE SEESAW: If you didn't see Anne Bancroft on the stage as Gittel, then you may be charmed by Shirley MacLaine in the same role. But the bite of the story is somehow missing in this otherwise capable screen adaptation. The girl is still one of those lost souls and the man, Robert Mitchum, a refugee from divorce in the Midwest, tries to cope, and decides not to, and they both decide they're happier because they knew each other. If you didn't see the play, see the movie; if you did, don't.

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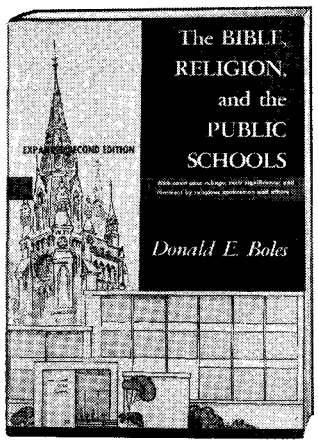

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Britannia's Unruly Waifs

WHATEVER else one may say about the imported British musical "**Oliver,**" one must admit that it has colorful characters, a nice rags-to-riches plot, some ingenious scenery, and one extremely effective and catchy musical comedy number. Add to that the fact that the spectacle is filled with performing children, which gives it a special appeal for kids, and one can predict a long and lucrative New York engagement comparable to that of "The Sound of Music" or "The Music Man."

The show begins promisingly and theatrically in Sean Kenny's fascinating, infinitely rearrangeable construct of lumber beams catching the flavor of a London workhouse where a sign reading "God is Love" hangs ironically over the affection-starved orphans, as they sing a hymn to that universal love-substitute, "Food," of which they don't get very much either. But the scenes and songs that ensue seem less concerned with these ironies than they are with manufacturing reasonably entertaining vocal numbers which the familiar Dickens characters might sing if they spoke in the vernacular of today's popular songs. Indeed, for want of a better word, one might call "Oliver" a *pop*eretta. For it is full of sentimentalities and picaresque dramatic action, and in the end we are nominally happy that the aristocratic little waif is restored to his rightful station in life.

But author-composer Lionel Bart, director Peter Coe, and designer Kenny obviously have something more than such conventional artificial entertainment in mind, for they have given the entire proceedings a Brecht shampoo. That is to say, they present the villainous members of the underworld as no better and no worse than average, but simply the victims of circumstance. Fagin, who here has dropped the dialect and the harsh makeup of his London counterpart, appears to be an avaricious man so worried about poverty in his old age that he justifiably stores up ill-gotten treasures as a sort of social security. And the joyous high point of the show is not its conclusion, but the moment at which the miserable Oliver, after thirteen years of drab squalor, suddenly meets the artful dodger and is invited to join the gang. It matters little that the gang is a bunch of boy pickpockets. They have a camaraderie, independence, and resourcefulness. To create this transition from misery to joy, the boys sing the rousing "Consider Yourself Our Mate! Consider Yourself One of the Family!" And as they sing, dance, and march, the previously stark background changes before our eyes. The stage revolves and is suddenly flooded with all the life and wonder of London street life. The happy reality of this event is so great that we wonder later on whether Oliver's eventual rescue may have been such a good thing after all.

However, unlike Brecht, Mr. Bart has not rewritten the Dickens story with any apparent unity of insight. He trades on its bourgeois satisfactions as well as on its proletariat ones. The second half of the show tamely follows the musical comedy cliché of a woman voluntarily tied to a scoundrel as she emotionalizes "As Long as He Needs Me, I Know That There I'll Be." And the finale is a superb theatrical stunt in which London Bridge erects itself before our eyes, and in which the hubbub of the crowd is suddenly hushed as Bill Sykes's mongrel dog walks across the platform and down the steps.

The children, led by Bruce Prochnik as Oliver and by David Jones as Dodger, look and act convincingly, and one suspects that it is not their fault that we have difficulty catching all the words they sing. As Fagin, Clive Revill sends the whole business up with virtuoso tricks as he counts his jewelry in a self-conscious mockery of avarice rather than becoming its embodiment. Best and truest in the cast is Georgia Brown as Nancy. Miss Brown achieves a genuine rapport with the children in such numbers as "It's a Fine Life" (which borrows a phrase or two from "Whistle a Happy Tune") and "I'd Do Anything."

It is in fact the rapport of gang life that gives the otherwise ordinary "Oliver" its vitality and natural appeal, all of which is nicely proved by the many curtain calls in which the audience begs for and gets repetitions of the songs this happy band of raggle-taggles have sung together. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR's Guide to Current Theatre

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM. Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and David Burns doing Roman comedy as earthily and as expertly as it should be done. With musical numbers of varying effectiveness. Alvin.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Emlyn Williams brings a Welsh lyricism to the role of Sir Thomas More, and George Rose supplies broad comic relief as the Common Man in last season's "best foreign play." ANTA.

A MAN'S MAN. Brecht's somewhat dated play about militarism. Masque.

A THOUSAND CLOWNS. Jason Robards, Jr., as a nonconformist who bleats his own inspired nonsense back at an uninspiredly nonsensical world. Eugene O'Neill.

BEYOND THE FRINGE. Four British lads come most entertainingly to mock-sober terms with a well-selected assortment of contemporary nonsequiturs. John Golden.

CALCULATED RISK. A "Guess Who" exercise about a traitor on a dull board of directors. Ambassador.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS. All-star revival of Eugene O'Neill's terse tragedy of passion and possessiveness on a Vermont farm. Produced in the round by Jose Quintero, it stars George C. Scott, Colleen Dewhurst, and Rip Torn. Circle-in-the-Square.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. Beguiling and funny musical odyssey of a reluctantly ruthless office boy. 46th Street.

INSTANT THEATRE. In a party atmosphere four performers offer improvisations and entertaining sketches, some of which take devastating snipes at the absurdities of contemporary politics. The Premise.

LITTLE ME. Sid Caesar is excruciatingly uproarious on a number of trumped-up occasions in a nominal musical parody of "The Unsinkable Molly Brown." Lunt-Fontanne.

LORD PENGO. Charles Boyer in S. N. Behrman's monochromatic sketch of a fabulous art dealer. Royale.

MARCEL MARCEAU. The great Parisian mime in a new program of eloquently silent impersonations. Until January 27. City Center.

MARY, MARY. Jean Kerr's frequently funny descriptions of a woman who doesn't know when to stop talking, and a man who finds his project of divorcing her overtaxing. Now in its third season. Helen Hayes.

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANY MORE. The new Tennessee Williams play about a horrifyingly selfish wealthy widow who faces death with a courage that is as desperate as her gracelessness. Morosco.

MILK AND HONEY. Melodic musical about middle-aged romance in Israel. With Molly Picon. Closes January 26. Martin Beck.

MR. PRESIDENT. Musical comedy hodgepodge of several recent White House inhabitants with music and patriotism by Irving Berlin and jokes by Lindsay and Crouse. St. James.

NEVER TOO LATE. Paul Ford and Orson Bean are quite funny as a stingy head-of-household and his dependent son-in-law in an extremely unimportant domestic comedy. Playhouse.

NO STRINGS. Richard Rodgers's lovely songs in a musical comedy about an inconclusive miscegenetic love affair in Paris. The show is less inventive than the production. With Diahann Carroll and Richard Kiley. 54th Street.

OH DAD. POOR DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELIN' SO SAD. Hermione Gingold in Arthur Kopit's farcical and erotic assault on romantic sham. Phoenix 74th Street.

OLIVER. Imported British musical that tells the Charles Dickens story colorfully and tunefully, if with few new twists. Imperial.

PINTER PLAYS. Two short works by the author of "The Caretaker." The longer of the two, "The Collection," is a fascinatingly iridescent play about well-dressed, well-mannered characters performed with delicious precision. Cherry Lane.

RIVERWIND. Two couples explore the difficulties of keeping love alive in permanent relationships. The songs and the situations are better than the treatment. Actors Playhouse.

SECOND CITY. A series of lively sketches in which the young performers seem to explore their own attitudes toward political, social, and cultural issues.

SEIDMAN AND SON. Sam Levene as a comic cloak-and-suiter facing contretemps with amusing resignation in a play that shouldn't happen to an actor. Belasco.

STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF. The season's best new musical, starring Anthony Newley, who employs a number of theatrical traditions to tell the humorous and touching saga of Lord Little Chap. Shubert.

TCHIN-TCHIN. Margaret Leighton, again giving the season's top performance, and Anthony Quinn in the droll but strangely poetic chronicle of two slipping people whose lives have been ruined by the same act of thoughtless infidelity committed by their respective mates. Plymouth.

THE BEAUTY PART. Bert Lahr attempting a number of hilahrious impersonations in S. J. Perelman's spottily effective satire on the American compulsion to mass participation in the arts. Music Box.

THE BLACKS. A poetic and viciously antisocial denunciamento in which some persecuted Negroes tell a dominant white society what Jean Genet feels they have a right to say. Now in its third season. St. Marks.

THE COACH WITH THE SIX INSIDES. An ambitious but spotty attempt to put the sound of James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" on stage. Village South.

THE FANTASTICKS. Delightful, lyrical, and imaginative musical comedy about how true love can happen and can survive in a precariously hostile world. Sullivan Street.

THE HOSTAGE. Brendan Behan's wildly blasphemous play about the goings-on in a Dublin kip that is also an IRA refuge. Better in its intimate Off-Broadway surroundings than it was on Broadway. Now in its second season. 1 Sheridan Square.

THIS WAS BURLESQUE. An exceptional opportunity to see and enjoy the

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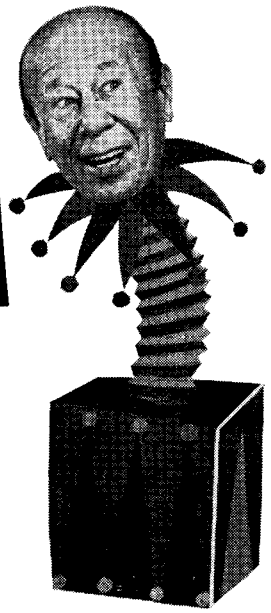

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CLAUDIA McNEIL in
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Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
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Coming February 16

In its next Education Issue, *SR* will present a seven-page feature on "The Revolution in Language Teaching." The main narrative will be written by Fred Hechinger, Education Editor of the New York *Times*. There will also be three supplementary articles: "The Role of the National Defense Education Act," "Language Laboratories and How They Operate," and "The Army's Language School."

vulgar, pretense-shattering comedy and the amiably voluptuous striptease essentially as it was in the heyday of a now dissolute form of theatre. Casino East.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. Saccharine Rodgers and Hammerstein musical about how Maria von Trapp manages to escape both the nunnery and the Nazis to pursue singing and spousehood. At least two of its numbers give this show a special appeal to young children. Now in its third season. Mark Hellinger.

TIGER TIGER BURNING BRIGHT. Claudia McNeil and Diana Sands in a grim study of how a well-meaning matriarch ruins her children. Booth.

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? Edward Albee's engrossing long nightcap in which two couples achieve savage fun and disorderly despair as they drunkenly face the sterility of their existence. Billy Rose.

NOTE: Twice-nightly topical revues are performed at Upstairs at the Downstairs, and at the Persian Room of the Plaza.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1015

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1015 will be found in the next issue.

D YDA BFUU GZYVWFYVG OVJZWV QFG UFLV WZ WQV OVJVUZCYVAW ZL ZAV CDMW ZL QFG HZOT — WQV BFGQHZAV.

MZHVMW LMZGW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1014

Bad officials are elected by good citizens who do not vote.

—GEORGE NATHAN.

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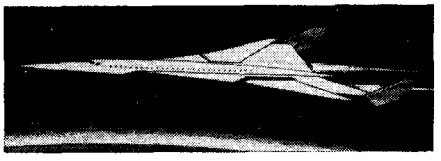
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Ground-to-Air Missive—II

THOSE of you who were in class last week, and who were not sleeping off the holidays on our time, will remember that we had some sharp things to say about a number of inequities aboard the airlines, and some pleasant things to say about Dulles Airport in Washington where passengers arrive and depart in a state of nirvana.

There are various other matters that we would like to add to what we said, and there were also some flashes of fast-breaking news that arrived too late for our first report. Just as the year was about to stagger to a close, Eastern Airlines announced that it was about to present a momentous offer to the nation's niblick-nudgers. Golf bags would henceforth be carried on its routes, the Civil Aeronautics Board approving, of course, for a flat fee of $4. Since the normal domestic free-baggage



U. S. Government sketch shows supersonic liner with folding wings.

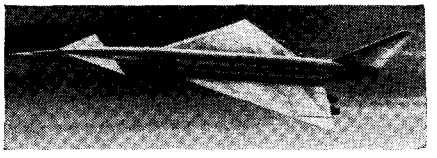
allowance is a piddling forty pounds, and since golf bags ordinarily weigh between thirty and thirty-five pounds, and since Eastern will be flying some bags as far as 1,800 miles for the aforementioned four dollars, the real value of the bargain can readily be appreciated. In fact, as the airline pointed out, it was carrying the bags cheaper than the fee charged by caddies at many country clubs for an afternoon. And, provided the golfer wasn't too often in the rough, a caddy didn't have to carry them 1,800 miles, either.

The temptation is going to be to stuff a golf bag with underwear, shirts, hair curlers, face cream, and a traveling iron, with a couple of clubs stuck in the top for camouflage, letting the whole thing fly to Timbuktu for four dollars. Naturally the airline people have thought about that, and the rules provide for the inclusion of not more than fourteen clubs, twelve balls, and one pair of shoes. It's going to be a mess at the counters if a rule-bound clerk demands an inspection.

Well, sir, the very next day we had another communiqué from Eastern stating that "in view of an expressed interest" shown by the CAB, it was ready to participate in an experimental increase in the baggage allowance for the first-class passenger. Hallelujah is what we said, right off. We've had an interest in just such an increase, and we have expressed it hereabouts on a number of occasions. It wouldn't be all roses, Eastern hastened to add, for to make up what it would lose in dunning passengers for overweight it would have to find 4,360 new first-class passengers in 1963 or persuade 85,637 coach riders to move up forward.

Although it might not prove of immediate value to local travelers, another Eastern experiment, air shuttle service, was scheduled to be adopted in Europe this spring. Lufthansa announced it would start an experimental run of no-reservation, no-frills shuttle flights every two hours between Hamburg and Frankfurt.

Here at home, there were some further benefits which the airlines gingerly held out to prospective passengers. Eastern, Braniff, Delta, American, and other lines applied for permission to offer excursion round-trip fare reductions of 15 per cent on certain routes. There were some indications that to qualify for the 15 per cent reduction passengers would need a slide rule, a Philadelphia lawyer, and a Caltech adviser. Trips must be at



Boeing's model tucks jets under wing, is designed for Mach 2-3 speeds.

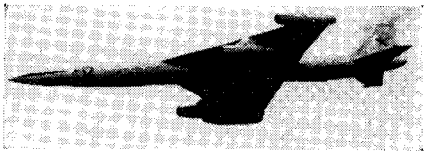
least eight days long, but no longer than twenty-two days. Flights must depart from noon Monday through noon Friday, or between—call me early, Sam!—4 A.M. Saturday and 3:50 Sunday. On the other hand, they will not be available the two days immediately before and the two days following Washington's Birthday and Easter. Passengers between the ages of two and eighteen, when accompanied by a passenger nineteen years of age or older, will pay one-half the excursion fare. Now, is everybody clear?

Miz Jean Simmons, the travel editor of the Dallas *Morning News,* has pointed out in a memorable essay that one can be thankful that St. Valentine's Day remains unaffected. But, she wonders, doesn't Lincoln feel left out? She also recalls a paragraph of a speech made at the travel agents' convention in Las Vegas by W. A. Patterson, president of United Airlines. Said W. A.:

> It's time for the airlines to stop befuddling the public with multifares and multiclasses of service. . . . To keep up with the fishing expeditions of others, United now offers more than twenty types of fares. They apply to various cities on various routes, at various hours, on various days, in various planes, and in various sections of those planes.

Mr. Patterson, with whom we had a breakfast chat during the Las Vegas rally, would like to run a one-class airplane, with three-and-two seating, meals and cocktails, and one fare.

As 1963 took off, its jets burning, its vapor trails lining the sky, we found ourselves with some baffling prognostications for the future. An American Airlines vice-president for Economic Research and Financial Relations said flatly, "Air traffic in 1963 will not show as large a gain over the previous year as in 1962. Both air traffic and the total



Soviet supersonic bomber may be converted for civilian use.

economy had above-average increases in 1962, because volume in 1960-61 had been held down by the dip in general business activity. . . . If the total economy in 1963 is 3 per cent higher in dollar volume . . . air passenger traffic will probably show no more than a 5 per cent rise."

From Montreal, on the other hand, came a dispatch reading, "There is considerable brightening in the general prospect for world airline traffic in 1963." This estimate, from Sir William Hildred, director general of the International Air Transport Association, said, "The rate of growth is again on the upswing and it is likely that 1963 will see an increase of some 13 per cent in passenger traffic . . . approximately the average growth rate of the last decade."

Although we are, therefore, somewhat befuddled over what things will be like during 1963, we are perfectly clear on the situation in the air in 1970. By then it will take you two hours and forty-five minutes to fly to London, three hours and twenty-five minutes to get to Moscow, and an hour and a quarter to get to work. By then the age of the

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jets will have passed from its subsonic, or present phase, to its supersonic phase. This means that some people will be flying faster than the speed of sound and others, on the ground, will be holding their ears to keep out the noise of the sonic boom.

The British and the French have signed an agreement to produce jointly a supersonic airliner that will fly at Mach 2.2, or two and two-tenths times the speed of sound, or about 1,400 miles an hour. It will have a long, slender aluminum body, a delta or triangular wing, with four engines mounted beneath it. If things go well, the British-French firm might even have it flying by 1968 or 1969, before any other nation, save perhaps the Russians, will have a commercial liner flying faster than sound. The Russians, who know the effect of a propaganda victory, are extremely active in a supersonic program and will probably convert their supersonic bomber, which NATO calls the Bounder, for civil transport use. They may follow that with a supersonic transport specifically designed for Aeroflot. Their previous military conversion jobs, the TU-104 pure jet and the TU-114, the turboprop which has just opened scheduled service between Moscow and Havana in a back-aching fifteen hours, have not been successful on the world market.

It is the current United States thinking to skip the Mach 2 step which has been taken by the British-French team, and go on to Mach 3, which is to say, about 2,000 miles an hour. The Anglo-French venture seems a dead end to U.S. planners, for aluminum planes cannot be pushed much beyond Mach 2 without burning up. The United States builders would like to construct a steel-titanium airplane that will successfully resist incineration at speeds beyond Mach 3. Such a speed will bring Los Angeles, which was 11½ hours from New York in 1950, about an hour and forty minutes away in 1970.

Flying passengers at supersonic speeds brings up some questions that are practical and others that are philosophical. One practical problem, perhaps the most difficult one to solve (since the second handicap is money), is the matter of noise. While normal landing and take-off noise is not expected to be greater and indeed may be less than that of present-day commercial jets, all supersonic flight creates the phenomenon called sonic boom. Airplanes traveling faster than sound build up buffer waves in front of them, creating a loud thunder on the ground below and perhaps, as they have done in the past, breaking glass and cracking plaster. While experiments are now being conducted to check existing theories, it would appear that the boom cannot be taken out of supersonic flying and that the only way around it is to lessen its intensity or to isolate it. Planes might make their supersonic climbs and descents over the ocean; airlines might also be enjoined from breaking the sound barrier under 40,000 feet, and restrict themselves to designated corridors over land.

"I suspect," said William M. Allen, president of Boeing, "that the man on the street thinks of the sonic boom phenomenon as a thunderous noise created when an airplane breaks the sound barrier and that once the so-called sound barrier is broken, there is no further man-made thunder." The truth is that the pressure change moves with the aircraft and the boom moves across the earth's surface with it. "Unless we gain much more knowledge than we have at the present, sufficient to eliminate the sonic boom or greatly to modify it," said Allen, "this single phenomenon rules out the supersonic transport over populated areas, except at extreme altitudes, or requires that we design a two-speed airplane." A concept of the supersonic liner drawn by the Federal Aviation Agency incorporates a variable sweep wing, one that could be extended for normal take-off and subsonic flight, then be retracted for the swift supersonic dash that would probably represent two-thirds of its entire journey.

The cost of the prototype for the U.S. supersonic liner has been estimated at $700 million. If the United States agrees to go ahead with such a project, it will mark the first time the citizen's money has been used to develop a commercial airplane. Most advances in commercial aviation are a "fallout," as they put it in these circles, of military planes. Engines and fuselages were developed for military use. Put chairs in an Air Force tanker and it becomes a classy 707. The advent of commercial jets did not represent a great investment since the money had previously been spent on military jets. Now, however, the military is armed with rockets and missiles, and it has no need to go higher and faster.

THE question on the floor seems to be whether it is worth it to spend three quarters of a billion to develop a new generation of airplanes. Or, to put it another way, since our B-58 is already reaching Mach 2, and could be converted for civilian use, is it worth it to strive for Mach 3 which will get us to London half an hour earlier? First of all, there is the practical matter of markets. The estimated sales of supersonic transports range anywhere from 100 to 450 planes, or a cash ring-up on somebody's register of $3 to $4 billion. If you add the money that would be made by U.S. airlines operating supersonic aircraft overseas, the total value goes even higher. If you subtract what the U.S. would lose were it not able to offer supersonic planes and supersonic travel on the world market, the problem demands attention. And if you evaluate the future of U.S. subsonic planes and services against foreign supersonic competition, the argument becomes more compelling.

In the other, less tangible category of "face," prestige, and national pride, Najeeb Halaby, the administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency, has become downright eloquent. "A loss of international prestige would follow the loss of United States aviation supremacy as surely as night follows the day. The dark night of a secondary position in aviation," he has written. "would be most unpleasant following the proud and sunlit years we in American aviation have known."

If we wait eight years, as Columbus waited for Isabella and Ferdinand, chances are Pan Peoples Soviet Socialist Airlines will have routes around the world and our shining jets will be the DC-3s of the 1970s.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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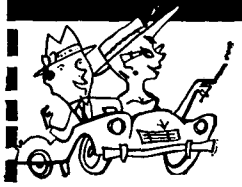

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bernstein in Haydn, Mahler, Radames in German

THOSE who have learned, as a lesson of life, to be grateful for small favors cannot take issue with Leonard Bernstein's regular disposition in his recent seasons with the Philharmonic to works of Bruckner and Mahler. For with each he has elected to match a ponderable example of one or the other's expression with an imponderable one of Joseph Haydn. This may not come under the heading of a fair exchange, but it does accord with the interests of those who believe there can never be too much of Haydn, whatever the circumstances.

On the latest occasion in Philharmonic Hall, the rate of exchange was one Mahler No. 5 for one Haydn No. 88. One might go on to cite the age, dividends, and other minutiae of the issues, but it is a fair surmise that most Philharmonic subscribers would regard Haydn as the sounder value for the long pull. In any case, the pairing has the virtue of showing the mutations of the symphonic structure over a period of 150 years.

It also has the advantage of assuring the listener a period of time with the Dr. Jekyll rather than the Mr. Hyde in Bernstein's arrestingly complex musical personality. What he put forth in physical effort as well as intellectual impulse testified to complete control of Haydn's content, the absence of any necessity for simulating, by physical means, something that was not truly felt. This performance was a summation of cheerful vigor, confident humor, attentive insight, and unrelenting discipline. Perhaps the largo was a little overblown, in its long, leisurely progress, but not more than a willing listener could adjust to. Thankfully, too, the orchestra was scaled down in size to suit the tonal proportions of Haydn's scoring, and it all sounded fine.

However, the early measures of the Mahler reminded us that for all Bernstein's enthusiasm and flair for this composer's idiom, it is apt to arouse the other, Hydeish side of his musical complex. To some extent it was invited by the work itself, which begins with a funeral march. The best music is unquestionably contained in the adagietto for strings and harps, which was a symbol for Mahler's creative urge when the rest of the work was neglected. It remains one of Mahler's most affecting creations for being, also, one of the simplest.

In the scheme of this performance it was something of a welcome interlude between the stormier pairs of movements which precede and follow, the more so for being eloquently expressed by the Philharmonic strings under Bernstein's well-considered direction. Elsewhere, however, the music tended to be flayed rather than merely played. Furthermore, the movements have seemed more of a piece and less pieces of a piece when the strong surge of drama that pulses through each of them was relieved, from time to time, by some degree of understatement. To hold back the third *f* (for fortississimo) now and then, to build a climax by degrees rather than abruptly thrusting it upon the listener, to represent the drama in the music by not misrepresenting it—these are verities which would be more conducive to an end effect than muscle flexing and bodily contortions.

The latter are an old complaint against Bernstein's method of work, to which one has become to some extent inured. But perhaps it was the reacquaintance with them after an interval of observing other conductors that rubbed the wrong way this time. A special instance was in the scherzo, where they tended more than a little to detract from the beautifully fluent playing of the solo horn passages by James Chambers.

NONE of this is meant to suggest that Bernstein should alter his excellent idea of pairing Haydn with Mahler or Bruckner. It makes for absorbing cross-currents of thought, and provides an ideal solution for the dilemma of balance where one of their longer works pre-empts more than ordinary program time for a single score. I can continue, however, to hope that the justice and balance which tempers Bernstein's feeling for Haydn will come, in time, to pervade his Mahler as well.

For those who have not visited the hall since the pre-holiday period, it may be noted that the screens on either side of the stage area have been painted the same shade of Abramovitz blue as the walls, leaving only the rear, facing the audience, in gold. For one who becomes quickly indoctrinated to the status quo, this seemed a change to be resisted—if only humorously. For whatever reason (hardly related to the color of the paint), the strings sounded fuller, richer than in similar works earlier in the season, which may mean, simply, that constant attendance in the auditorium has begun to have a conditioning effect.

HOW long since Radames at the Metropolitan was heard to say, "Ein wunderschöner Traum hatt heut' das Herz mir berauschet?" Seventy-five years? But even when "Aïda" was then being given in German it was consistently in that language, rather than polyglot within the part of the hero himself. This occurred recently when Jess Thomas came on as replacement for Franco Corelli. Even odder, the American-born, German-oriented Thomas was down to perform the part in Italian two weeks later, but apparently did not feel ready for this effort yet. So he offered his version of "Celeste Aïda" as written, reverting thereafter to the German.

To say that Thomas sang the aria as written is to shade the truth, for he concluded with the full-voiced B flat customary at the Metropolitan, though he has been known, elsewhere, to respect Verdi's preference for a soft sound. There is strength and volume in this voice to match the requirements of the part as it develops, if not the sheen or brilliance that are expected. Indeed, if Flaviano Labo had been available for this emergency it would not have been necessary for Thomas to go on after singing Bacchus in "Ariadne" the night before (an alternate Radames, Sándor Kónya, was scheduled for "Meistersinger" the following afternoon). When Thomas does take his scheduled turn it might be helpful if his costume and makeup were more in accord with the Gerard decor, rather than a derivative of some other assignment. Meanwhile, Leontyne Price (Aïda), Rita Gorr (Amneris), and Mario Sereni (Amonasro) pressed on under the direction of Nello Santi as though German answers to Italian questions were an everyday occurrence.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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SR's Guide to New York Music

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15:
- At the Met: Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" (Tucker, Nilsson, Sereni). 8:00 P.M.
- At Carnegie Hall: Malcolm Frager, piano. 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Philadelphia Orchestra, with Van Cliburn, piano. 8:30 P.M.
- At Town Hall: Maurice Eisenberg, cello. 8:30 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16:
- At the Met: Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (Meyer, Kónya, Rysanek, d'Angelo). 8:00 P.M.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17:
- At the Met: Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" (Della Casa, Alvary, Elias, Rothenberger). Season's last performance. 8:00 P.M.
- At Carnegie Recital Hall: Gunther Schuller: "The Middle Generation." 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Leonard Bernstein conducting, Rosina Lhevinne, piano, and Juilliard String Quartet. 8:30 P.M.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18:
- At the Met: Verdi's "Aïda" (Nilsson, Rankin, Thomas, Guarrera). 8:00 P.M.
- At Carnegie Hall: French Opera program conducted by Robert Lawrence, with Rita Gorr, mezzo, Cesare Valletti, tenor, and the Symphony of the Air. 8:00 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Repetition of Philharmonic program. 2:15 P.M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19:
- At the Met: Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (Price, Amara, Hurley, Siepi, Peerce, Corena). 2:00 P.M. Broadcast on WOR network
- Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" (Crespin, Chookasian, Kónya, Tozzi, London, Böhm). 8:00 P.M.
- At Carnegie Hall: Chinese Refugee Relief Benefit. Chinese Opera. 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Repetition of Philharmonic program. 8:30 P.M.
- At Town Hall: Vivian Florian, piano. 5:15 P.M.
  Andrés Segovia, guitar. 8:30 P.M.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20:
- At Carnegie Hall: Toni Maroudas, pop singer. 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting with Michel Block, piano soloist. 3:00 P.M.
- At Town Hall: Esther Comas, soprano, Carmelo Parada, tenor, Roman Heitmann, pianist-composer. 5:30 P.M.

MONDAY, JANUARY 21:
- At the Met: New Production of Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur" (Tebaldi, Dalis, Corelli, Colzani). 8:00 P.M.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22:
- At the Met: Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (Schöffler, Thomas, Meyer, Della Casa, Peters). 8:00 P.M.
- At Carnegie Hall: National Orchestral Assn., John Barnett conducting, James Mathis, piano. 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Philharmonic Pension Fund benefit, Andre Kostelanetz conducting, with Birgit Nilsson, soprano. 8:30 P.M.
- At Town Hall: Margaret Ann Ireland, piano. 8:30 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23:
- At the Met: Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" (Rysanek, Chookasian, Liebl, Wildermann, London).
- At Town Hall: Gina Bachauer, piano. 8:30 P.M.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24:
- At the Met: Verdi's "Ernani" (Price, Corelli, Colzani, Tozzi). Season's last performance. 8:00 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein with Helga Pilarczyk, soprano (New York debut), Janis Martin, mezzo, Nicolai Gedda, tenor, George Gaynes, baritone, and Westminster Choir in Janacek's "Mass." 8:30 P.M.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25:
- At the Met: Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" (Tucker, Sereni, Claudia Parada, Madeira). 8:00 P.M.
- At Carnegie Hall: Collegiate Chorale. 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Repetition of Philharmonic Program. 2:15 P.M.
- At Town Hall: Jean Wentworth, piano. 5:30 P.M.
  Ruth Soskind, piano. 8:30 P.M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26:
- At the Met: Beethoven's "Fidelio" (Nilsson, Raskin, Vickers, Wiemann, Anthony, Meredith, Böhm). 2:00 P.M.
  First performance this season; broadcast on WOR network.
- Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" Schöffler, Thomas, Tozzi, Della Casa, Vanni). Last performance this season. 7:15 P.M.
- At Carnegie Hall: Little Orchestra Society Children's Concert. Thomas Scherman conducting. 11:00 A.M.
- At Hunter College: Victoria de los Angeles, soprano. 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Repetition of Philharmonic Program. 8:30 P.M.
- At Town Hall: Amato Opera Company: Opera-in-Brief. Puccini's "La Bohème." 2:30 P.M.
  Edna Michell, violin, with Arpad Sandor, piano. 5:15 P.M.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27:
- At Town Hall: Joel Shapiro, piano. 5:30 P.M.
  Temple University Choir, Robert Page conducting. 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Repetition of Philharmonic Program. 3:00 P.M.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28:
- At the Met: Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur" (Tebaldi, Dalis, Corelli, Colzani). 8:00 P.M.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29:
- At the Met: Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (previous cast). 8:00 P.M.
- At Carnegie Hall: Handel's "Acis and Galatea" with Alfred Wallenstein conducting, and Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, McHenry Boatwright, baritone, and Russell Oberlin, counter-tenor. 8:30 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Philadelphia Orchestra, with Isaac Stern, violin. 8:30 P.M.
- At Town Hall: Alirio Diaz, guitar. 8:30 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30:
- At the Met: Puccini's "Turandot" (Nilsson, Amara, Tucker, Giaiotti) 8:00 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Ruggiero Ricci, violin. 8:30 P.M.
- At Town Hall: Esterhazy Orchestra, David Blume conducting, Gianna d'Angelo, soprano. 8:30 P.M.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31:
- At the Met: Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Curtis-Verna, Kónya, Testi), Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" (Stratas, Vickers, Colzani). 8:00 P.M.
- At Philharmonic Hall: Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Glenn Gould, piano. 8:30 P.M.

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Stalemate

Continued from page 18

just long enough to work out the rules of the game for a fair, orderly, and competitive battle between the two national parties for the decades to come. The Presidential parties must singly and jointly overcome the arrangements that thwart their political competition, that prevent them from broadening their electoral support, and keep them from dealing with the way-of-life issues that increasingly dominate the nation's future. This means that each Presidential party must convert its Congressional party into a party wing exerting a proper, but not a controlling or crippling hold on party policy.

Question: How can we do it? Professor Burns's answer:

1. The national government should control national elections.
2. The national parties must build continuing, dues-paying, grass-roots memberships.
3. The Presidential and Congressional parties must be merged organizationally.
4. New party leadership must be developed in Congress.
5. The parties and their candidates should be financed on a mass, popular, systematic basis.

Question: What would these changes accomplish? Professor Burns's answer:

> The man and the party who take the lead in modernizing our political system, in establishing a majority party able to govern and a minority party able to oppose, will have helped put an end to the dangerous cycle of drift and deadlock in our national affairs. They will have enabled Americans to regain control of their national affairs. They will have enabled Americans to regain control of their national politics and to define and assert their national purpose.

It seems to me that Professor Burns has begun the right debate at the right time in the right way. His reforms would probably have the opposition of the great personal power centers in Congress, but the hopeful support of the majority of voters, because they are designed to make majority rule work somewhat better.

Beware the Superpatriot

"The Sixth Column," by Roger Burlingame *(Lippincott. 258 pp. $4.95), and* ***"The Extremists," by Mark Sherwin*** *(St. Martin's Press. 242 pp. $5), expose the threat to American institutions posed by the radicals of the far right. William Winter is a news commentator for ABC radio-TV.*

By WILLIAM WINTER

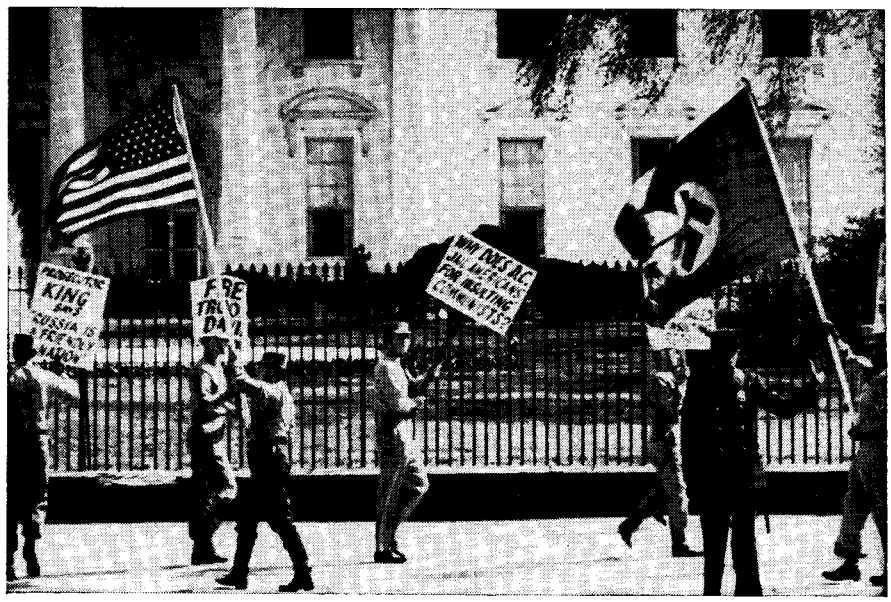
HEMINGWAY'S "The Fifth Column" described a conscious, deliberate effort to sell out one's country to the enemy; Roger Burlingame's "The Sixth Column" is a notable label for those who work toward the same end without realizing it. The sixth columnist will drape himself in the flag, extol the Founding Fathers, embrace the Constitution, and then endanger them all in the name of "fighting Communism." Both "The Extremists" and "The Sixth Column" deal with those of the far right who constitute the major threat to our national institutions.

"The Extremists" is published posthumously. Its author was news editor on the New York *Post* for twenty years, until his recent death. Before that he covered for the New York *Daily News* the resurgence of the Communist Party in the United States and the birth of the Nazi movement. In emphasizing the current threat from right-wing extremists, Mark Sherwin spoke with authority. "Christ and Communism," he wrote, "have become the irresistible combination that has aroused many lonesome, frightened and frustrated men and women from a hopeless torpor and made them flock to countless meeting halls where they can hear the one extolled and the other condemned."

Both these books are exposés in that they present a well-documented history of the right-wing madness in America. Sherwin's report on the Reverend Billy James Hargis (who is "six feet tall, weighs 270 pounds, hates Communists and loves all others including Negroes, Catholics, Jews and the ignorant") pinpoints the technique:

> But, Hargis says, he had the "feel of the people." When he started to preach against Communism he noted the frustrated, the lonely, the confused and the angry people who stayed late to ask questions and be comforted. "They wanted to join something," he recalled. "They wanted to belong to some united group. They loved Jesus, but they also had a great fear. When I told them that this fear was Communism, it was like a revelation. They knew I was right, but they had never known before what that fear was. They felt better, stronger, more secure in the knowledge that at last they knew the real enemy that was threatening their homes and their lives. They came to me and I told them. That is why they are loyal followers and that is why they will always be with me to praise Christ and destroy Communism in the United States."

Thus the modern evangelist designates the modern devil: the Com-



—D. Jordan Wilson (Pix).

Members of the American Nazi Party picketing the White House during Easter Week, 1962—"beyond reason."

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munist. Like Satan, this new devil embodies everything that is evil in the world. Once he is identified with one's frustrations and sense of guilt, he becomes responsible for all that is wrong with us and our world. Men need an enemy; if they don't have one they'll invent one.

The self-appointed superpatriots who seek to turn the United States into a carbon copy of the police state strike at the fundamental difference between the philosophy of free democratic society and totalitarianism: the first emphasizes means; the second is concerned only with ends. The right-wing fanatics, consciously or unconsciously, emulate the very devil they claim to despise.

In our society even the most vicious criminal must be afforded a fair trial, must be confronted by his accusers, must have the rights of cross-examination, rules of evidence, counsel, appeal. Society may demand the criminal's life for the life he took, but it rejects the lynch mob even though the same end would be reached by hanging the man from the nearest tree. It is not the objective that is our main concern, but the method employed to achieve it.

This attitude was ingrained in our political thought ever since the founding of the nation, until the sixth columnists began springing up. Roger Burlingame seems to think that the excesses of Mitchell Palmer and the McCarthyites have subsided, but the poison appears to have seeped into our national system, and most people now calmly accept such un-American practices as part and parcel of Americanism. Take, for example, the business of being "cleared." Apply for a job in government, in defense industry, in the public schools, and you must first be "cleared." Presumption of innocence, a basic American tenet, has gone out the window. Now every person is suspect, and the burden of proof is on him.

> The aim of Communists who are working for the so-called world revolution [says Mr. Burlingame] is to make other nations so much like themselves that the transition to totalitarianism will be almost imperceptible. This is happening n the United States. Under the delusion that we are fighting them, we are adopting one by one their own tactics, piece by piece their own strategy. We have already, in certain instances, allowed them to dissolve many of the safeguards of our peculiar form of democracy: the separation of powers, the rights of the individual to due process, and the preservation of the private dignity and freedom of judgment that our Constitution has given to every citizen.

Those of us who broadcast radio

commentaries on the events of the day are all too familiar with the right wing's intolerance of opinions that do not fit into its narrow concepts. And no two of these extremists will agree on precisely what it is they are against, for there is no common agreement on what Communism really is. To some it is the income tax, others equate it with land reform, and most of them think it is the same as Socialism. Virtually every decent liberal idea is promptly labeled un-American. The practice among such listeners is to write pious letters to sponsors, who often become frightened and cancel a program because they won't present anything "controversial." The result is a dearth of liberalism or intellectualism on the air. But there is no challenge when sponsors support right-wing opinions, because it is the right-wing extremist who is intolerant; the liberal will respect free speech even by people who don't appreciate its meaning.

Extremism seems to be weakening a bit; in the recent elections most voters planted themselves squarely in the middle of the road. This does not mean that the extremists have subsided; they have merely retired into the woodwork, where they can still nibble dangerously at our democratic foundations. They won't be cured by reading these two excellent books, being beyond redemption because they are beyond reason. But the rest of us can learn how they came to be such a nuisance, how the House Un-American Activities Committee came into being, and why so many Americans have been schooled to think the way they do.

We may take comfort in the faith that this, too, shall pass; as one Negro clergyman in a tiny village in deepest Alabama is quoted (in "The Extremists") as saying: "In the long run we will win because nothing, nobody, can live on hate alone."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GET YOUR SMALL INVERTEBRATES HERE

Insects (in the general, popular sense) occasionally work (or fly) their way into the titles of novels, witness this group chosen by Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa. She asks you to assign the right critter to the right author. Answers on page 37.

1. Edna Lee	( ) "The Path to the Nest of Spiders"
2. Rex Stout	( ) "The Cricket on the Hearth"
3. John Hawkes	( ) "The Locusts Have No King"
4. Robert Bell	( ) "The Birds and the Bees"
5. Dawn Powell	( ) "The Day of the Locust"
6. Paul Bowles	( ) "The Lord of the Flies"
7. Eugene Brown	( ) "The Grasshoppers Come"
8. James Aswell	( ) "The City of the Bees"
9. Ernst Juenger	( ) "The Golden Spiders"
10. James M. Cain	( ) "The Butterfly Tree"
11. Italo Calvino	( ) "The Spider's House"
12. David Garnett	( ) "The Butterfly Net"
13. Nathanael West	( ) "The Spider King"
14. Alethia Sheldon	( ) "The Locust Fire"
15. William Golding	( ) "The Glass Bees"
16. Charles Dickens	( ) "The Beetle Leg"
17. Frank S. Stuart	( ) "The Queen Bee"
18. Lawrence Schoonover	( ) "The Moth"

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His Eye on the Eagle

—*From the book.*

Ellen Axson Wilson (c. 1891), Woodrow Wilson (c.1883)—"What [he] wanted, he wanted intensely."

"The Priceless Gift: The Love Letters of Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson Wilson," edited by Eleanor Wilson McAdoo *(McGraw-Hill. 324 pp. $6.95), written for the most part before the former President had reached the age of thirty, discloses the embryo statesman. Henry Steele Commager, professor of history and American studies at Amherst, is editor of "The Rise of the American Nation" series.*

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THIS fascinating volume of love letters gives us not only a glimpse into Woodrow Wilson's soul but—somewhat unexpectedly — insight into his mind as well. That the letters are tender and romantic is not, perhaps, surprising, though the degree of ardor and of passion may surprise those who think of Wilson as cold, impersonal, and aloof. A young man in love talks and writes a great deal about his beloved; he thinks and writes a great deal about himself as well, and Woodrow Wilson was no exception. In his Ellen he found one who was sympathetic and inspiring, and could not resist explaining himself to her; she, too, wanted mostly to discuss him, rather than herself; they egged each other on. Explorations carried on at such a time and in such circumstances are mostly romantic; they penetrate to possibilities rather than to realities. Wilson was romantic enough, but in his particular case the possibilities became realities.

The President-elect and his wife leaving Princeton on March 3, 1913, for his inauguration in Washington.

Young Wilson saw himself with quite astonishing clarity, judged himself with some objectivity, and speculated about himself judiciously. These letters, half of them written in the mid-1880s, when Wilson was on his way to being thirty—present the embryo statesman, and it is for these intimations and anticipations that they are of more than sentimental interest.

There was never any doubt in Wilson's mind that what he wanted most of all was the public life. "The profession I chose," he wrote in 1883, "was politics; the profession I entered was the law . . . Congress is full of lawyers." Yet the profession he entered was, in fact, teaching and scholarship. He was a good teacher, but a reluctant one; he was a competent scholar, but he had little interest in scholarship and little confidence in it. No sooner had he come to Johns Hopkins than he revolted against the scholarly "institutional" history so popular at that university. He had planned, he wrote, "grand excursions in imperial policies." Before long he was confessing, "I have no patience for the tedious toil of what is known as 'research'; I have a passion for interpreting great thoughts to the world." And that same year he said, "I want to be near the world; I want to know the world. I am afraid of being a mere student." He loved to draw up constitutions (altogether he drew up no less than six of them for clubs and societies); it appealed to his sense of tidiness, and also to his feeling of being master of a situation. "I have a sense of power in dealing with men collectively," he wrote prophetically, "which I do not feel always in dealing with them singly."

What Wilson wanted he wanted intensely, and he never allowed himself to be distracted into mental or moral browsing. There is something almost terrifying in the ability of so young a man to concentrate, to avoid the lure of pleasure or of the esthetic. "I am so much averse to scattering my forces that I possibly limit them to too narrow a sphere," he confessed. How true that was. Though his betrothed was an artist, his only comment on art was a reaction to an exhibition of Whistler drawings that he said "suggest nothing. . . . They are unsatisfactory dashes of helter-skelter lines and irresponsible patches of shade." If this was no worse than Ruskin, it was no better. And it is relevant to note that, though Wilson lived within a stone's throw of the Peabody orchestra for some years, there is no mention of that wonderful institution in any of the letters.

Not only did Wilson know what he wanted; he knew where he stood. The

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scholar who was later to read Jefferson out of the Calendar of Great Americans because he was really not American enough somehow managed to import both Burke and Bagehot. He early attached himself to these British liberal-conservatives, and never abandoned them. Burke's conservatism, with its concern for the Establishment, for tradition, and for religion, appealed to all that was Southern and Presbyterian in Wilson, and to all that was practical too. Hard-headed practicality was what attracted him in Bagehot, and his ambition was to write a book on the American Constitution that would rank with Bagehot's on the English Constitution; characteristically enough, when Gamaliel Bradford did compare "Congressional Government" to Bagehot, Wilson was not pleased; the comparison was too rhapsodic. The pattern of his mind hardened early, and did not change. To the end of his life he remained faithful to these twin gods, Burke and Bagehot; to the end of his life he remained curiously untouched by new ideas in politics and philosophy from Germany and France. In politics, as in religion, Wilson found his faith early and saw no reason to reconsider it.

Wilson's critics have tended to think of him as doctrinaire; actually, his role in the history of American political thought is as the leading foe of the doctrinaire school. He was one of the first American political scientists to accept the full implications of evolution for politics, one of the first to embrace pragmatism in politics. "I want to contribute to our literature what no American has ever contributed," he wrote to his fiancée, in 1884: "studies in the philosophy of our institutions, not the abstract and occult, but the practical and suggestive philosophy which is at the core of our governmental methods."

HIS first book—he was writing it all during these months of courtship—described "not the Constitution, but the system that grew up around the Constitution, made up of judicial decisions, statutes, and unwritten precedents." He carried this same practicality into education: odd that New Jersey's Boss Smith—who thought that Wilson would be a rubber stamp Governor—did not realize this. What Wilson wanted was "Princeton in the Nation's Service"; what he wanted was a graduate school that would be the heart of the university, philosophically as well as physically; what he wanted was education that got away from the easy absolutes of the past and addressed itself to the hard problems of the future. But he clothed these wants in language so elevated and so general that many of his contemporaries failed to understand him. It was a difficulty he was to experience again and again.

For in almost everything Wilson matured early; to use the kind of phrase he rarely used, he got set in his ways. He reports to Ellen, somewhat ruefully, that his sister had detected this in him. "How did you ever attain such a sedate, middle-aged style of composition?" she had asked. "You write as if further years and longer experience were hardly possible. Your whole style expresses the dignity of age." It was not only his literary style that reflected age; it was his intellectual style as well. He did not mean to be arrogant, he did not mean to be supercilious, he did not mean to seem superior, but somehow he couldn't help himself. He confides to Ellen somewhat complacently that his contemporaries at the Hopkins thought of him as an "eagle." "I am much too young an eagle to try the long flight they expect to see me take," he said, and added prophetically that "eagle life is very selfish. . . . The eagle . . . has been a great traveler, but traveling doesn't hasten the millennium." Even this early it was clear to Ellen that Woodrow wanted to be an eagle, and wanted to hasten the millennium as well.

THERE was vanity, there was arrogance, there was ambition; there was, too, a pervasive moralism. In his study he had pictures of Webster, Burke, Bagehot, Gladstone – and his father, the Reverend Joseph Wilson. He was a Burkean, to be sure, but he was a Calvinist as well, and Calvinism grew on him with the passing years. He permitted no moral lapses in himself and had no patience with the moral lapses of others; he had an unyielding sense of duty; he was rather too conscious of his own rectitude. These traits of character also appear early. They were nourished, perhaps, by the loving Ellen. "To see such a one [as you] and realize what one sees, makes one catch one's breath with the wonder of it," she wrote, with an effort at impersonality—and then burst out, "O, I know you think that my love is the medium through which you loom so large. But why then, sir, does the most casual visitor to the house speak in the same strain? With all of them the wonder is the same—the perfect union in your mind and character and disposition of those elements of strength and beauty usually found dissociated. Truly you are steel of the finest temper." It is a bit rapturous, but it is fundamentally right. For the young man whose temper and character hardened so early, the young man who saw the beauty and the loneliness of the eagle, was indeed the *stupor mundi* of the next generation.

The Meditations of Mallery

By Richard Johnson

#63: On Counting Tears: An Offer To Help God
(From the TALMUD: ". . . . be careful not to cause woman to weep, for God counts her tears. . . . .")

I suppose it's so, I hope.
But not all woman tears are shed by women.
I know men whose tears you ought to count, or even weigh.
They're heavy water, unlike bankers' tears, discounted, light.
Sir, a suggestion: if You count tears, count woman's, not women's.
And a child's tear is a woman's tear, and many tears of men belong to boys, and a boy is a child;
And most tears are useless.

If I can help You, call on me.
I could run the County count one day next week, after school.
There won't be much.
There aren't a lot of woman tears, as such,
Although a lot of women cry, and some men too,
And so do I, and so must You,
Sometimes.

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Together from Albany to Capitol Hill

—*Wide World.*

(l. to r.) James A. Farley, FDR, and Louis Howe on April 11, 1932—"a unique phenomenon of American politics."

"Roosevelt and Howe," by Alfred B. Rollins, Jr. *(Knopf. 479 pp. $5.95), pinpoints the role played by a man who was an integral part of FDR's political personality. Historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who is now Special Assistant to the President, wrote "The Age of Roosevelt."*

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

LOUIS HOWE has always been an enigmatic figure in the story of Franklin D. Roosevelt—a man easy to describe, with his gnarled and gnome-like aspect, but hard to characterize. For a quarter of a century, he was Roosevelt's closest political associate. During these years many people observed them at work and wondered what kept them together. Then and now the precise nature of Howe's contribution—the needs he filled in Roosevelt's complex and subtle psychological economy—have remained something of a mystery. This intelligent and searching study by Alfred B. Rollins, Jr., penetrates into the mystery as far as any historian is ever likely to get.

The broad outlines of the story have, of course, been familiar for forty years. What Mr. Rollins has done is to fill in Howe's personal background more concretely than has ever been done before, analyze Roosevelt's career in New York State politics in fresh detail, and pin down as well as anyone can Howe's exact role in Roosevelt's election and in his Administration.

The story really begins in Saratoga, with its elm-shaded sidewalks, its fashionable hotels, its beautiful rose gardens, and its fascinating diversity of visitors, from Park Avenue society to gamblers and racing touts. "Louis Howe," Mr. Rollins writes, "was fated to grow up on the fringes of the environment which produced both Franklin Roosevelt and the Tammany politicians with whom he tilted." These early years gave Howe a kind of insecure knowledgeability about the great world and equipped him both for newspaper reporting and for politics.

His career remained without real purpose until he joined Roosevelt in 1912. At that point he found his vocation, and he spent the rest of his life fulfilling it. "After 1912," Mr. Rollins says, "it would be impossible to think of either Roosevelt or Howe without the other. They operated as parts of one political personality. They complemented each other in strengths and weaknesses." Howe's absolute loyalty, his skill at manipulation and maneuver, his sardonic humor, his capacity to say no—all these were invaluable to Roosevelt, who had enough political philosophy and instinct for the larger issues for them both. "His dominating goal," Mr. Rollins writes of Howe, "was neither reform nor organization. It was simply the advancement of his boss. . . . Howe had too much personal devotion to be a Joe Tumulty or a Sherman Adams, too little interest in public policy to be a Colonel House or a Harry Hopkins. His relationship with FDR came close to being a unique phenomenon of American politics."

The relationship culminated in triumph (though it was surely sherry and not champagne that Louis and his staff drank on election night in 1932; champagne does not ordinarily keep for twenty years); but for Howe it was a wistful triumph. The New Deal found him old, increasingly sick, and somewhat bewildered. Yet, if his instincts were, as Mr. Rollins says, "conservative," and if he did not understand what a lot of the New Deal was about, he was also a battler with a distaste for the rich and pompous: Mr. Rollins questions the theory, prevalent in Washington during Roosevelt's second term, that, if Howe had lived, his influence, such as it was, would necessarily have been dedicated to holding Roosevelt back. In any case, he died in the spring of 1936. A little while before, when an aide tried to cheer him up by talking about the impending campaign, Howe said, "I will not be there. Franklin is on his own now."

Mr. Rollins has not only done an extraordinarily resourceful job of research, covering everything from the upstate New York press at the turn of the century to interviews with the few veterans around who still remember Louis Howe. He has compounded industry with imagination, bringing to his account a vivid sympathy that illuminates the relationship without sentimentalizing it. The author deserves particular credit for not exaggerating Howe's importance; this realism earns the reader's confidence in his interpretations and judgments. Above all, he writes well, a clear and lively historian's prose, without pretension and always readable. "Roosevelt and Howe" is not only a first-class book; it also marks the debut of a promising new writer in the historical arena.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11, 16, 5, 8, 13, 15, 12, 17, 2, 4, 6, 14, 18, 7, 9, 3, 1, 10.

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India's Man of Mystery

***"Krishna Menon," by Emil Lengyel** (Walker. 253 pp. $5), sketches a man from the Malabar Coast who became both enigma and bogey on the international scene. Norman D. Palmer's latest book is "The Indian Political System."*

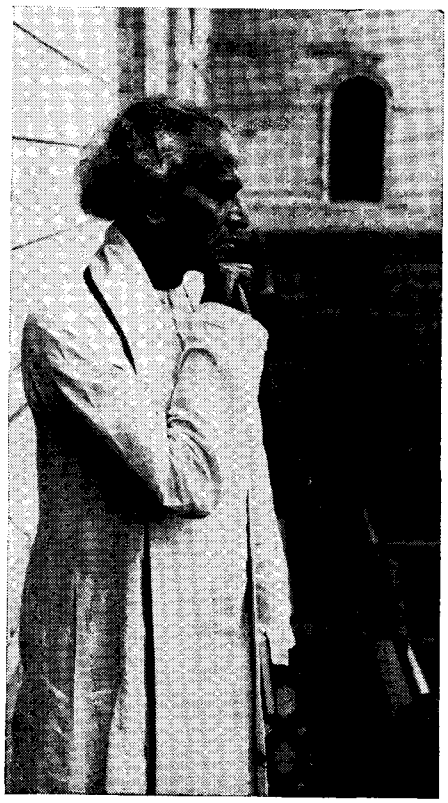
By NORMAN D. PALMER

EARLY in 1962 Vengalil Krishnan Krishna Menon reached the pinnacle of his political career in India. He was the "hero" of Goa. In February he won a smashing victory in his campaign for re-election to the Indian Parliament from North Bombay. As Defense Minister he seemed to have the loyalty of the junior officers and enlisted men, and several top-ranking officers who opposed him were replaced by officers who were generally regarded as his own men. In the Ministry of External Affairs, in a number of foreign posts, and in several key State positions he had friends and supporters. He was gaining considerable popular support, and he seemed to be laying the basis for an assured political future.

Then, in late October, the Chinese Communists launched a major offensive in the North East Frontier Agency and in Ladakh. Within a few days Nehru had to yield to the demand of members of his own party that he dismiss Krishna Menon as Defense Minister. Krishna Menon's American and Indian critics, whose numbers were legion, were unable to curb his rising power and influence, but his Chinese "friends" have apparently written his political obituary.

Emil Lengyel's popular biography of an unpopular man was on the press when the Chinese struck in northern India. Unfortunately, therefore, a book that might have been welcomed as one of the few studies of an important man who was building a national reputation in India after he had long been a familiar, if rather enigmatic, figure on the international stage must now be considered as the story of a man whose political future seems to be behind him.

The author is not at all sure about "the significance of that enigmatic mark," nor is anyone else. In India, as in the United States and in the world's councils, Krishna Menon has been one of the least known and least understood of those who "strut and fret their hour upon the stage" of national and world affairs. He has himself helped to create the bogey as well as the mystery of Krishna Menon, and in his own sardonic way he has doubtless enjoyed both characterizations. Lengyel partially dispels the bogey, but he does little to explain the mystery. What he does do, most interestingly, is to present a series of vignettes of different periods and phases of Krishna Menon's life: his childhood on the Malabar Coast, five years with the Theosophical Society at Adyar, the quarter century in England—years of "continual probing in the darkest parts of the woods of international life"—and five years as a Member of Parliament and Defense Minister in India. Krishna Menon's almost pathological anti-imperialism, his ambivalent attitude toward England, his "patent animosity" toward the United States, his "soft" approach to Communism, to the Soviet Union and Communist China are all highlighted and, to a degree, explained. Some of the most interesting pages in the book deal with relatively obscure aspects of Krishna Menon's life: his association with Annie Besant, his service as a member of the St. Pancras Municipal Borough Council, his role in the "paperback revolution" in the publishing field. His better known activities in international and later in national affairs are touched upon, but not really described.



—Ted Polumbaum (Pix).

V. K. Krishna Menon — "one of the best known and least understood . . ."

An aloof bachelor with no close family ties, Krishna Menon has had few real friends and almost no confidants. Among those who have influenced him most have been Mrs. Besant, Professor Harold Laski, and, of course, Jawaharlal Nehru. His ties with the last date from 1925, when they met for the first time in London. Perhaps he can be described, in Frank Moraes's words, as Nehru's "Grey Eminence," but he certainly should not be coupled with Nehru as "the two leading men of India in the country's most crucial period of nation-building." The fact is that Krishna Menon had virtually no standing in India until the past five years; after all, he was out of his country for a generation. True he seemed to be "maneuvering himself toward a position of greater power, to be assumed after his mentor, Panditji, known to be ailing, had passed from the political scene"; but now it is doubtful that even the most artful maneuvering can overcome the national obloquy that has fallen on him since the Chinese struck in the Himalayas.

Lengyel's book is not really a biography of Menon. Rather, it is a series of episodic sketches mostly dealing with the places, persons, or events with which Krishna Menon has been linked, rather than with the man himself. It contains a wealth of firsthand impressions based on visits to places where the diplomat lived and worked, as well as on interviews with Krishna Menon and numerous people who had special connections with him at important stages of his career. But if the author did his homework on the documentary materials relating to Krishna Menon's career, the results are not apparent in this brief volume. The book is so full of errors that it would be charitable not to analyze it from the standpoint of accuracy. Lengyel is an impressionistic writer, not an exact one. And his style, which is exceedingly readable, if painfully juvenile, sometimes gets completely out of hand. Consider this gem, for example: "When Annie Besant and India collided, she hurled the subcontinent into space."

However, Lengyel is remarkably fair in his treatment of the controversial subject of his sketches. For a Western writer this is no small achievement.

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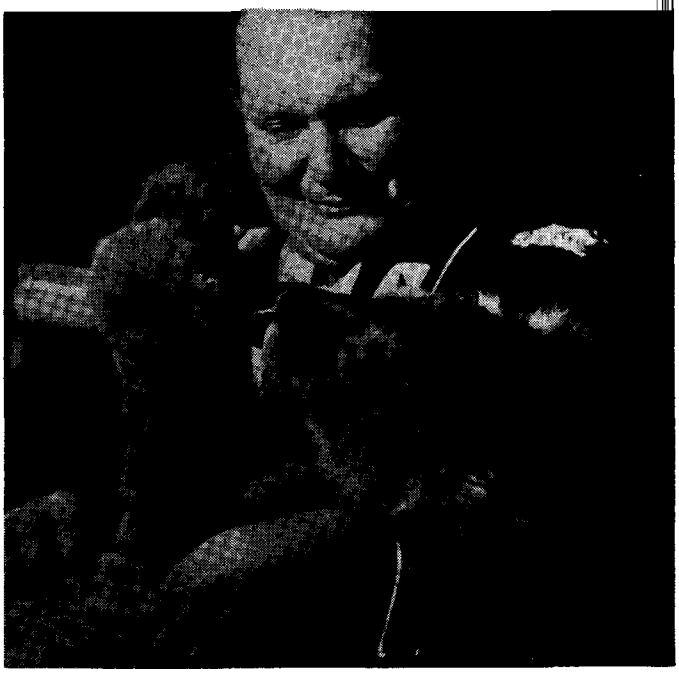

—Schall (Pix).

Hermann Goering—the Nuremberg trials revealed a monster.

Portrait in Evil

"Goering: A Biography," by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel *(Simon & Schuster. 442 pp. $6.50), parses the personality and history of the No. 2 leader of the Third Reich. Quentin Reynolds is co-author of "Minister of Death: The Adolf Eichmann Story."*

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

A FEW years ago Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel wrote a rather amazing book called merely "Dr. Goebbels." It completely destroyed the myth that the master propagandist had cleverly created to clothe himself, and revealed him for what he was. Such knowledgeable British observers of history as C. P. Snow and H. R. Trevor-Roper threw their erudite hats into the air in praise of the book—as did equally eminent Americans.

Now these two brilliant men have broken all the literary rules by writing a second book that is even better than their first. It is called "Goering," and it is not only authentic (in addition to 147 books, the bibliography lists collections of official papers, the transcript of the Nuremberg trials, etc.) but it is as fascinating as its central character. Besides the usual official sources, the authors, by some journalistic miracle, managed to gain the confidence of members of Goering's family who have survived, people who knew him during his convalescence in Sweden from wounds received during the 1923 Munich *putsch*, men and women who knew him when he was a youngster, and many who served under him, during the 1930s and during the war.

The result: Hermann Goering revealed in his arrogance, his greed, his lust for power, his vanity, his cruelty, his passion for food and drink (which raised his weight to 280 pounds), his dependence on drugs (until he was jailed after the war he took twenty times the normal dose of paracodeine), and always his complete, almost obscene subservience to Hitler. To the outside world he projected the image of a genial, smiling, convivial, beer-drinking sportsman. This image persisted even when he gave himself up to the American 36th Infantry Division after the debacle. The Texans treated him like a VIP, and his picture appeared with a group of American officers, all smiling and drinking champagne. To them he was nothing but the Commander of the Luftwaffe, a respected foe who had surrendered gracefully. General Eisenhower sent a furious message to the general in charge to treat Goering as an ordinary prisoner-of-war.

The Nuremberg trials revealed Goering to be a monster worthy of standing alongside Hitler and Goebbels. Then Goering whined that he was not the man who gave Reinhard Heydrich the cold order to facilitate the *Endlösing*, the final solution to the Jewish question (there is a copy of the order on page 259 of this book). No, he wasn't the man who drove the well-loved pilot Ernst Udet to suicide. He wasn't the one who was responsible for the execution of forty RAF fliers interned at Stalag Luft III. The concentration camps? Why, those were Himmler's affairs. Even party members who were close to Goering called him the Maecenas of the Third Reich. He indignantly denied this. He had looted and by forced sale acquired something amounting to fifty million dollars' worth of paintings, sculpture, tapestries, jewels, etc., but, after all, he was merely keeping these treasures as a "trustee of the Third Reich."

The co-authors of this excellent book give us a great deal of information not contained in the transcript of the trial. It is obvious that they talked to Goering's guards, to his doctor, to other defendants or members of their families. The twenty-six pages of notes at the end of the book reveal how these two men have labored to make this book accurate.

But to say that "Goering" is merely a very fine history would be to put it into a category where posterity will one day place it. This is the very human story of Hermann Goering the man, the No. 2 leader of the Reich, and, finally, the egotistical and mentally alert prisoner on trial at Nuremberg. The book tells us of his first wife, his mistresses, his second wife; it leaves nothing out. It even exposes him receiving guests in his home wearing a toga, sandals, fabulously expensive rings on his fingers, and with make-up on his face. No other book that I have read has presented Goering so thoroughly, so interestingly as does this penetrating biography.

"Supplementing the task that was assigned to you [Reinhard Heydrich] on January 24, 1939, to solve the Jewish problem by means of emigration and evacuation in the best possible way according to present conditions. I herewith instruct you to make all necessary preparations as regards organizational, financial and material matters for a total solution *[Gesamtlösung]* of the Jewish question within the area of German influence in Europe. . . . I instruct you further to submit to me as soon as possible a general plan showing the measures for organization and for action necessary to carry out the desired final solution *[Endlösung]* of the Jewish question." —HERMANN GOERING.

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SR's Guide to Current Books

Fiction

GENESIS DOWN. By Vian Smith. Doubleday. $3.95. Dartmoor is setting for travail of couple forbidden by feudal law to legalize their union.

RED MOUNTAIN. By David Lavender. Doubleday. $5.95. Boom days in Colorado dramatized by miners, badmen, lawyers, Indians, prostitutes, journalists, and heroes.

WHERE'S DADDY? By William Roos. Doubleday. $3.75. Playful account of talent exodus from Madison Avenue, aping ad executive who leaves to write Great American Novel.

THE LITTLE GENERAL. By Margaret Mackay. Doubleday. $3.95. Hero of World War II Far Eastern theatre commands life and loves of doting daughter.

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD. By Robert St. John. Doubleday. $5.95. (*SR*, Jan. 5, 1963.)

THE GOLDEN HAMMER. By Sonya Arcone. Atheneum. $4.95. Ambitious manufacturer of low-priced dresses bludgeons way to top of Seventh Avenue, maiming wife, daughter, and mistress en route.

THE ASPHALT CAMPUS. By Geoffrey Wagner. Macmillan. $4.95. A Bronx cheer for higher education in New York's municipal colleges with catcalls at other aspects of American culture.

SCANDAL'S CHILD. By Edmund Schiddel. Simon & Schuster. $4.95. Murder, seduction, infidelity, and an extramarital pregnancy animate the author's second novel set in Bucks County.

COMPASSION. By Benito Pérez Galdós. Translated by Toby Talbot. Frederick Ungar. $5. English rendition of Spanish novel "Misericordia."

TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS. By Antony Trew. Random House. $4.95. Nuclear-powered submarine commander, racked by Cold War and marital jitters, loses mental balance.

THE HUNTER AND THE HORNS. By W. H. Canaway. Harper & Row. $3.50. Umbilically-tied English schoolteacher joins hunting expedition for white oryx, a double-horned antelope whose slaughter supposedly stimulates Arab virility.

THE SMALL MINE. By Menna Gallie. Harper & Row. $3.95. Sensitive portrayal of senseless tragedy in Welsh mining family.

THE LAST CAPITALIST. By Robert F. Mirvish. Morrow-Sloane. $4.95. Orphaned Russian lad in Murmansk becomes entrepreneur in wartime romance and black market.

EIGHTY-SEVEN DAYS. By Andrew Angarsky. Knopf. $6.50. Dramatic account of clash between Bolsheviks and bourgeoisie following November 1917 Revolution.

THE DOWNHILL RACERS. By Oakley Hall. Viking. $4.75. The psychology of competition is explored on the ski jumps.

AND THEN WE HEARD THE THUNDER. By John Oliver Killens. Knopf. $5.95. Racial prejudice dogs Negro law student at Georgia Army training camp and in Pacific combat zone.

THE SAND PEBBLES. By Richard McKenna. Harper & Row. $5.95. (*SR*, Jan. 5, 1963.)

THE MOON-SPINNERS. By Mary Stewart. Morrow-Mill. $4.50. Greek isles and *caiques* provide backdrop for Easter holiday adventures of female British Embassy employee.

ETERNAL FIRE. By Calder Willingham. Vanguard. $6.95. Skulduggery plus sex—commercial, Priapian, inverted, and incestuous—infuse magnolia and molasses setting.

OCCASION FOR LOVING. By Nadine Gordimer. Viking. $5. (*SR*, Jan. 12, 1963.)

THE BOY IN THE POOL. By Camilla R. Bittle. Lippincott. $3.95. Teen-ager's accidental drowning troubles conscience of nearest of kin and his prep school associates. A first novel.

THE STREET WHERE THE HEART LIES. By Ludwig Bemelmans. World. $3.95. Kaleidoscope of eccentrics glitters in picturesque Paris *quartier*.

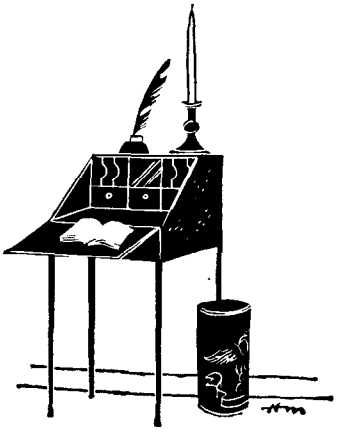
CALL OUT THE MALICIA. By John Anthony West. Dutton. $3.95. A collection of ten satirical short stories.

THE DRUMS OF MOZAMBIQUE. By Hubert von Breisky. Morrow. $5.95. Leopards and elephants stalk an African landscape agitated by intrigues of brawny white hunter with beautiful Viennese, seductive mulatto, scheming Indians, and the Mau-Mau.

KINGSIDE. By Ysabel Rennie. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95. Toady to washing-machine tycoon neglects home to hold fort for autocratic boss.

THAT SPANISH WOMAN. By F. W. Kenyon. Dodd, Mead. $4.50. Fictional first-person reminiscences of Empress Eugénie illuminate Second Empire and Louis Napoleon.

FREEDOM OBSERVED. By Gwyn Griffin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95. Death pangs of colonialism in small West African state provide political education for daring and defiant twenty-two-year-old miss.



CRY MY SPIRIT. By Kay Baker. Norton. $3.95. Cured of delusion that she has turned into rubber, high-pressured business woman bounces back to normality.

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. By Anthony Burgess. Norton. $3.95. English delinquent tells all in his own crabbed argot.

THE WALK HOME. By Gwyn Jones. Norton. $3.95. Young man encounters grotesque characters on journey through moors and mountains of nineteenth-century Britain to track down natural father.

MADAME CASTEL'S LODGER. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Farrar, Straus. $5.50. Fictionalized biography of Confederate leader Pierre Gustave Toutant-Beauregard.

I TAKE THIS LAND. By Richard Powell. Scribners. $5.95. Cupidity, stupidity, and the variants of love flesh out railroad venture in southwest Florida.

A GIRL IN WINTER. By Philip Larkin. St. Martin's. $4.50. Wartime refugee in England recalls her visits there as a child, both times dominated by a man she does not understand.

10:30 ON A SUMMER NIGHT. By Marguerite Duras. Translated by Anne Borchardt. Grove. $2.95. Young woman whose husband is about to stray identifies with man who has just killed his wife and her lover.

THE LAST ENEMY. By Richard Hillary. St. Martin's. Paperback, $1.25. Oxford airman killed in action in 1943 writes about life in the RAF.

A PATH TO THE WATER. By Sarah Litsey. St. Martin's. $4.95. Spinster teacher in suburban Connecticut lavishes affection on students, especially one amoral boy.

GENTLEMAN JOHNNY. By Showell Styles. Macmillan. $4.95. Biographical novel about General John Burgoyne, soldier, playwright, and ladies' man.

Biography

THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA. Edited by Edouard A. Stackpole. Dial. $10 until Feb. 1, $15 thereafter. Eighteen first-person-narratives of history's greatest ocean exploits, from the shipwreck of St. Paul to the atomic submarine.

AFTER NEHRU, WHO? By Welles Hangen. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95. NBC's New Delhi correspondent explains why Indians have made Nehru their "biggest banyan tree," and suggests seven men and one woman who could replace him.

LEVANTINE ADVENTURER: The Travels and Missions of the Chevalier d'Arvieux, 1653-1697. By W. H. Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.50.

THE GREAT WORLD: Portraits and Scenes from Greville's Memoirs (1814-1860). Edited by Louis Kronenberger. Doubleday. $4.95.

PHILIP THE BOLD: The Formation of the Burgundian State. By Richard Vaughan. Harvard University. $5.50.

SAM HOUSTON: American Giant. By M. K. Wisehart. Luce. $10.

THE BRUTAL FRIENDSHIP: Mussolini, Hitler, and the Fall of Italian Fascism. By F. W. Deakin. Haprer & Row. $10.95.

I WAS CICERO. By Elyesa Bazna. Harper

(*Continued on page 52*)

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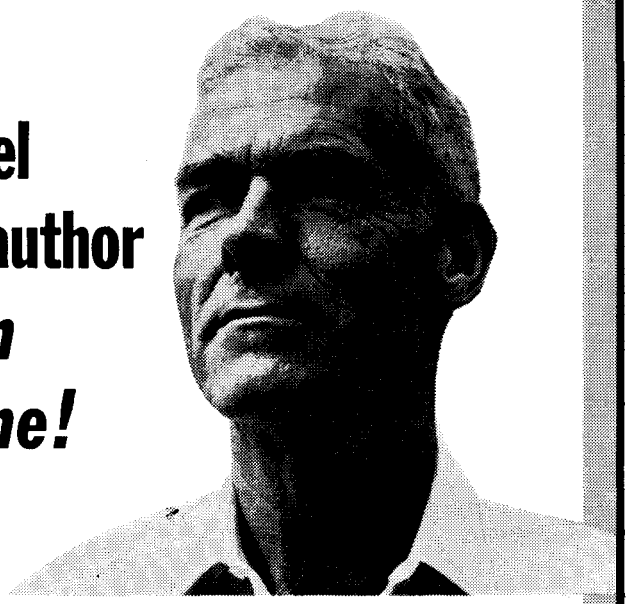
A fascinating new novel of high drama by the author of *The Philadelphian* and *Pioneer, Go Home!*

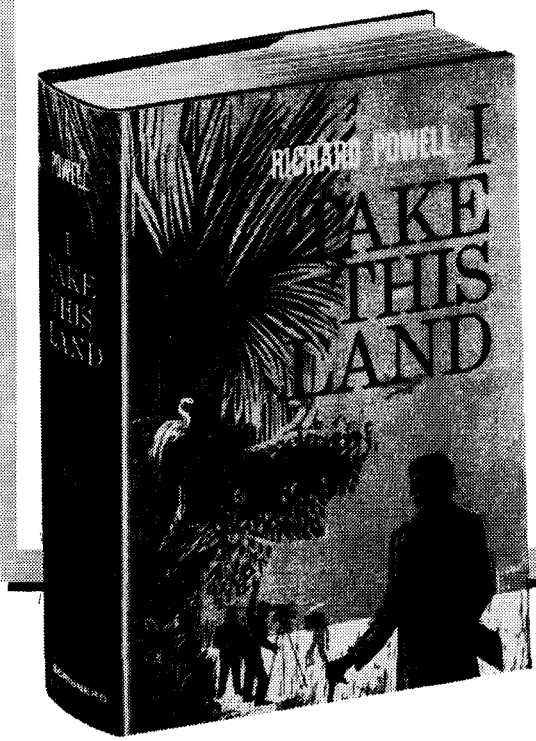


Richard Powell's

I TAKE THIS LAND

Against the lushly tropical background of the Florida Everglades, Richard Powell carries an extraordinary cast of characters through a half-century struggle for power and possession that begins in 1895.

I Take This Land is an epic tale of violent men, and the land and the women they fought to subdue and claim: dynamic Ward Campion, who won a railroad in a poker game... the lawless 'gator hunter Lightburn, and his sister Julie, as untamed as the swamp country from which she sprang... farmer Joel Emmet, whose devotion to the land cost the lives of all he loved.



I Take This Land is based on actual events... yet it is more than an historical novel. As Richard Powell shows what the drive to possess the land does to the people who covet it, he gives us more of the "bang-up storytelling... [with] echoes of Edwin O'Connor, Marquand and O'Hara"* that has made him one of America's best-loved novelists.

*RICHARD SULLIVAN, *Chicago Tribune*

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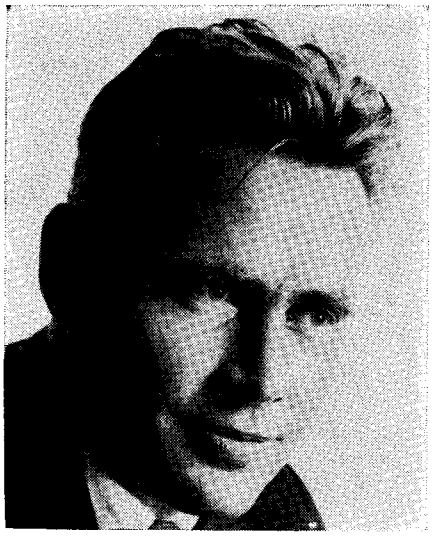
Like Mother, Like Daughter



Sloan Wilson—all too solemn.

"Georgie Winthrop," by Sloan Wilson *(Harper & Row. 304 pp. $4.95), tells how a middle-aged teacher reaches belated maturity through an affair with his first love's daughter. David Boroff's comments on American manners and morals have appeared in many magazines.*

By DAVID BOROFF

IT WAS Leslie Fiedler who suggested that American sexual immaturity is reflected in the failure of American novelists to deal adequately with the theme of adultery. In fact, there have been many such attempts, but they often underscore the very immaturity that their own existence should belie.

So it is with Sloan Wilson's new novel, "Georgie Winthrop." Actually, the novel is centrally concerned with the immaturity of its protagonist. And it is through a love affair—with a distraught seventeen-year-old girl — that George Winthrop undergoes a fall upward, so to speak, to maturity. Or does he?

Winthrop is forty-five, the fund-raising vice president of a college, hemmed in by the clichés of his existence—a wife, two children, a position of unimpeachable respectability in his community. But he is bedeviled by the feeling that passion has been bleached out of him. "At forty-five you're still alive," he whispers to himself reassuringly. To be sure, as a college student he had felt a transcendent passion, but the girl, volatile and defenseless, had frightened him with her total demands, and he abandoned her.

Into this dreary academic domain come two figures from Winthrop's past. Years ago Peter Harkin had married Charlotte when Winthrop repudiated her, but the marriage did not last, and Charlotte ultimately committed suicide. Harkin, a playwright with a burned-out talent, is a disintegrating drunk who is happy to take refuge in a teaching job. Soon after his arrival at Wellington College, his adolescent daughter—also called Charlotte—turns up with the need both for a home and to look after her improvident father.

Charlotte identifies completely with her mother, and sees her own life as equally bleak and unfulfilling. A free soul, she determines to seduce her father's host and, after a stubborn pursuit, she succeeds. Winthrop is then caught in the classic dilemma of the adulterous family man: to whom does he owe his primary loyalty? In the end, through a startling turn of events, the problem is resolved in favor of his family. Presumably, the affair has given Winthrop a painful awareness of his own immaturity and a determination to grow up.

Despite Sloan Wilson's competence as a storyteller, "Georgie Winthrop" is an implausible novel—a kind of domestic Gothic. The protagonist is so intolerably priggish that one wonders how even a susceptible teen-ager could fall in love with him. Moreover, the pursuit of the reluctant middle-aged man by the breathless nymph is obviously the stuff of comedy, not of romantic melodrama. And one may well wonder how an affair with a hysterical girl can induce instant maturity in a big baby of a man. Perhaps the basic failure of the book is that it has neither the intensity that would make the relationship believable nor the comic perceptiveness that would make it intelligible. As it is, "Georgie Winthrop" is a heavy-breathing, all-too-solemn account of an autumnal fling. Leslie Fiedler has a point.

Moslem Maids and Massacres

"A Gap in the Wall," by Gabrielle Estivals, *translated from the French by Judith B. Jones (Knopf. 307 pp. $4.50), blames Algeria's evils on Moslem intolerance. John Phillips, an American citizen, was born in Algeria, where he spent his childhood. He has since returned there as a Life correspondent during World War II and the Algerian war.*

By JOHN PHILLIPS

"HOW MYSTERIOUS and inscrutable these Moslems are . . .," a French character exclaims in "A Gap in the Wall," Gabrielle Estivals's novel about an Algerian family. The cliché has whiskers. Thirty-five years ago, when this reviewer was a child in Algiers, Europeans complained: "You simply can't figure out these rats."

The inscrutable Moslem is, nonetheless, the theme of Madame Estivals's book. The heroine Zoubeïda Bensaïdi, is the teen-age daughter of a wealthy but ineffectual landowner who is interested mainly in gazing at gold fish when he is not brooding about what the neighbors think of his daughter's attendance at a European school. This also disturbs his son, Youssef, a sadistic type who disapproves of Zoubeïda's being allowed out of the house now that she has reached adolescence and could

Gabrielle Estivals—all too kind.

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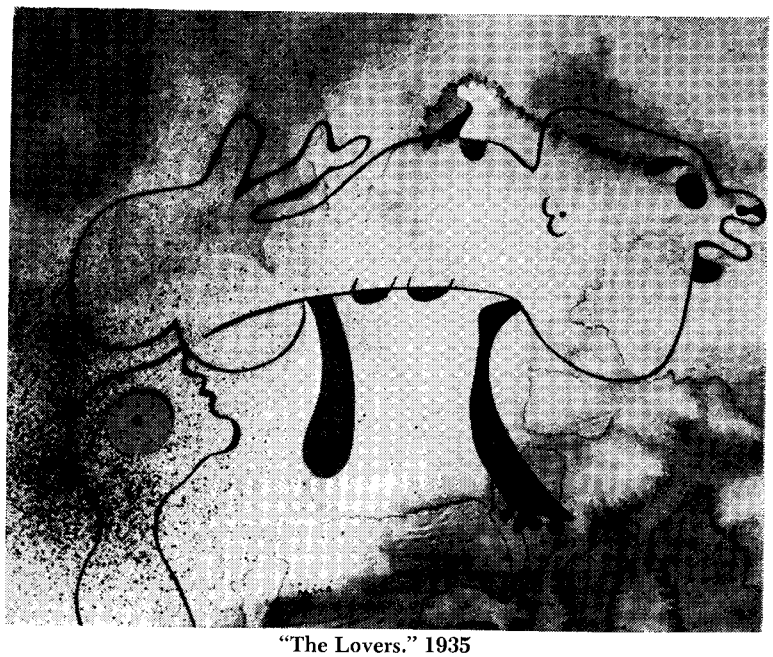
dishonor the proud Bensaïdi name by losing her virginity. With the complicity of the Bensaïdi tribe, who squat around quoting the Koran, Youssef confines Zoubeïda to the family compound, where the lock on the gate is supposed to act as a remote-control chastity belt. Bored with this life, the bullied Zoubeïda attempts to escape, but is forcibly brought back, after which Youssef has her committed to an asylum. Then comes the happy ending, Allah be praised. A kindly French doctor convinces Youssef that his sister's virtue is threatened by the asylum's attendants, ". . . a handful of unqualified girls, whose morals are dubious—to put it mildly." This inspires big brother to restore his sister to the family fold, where Zoubeïda's father soothingly promises, "God will enlighten us."

If one is to believe Gabrielle Estivals, Moslem intolerance was at the root of all Algeria's evils. The Moslems, she makes it clear, reduced their womenfolk to servitude and bucked progress ". . . not just because of the Prophet's behavior to his wives, but because they wanted to stand up against the French." The author is much less critical of the Europeans. In her Algeria there are neither Spaniards, Italians, nor Maltese. Madame Estivals's Europeans are all French and all kind. While she dedicates the better part of 307 pages to Moslem squalor and backwardness, she dismisses in one sentence a massacre staged by the French in Setif: "Some form of amalgamation of customs would have been the best cement to unite the country; the hideous massacres of Setif and Guelma have shown only too well how it can be pulled apart between opposing forces." Yet this massacre, more than anything else, prevented the somewhat vague amalgamation that Gabrielle Estivals favors.

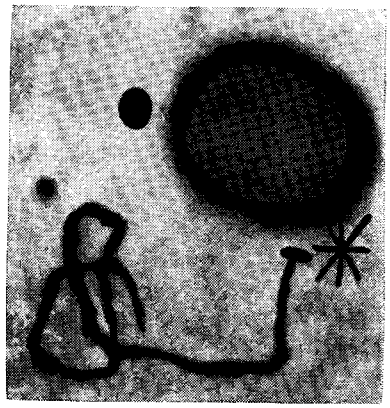
The massacre at Setif occurred about a week before the first Algerian troops returned from Alsace, where they had lost about one-third of their men fighting in the name of France alongside the Americans. To be specific, the Setif massacre started on V.E. Day when Inspector Laffont shot an Arab bearing the sign *"Vive la Victoire des Allies."* This started a riot, which General Duval turned into a massacre when he unleashed against the native population units of the Foreign Legion, Senegalese, and Italian prisoners of war liberated for the occasion. Land and air forces were also called up, and for good measure the cruiser *Duguay-Trouin* bombarded the Bay of Bougie. According to a government commission's report, deaths totaled 15,000—roughly one-third of Setif's population.

How mysterious and inscrutable these Europeans are, Madame.

"Study for Wheat Threshing." 1918


"The Lovers." 1935

DREAMER ON CANVAS: Speaking of his Spanish origins, Joan Miró has said, "We Catalans believe you must always plant your feet firmly on the ground if you want to be able to jump up in the air." Perhaps this is some of the secret of the man who can exclaim upon the beauties of a shoe lace while producing the high flights of whimsy or frenzy that are his work. "**Miro,**" with extensive text by Jacques Dupin, presents 1,158 illustrations, including forty-six in color (Abrams, $35.).


Painting. 1953

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A Life of Coppers and Kopeks

"Foma Gordeyev," by Maxim Gorky, *translated from the Russian by Margaret Wettlin (Delta. 279 pp. Paperback, $1.95), the first novel by the erstwhile dean of Russian letters, describes an alienated man seeking identity in an oppressive, capitalistic society. "Chekhov" is the most recent work by Ernest J. Simmons, an author and lecturer.*

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS

A CRITICAL commonplace about Gorky is that, of the various literary genres he attempted, he succeeded least well in the novel. There can be no doubt that his literary eminence rests largely upon his best short stories—with their disciplined construction and cruel realism unspoiled by his penchant for romantic effects—as well as upon his autobiographical writings and his wonderful recollections of Tolstoy and Andreyev, where his powers of observation and brilliance of characterization are unsurpassed. Gorky's long series of novels, however, deserves an extensive re-evaluation, for his achievements in this form are nearly always interesting and sometimes quite superior. Any such study would have to begin with his first published novel, "Foma Gordeyev" (1899), which has now been made available in a new translation with a perceptive introduction by Professor F. D. Reeve.

Gorky never did anything better in fiction than the early chapters of this book, which are devoted to a portrayal of a provincial merchant, Ignat Gordeyev, who, having worked his way up from the bottom, amasses a fortune, lives hard, glorifies success, and scorns the weak. Ignat's crude philosophy of the self-made man may be summed up in his assertion ". . . we all live to get, not to give."

The ostensible hero of the novel, however, is Ignat's son, Foma, heir to his father's business and wealth. In certain respects the story of Foma's rebellion against everything Ignat represented is strikingly modernistic: he is an alienated man seeking identity in an oppressive society where "a man is capital and, like the ruble, he is made up of worthless little coppers and kopeks." After a prolonged and anguished effort to find himself in this money-mad world, to discover, as he says, some meaning in life, Foma escapes into ruinous debauchery. At the end of the novel, in a superb climactic scene, Foma publicly denounces a large gathering of these fat and venal merchants, who then have him put away as insane.

Unlike his father, however, Foma is hardly a convincing character, for Gorky appears to be describing as the son's psychological motivation what he has not felt himself—a practice that Tolstoy criticized in Gorky. Foma's cunning old godfather, Mayakin, is a much more convincing character: despite Mayakin's cynical nature, his proud defense of this merchant society, with its oversupply of scoundrels, compels belief.

Gorky's besetting artistic sins, which he managed to control in his best short stories, ran rife in his novels. One of these is his immoderate love for philosophizing about the meaning of life, indulged in to excess by the leading characters in "Foma Gordeyev." Another fault, for which the artistically precise and economic Chekhov—to whom "Foma Gordeyev" is dedicated—reproved Gorky, is descriptive flamboyance and the use of superfluous words. There is a great deal of both in this novel.

For Gorky, however, "Foma Gordeyev" was an auspicious beginning in the novel. It contains several admirable characterizations, and its vivid picture of the merchant society of a provincial town is hardly equaled in Gorky's subsequent novels that concentrated on this *milieu*.

HOMESPUN SAGA: To quote an old Yip Harburg lyric, "Virtue is its own revenge." If the statement needs backing up, read **"The Moonflower Vine,"** by Jetta Carleton (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), a first novel that may well prove to be fiction's answer to seconal.

The setting is in the backwoods of Missouri. The narrative concerns Matthew Soames, a schoolteacher, and Callie, his illiterate but loving wife, and their four daughters. Everybody loves everybody; not cloyingly, mind you, but constantly, with the average stresses and strains. One daughter dies and another marries the deceased sister's husband; Matthew develops a crush on a student; Callie stumbles (only once) on the path of virtue with a traveling salesman; but nothing occurs that could actually be confused with gripping plotwork. In that department, "The Moonflower Vine" is as flat, clean, and barren as a Kansas skyline.

The publishers of this saga of homespun humdrum are hailing Mrs. Carleton's novel as this year's "To Kill a Mockingbird." They couldn't be more wrong. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING AN ARTIST: The perfect artist, unambitious except for his art, in love with nature, scattering his loving sketches to the winds, and painting his masterpieces just as he dies of consumption—in Paris—is the protagonist of **"The Hidden Mountain,"** by Gabrielle Roy, translated by Harry Binsse (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95). The story opens in the Arctic wilds of Canada, where Pierre Cadorai is exploring the uncharted tributaries of the Mackenzie and Ungava, sometimes with a fellow-trapper for companion, more often alone. He meets a girl, Nina, but girls are not for artists, and he leaves her to his companion, Big Steve.

His canoe overturns in a rapids and he loses the sketches of a decade, but presses on to encounter the perfect subject, a mysterious mountain that says to him: "Since until now no man has seen me, did I in truth exist? As long as you have not been held captive in another's eyes, do you live? Are we alive if no one has ever loved us?" But Pierre lingers so long to paint the mountain that winter and hunger overtake him. In a frenzy he kills a stricken caribou, and again loses most of his sketches.

Now it is his turn to be discovered. An art-loving old French missionary not only gives him a show but sends him to Paris. And in Paris, of course, he finds out that "a work of God is not a work of art" and—too late—that what lies unexpressed within a soul is "the only death."

It isn't really as corny as that. The writing is sensitive and spare. Insights into nature, even into human nature, abound. But the concept of the perfect artist, this one at any rate, just doesn't ring true. It's too high-minded, too sexless, too humorless, too *dull*. I've known hundreds of artists, and while not one of them bore much resemblance to Joyce Cary's Gully Jimson, even Gully, the frenetic clown, is preferable to this sad young *wandervogel* —and closer to the elusive prototype.

Perhaps a halt should be called to novels about The Artist, at least when

(*Continued on page* 56)

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Once in Love with Lou

"My Sister, My Spouse: A Biography of Lou Andreas-Salomé," by H. F. Peters *(Norton. 320 pp. $5), brings to life the latter-day Circe whose admirers included Nietzsche, Freud, Rilke, and Wedekind. Joseph P. Bauke edits Germanic Review.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

THE LITERATURE of the later nineteenth century is singularly rich in fascinating women, but no fictional heroine can match the life of Lou Salomé for excitement. The daughter of a czarist general, she grew up in St. Petersburg in an imperial setting fit for a spectacular movie, quit Russia when she was barely twenty, and then spent years crisscrossing Europe. Brilliant and beautiful, she moved through the intellectual circles of several countries with Circean charm. The geniuses among her victims survived the encounter and turned the experience into art; lesser men came to inexorable ruin in her wake. No one could ever forget her, and some, in a most melodramatic fashion, preferred suicide and even castration to life without Lou. When she died in Göttingen twenty-six years ago, the solid citizens of the little university town were rather relieved that "The Witch" was dead. The Nazis confiscated her estate, for Lou had been indiscriminate enough to consort with Sigmund Freud, the founder of "Jewish" psychoanalysis. It did not matter that the patron saint of the Third Reich, Friedrich Nietzsche, had been among her first lovers—her memory was officially obscured.

Now an American professor has conjured up this latter-day Lilith in an unforgettable biography that bids fair to remain the definitive account. Drawing on original sources and interviews with surviving friends and acquaintances, H. F. Peters details her story with as much objectivity as one can hope for. He is likely the first man to look at her that way, and on occasion he too succumbs to the spell Lou cast on the opposite sex. This is no criticism of his method, for no biographer can hope to retrace the very private paths of a beautiful woman and arrive at findings to satisfy pedants insisting on footnoted proof. The alternative is silence or gossip, and in Lou's case the latter is preferable. Wisely, Mr. Peters has refrained from a lengthy analysis of Lou's psyche, and concentrated instead on the effect she had on men. He takes great pains to "flesh out" the characters who played parts in her life.

Mr. Peters can call on some of the most august names in German letters to make his point. Nietzsche dropped his philosophic hammer and courted her with an abandon quite unbecoming to the inventor of the superman. Whether or not one agrees that Lou was the archetype of which that blond beast was the idealized copy, there is no denying the fact that she upset the frail philosopher's routine more than any other woman. The poet Rilke, almost young enough to be her son, fared better with his attentions and may well have been her first successful lover. Rilke readers might object that Mr. Peters unjustifiably exploited poetry for biographical information, but his account of the affair proves once more that Rilke's ethereal voice belonged to a man of flesh and blood.

The most perceptive passages in the book are those on Lou's relations with her husband, Professor Andreas of Göttingen University. The undercurrent of excess, quietly and persistently present in all her loves, is glaringly manifest in this, her most respectable union. The marriage lasted for over forty years, yet Andreas died without ever having been granted the privileges of a husband. Mother, mistress, and madonna to many, she could never be anyone's wife.

Lou Salomé was a prolific writer, and some of her judgments on art and artists show prophetic insight. Mr. Peters gives these pursuits their due consideration and emphasizes Lou's ability to out-talk her intellectual friends. One of them, the dramatist Hauptmann, was literally scared away by her wits. To Frank Wedekind, on the other hand, she appeared as a kind of earth-goddess, an embodiment of the life force itself, and his vampiric heroine Lulu was inspired by Lou.

Though her combination of beauty

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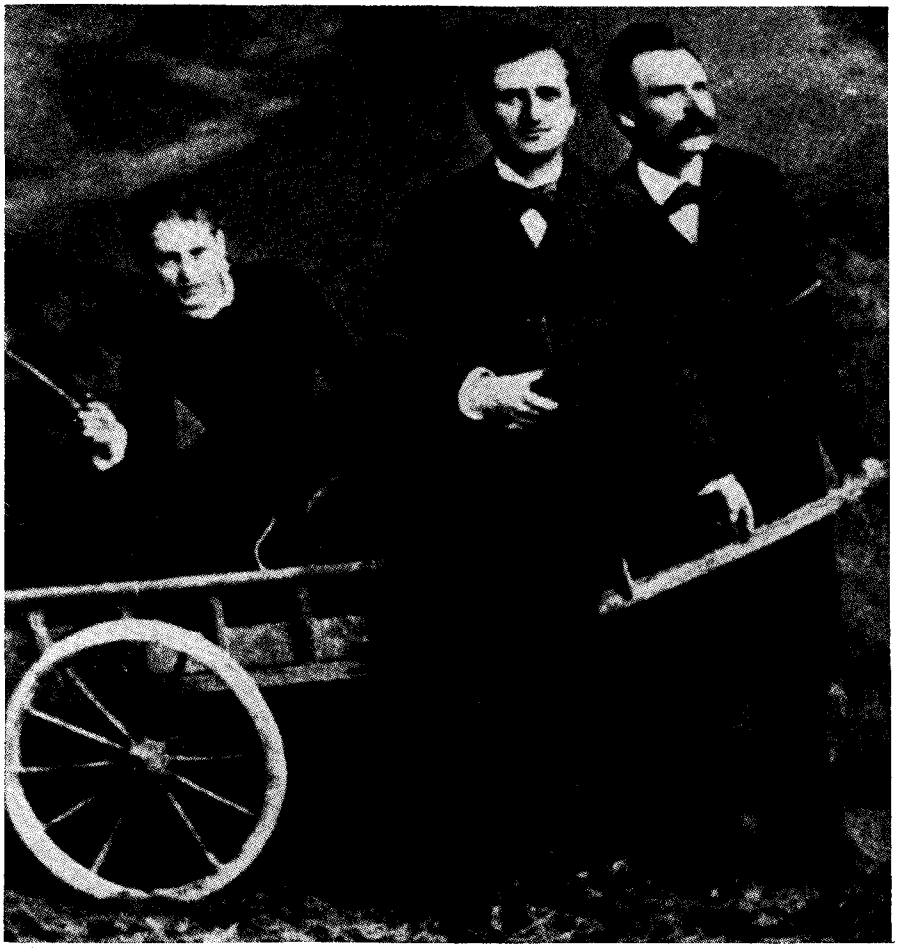

—*From the book.*

Lou Salome, Paul Ree, and Friedrich Nietzsche in Lucerne, May 13, 1882.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Thanks, one suspects, to Yul Brynner, Nikolai Gogol has become a popular figure in paperbacks; there are no less than four recent editions of his "Tara Bulba" or what passes for it. **"Mirgorod"** (Noonday, $1.95) is the original title of Gogol's book that contained "Taras Bulba" along with three other stories. Here it's in a painstaking translation by David Magarshak. **"Taras Bulba and Other Stories"** (Washington Square Press, 60¢) is "Mirgorod" in a translation by Constance Garnett. But what are we to say about **"Taras Bulba"** (Signet, 50¢), "the world famous novel, now a great movie . . ."? Neither statement is true. But the cream of the jest is **"Taras Bulba"** (Gold Medal, 35¢) by—get this—Robert W. Krepps, "based on the screenplay for the motion picture. . . ." Mr. Krepps has enlarged the book from twelve to thirty-five chapters, and why not? Didn't Gogol rework it from nine to twelve? But can you believe that nowhere, from cover to cover of this little job, does Gogol's name appear even once?

In 1963 Anchor Books will celebrate their tenth year of paperback publishing. The first of many celebrative events is the new Anchor Seventeenth Century Series, in which the story of English prose and poetry in that turbulent era will be fully explored.

And after one year of steady output, Collier Books is attempting to correct the neglect of young people by paperback publishers. **"A Child's Garden of Verses,"** Edward Lear's **"The Nonsense Alphabets,"** and **"Aesop's Fables"** are among the familiar classics in their repertory.

Side by side on Dell's bookshelf: Max Brand's **"Dr. Kildare's Search"** and Kerry Mitchell's **"Wrong Diagnosis."**

Two books of political interest are James Avery Joyce's **"Capital Punishment"** (Evergreen, $1.95), a cogent case against the "deterrent" written by an international lawyer in both legal and moral terms; and **"United Nations: Piety, Myth and Truth,"** *by Andrew Boyd* (Penguin, 85¢), a solid plea by a writer for *The Economist* for greater commitment to the international body.

It is interesting that the Spanish Government, obviously offended by William Shirer's references to the connection between Hitler's Third Reich and Franco's Spain, has banned **"The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich"** (Crest, $1.65). They probably accuse Shirer of invoking "guilt by association."

An exciting new series that begins this month is Viking's Compass History of Art. In all, twelve volumes will cover the history of Western painting. Each book contains art work photographed in Europe (sixty-four pages of color illustration and 112 pages of black and white) and an authorative text. This is a cooperative venture by ten countries. The first two books, published this month, are **"Greek Painting"** by Pierre Devambez, curator of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the Louvre, and **"Renaissance Painting,"** by Frank Russoli, director of the Brera Gallery, Milan.

The latest literary "sleeper" is Peter Cohen's **"Diary of a Simple Man"** (Hill & Wang, $1.50). Ignored by reviewers, the book has nevertheless gone into a second printing, helped largely by a steady current of enthusiasm from the college crowd, who are attracted to the off- and down-beat hero.

—Rollene W. Saal.

FICTION

When Gogol died in 1852, Ivan Turgenev wrote: "Gogol is dead! What Russian soul will not be stricken by these words." In that same year Turgenev's first important work, **"The Hunting Sketches"** (Signet, 75¢), was published. Here, disguised behind a cool objectivity, is a profound and passionate attack on the evils of serfdom.

Turgenev clearly influenced Joseph Conrad, who discussed him in his only essay on Russian writers. In **"Under Western Eyes"** (Anchor, $1.45), Conrad chooses a savage antirevolutionary subject. Ford Madox Ford, his collaborator, thought this 1911 novel was Conrad's best.

Two novels of more than academic interest, both published in Premier's American Realism series, are Harold Frederic's **"The Damnation of Theron Ware"** (60¢), written in 1896, the story of a small-town minister trapped by the complications of duty, love, and honor; and **"Together"** (75¢), by Robert Herrick, who, like Dreiser and Norris, was concerned with the profit-seekers of big business.

Two of twentieth-century America's legendary writers are currently represented in paperbacks: Nathanael West, whose literary reputation has grown steadily, and Katherine Anne Porter. West's best-known books, **"Miss Lonelyhearts"** and **"The Day of the Locust,"** are collected in one volume (New Directions, $1.60). Miss Porter's **"Pale Horse, Pale Rider"** (Signet, 60¢) includes three stories delicately conceived and finely communicated by the author, who with the publication of "Ship of Fools" has come out of the shadowy land of legend. Incidentally, the original "Ship of Fools," by Sebastian Brant, is now in print (Dover, $2). It first appeared in 1494 in Switzerland, and consists of witty and imaginative forays into the nature of virtue and sin. This edition

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has been translated into rhyming couplets by Edwin H. Zeydel.

John Horne Burns's **"The Gallery"** (Harper, $1.75) made a strong impact in 1947. It's a deeply compassionate book about Italy during the American occupation, written in immaculate prose. Another view of war, not so different from Burns's, is Joseph Heller's **"Catch-22"** (Dell, 75¢). Here is a book almost as perverse as "Notes from Underground," almost as comic as "Lucky Jim," and almost as anti-war as "Under Fire."

Heller's kind of perversity is also present in Bernard Wolfe's interesting novel, **"The Magic of Their Singing"** (Macfadden, 50¢). This is an odd society of "Yalies" and hopped-up musicians and the kind of compulsively dissatisfied girls these restless boys attract. It's like real sick.

To go back for a moment to E. M. Forster's **"The Longest Journey"** (Vintage, $1.65) is to enter a cool world, in the old-fashioned sense. Published in England in 1907, it smacks of Edwardianism, of a world in control, of time and detachment and leisure.

THEATRE

For people who don't get to the theatre, either off-Broadway or on, paperbacks offer an opportunity at least to read the plays. Harold Pinter, the young English actor-turned-playwright, had his first Broadway success with last year's "The Caretaker." Now "The Pinter Plays" is enjoying off-Broadway acclaim. One of its two short pieces is "The Collection," and it is included in a new paperback, **"Three Plays"** (Evergreen, $1.95), along with "The Dwarfs" and "A Slight Ache," each of which is marked with the Pinter stamp of humor mingled with the sinister. Another interesting play by an Englishman is John Whiting's **"The Devils"** (Hill & Wang, $1.45), based on Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun," about macabre happenings in a seventeenth-century convent.

Macabre is also the word for Friedrich Dürrenmatt, whose drama **"The Visit"** (Evergreen, $1.75) has just been published. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne starred in it on Broadway. It's a wierd tale about an elderly woman who returns to her home town, scattering riches and seeking vengeance. By the way, Dürrenmatt's novel **"Traps"** is now available (Ballantine, 50¢).

A famous theatrical oddity is Pablo Picasso's **"Desire Caught by the Tail"** (Citadel, 95¢). The artist wrote it in three days during the German occupation of France. The characters, none of whom is human, include Onion, Big Foot, Fat Anguish, and The Two Bow-Wows.

Under the general editorship of Germaine Brée, Laurel Language Library now offers French classics in poetry, prose, and drama. Molière's **"Tartuffe"** and **"Le Médecin Malgré Lui"** appear in one volume (50¢) in the original French. Yale University's Jacques Guicharnaud has provided a lengthy and informative introduction to seventeenth-century drama.

The most recent volume in Bantam's Library of World Drama, edited by John Gassner, is **"19th Century Russian Drama"** (75¢), translated by Andrew MacAndrew. It's a perfectly unastonishing but useful collection, including works by Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Ostrovsky, and Tolstoy.

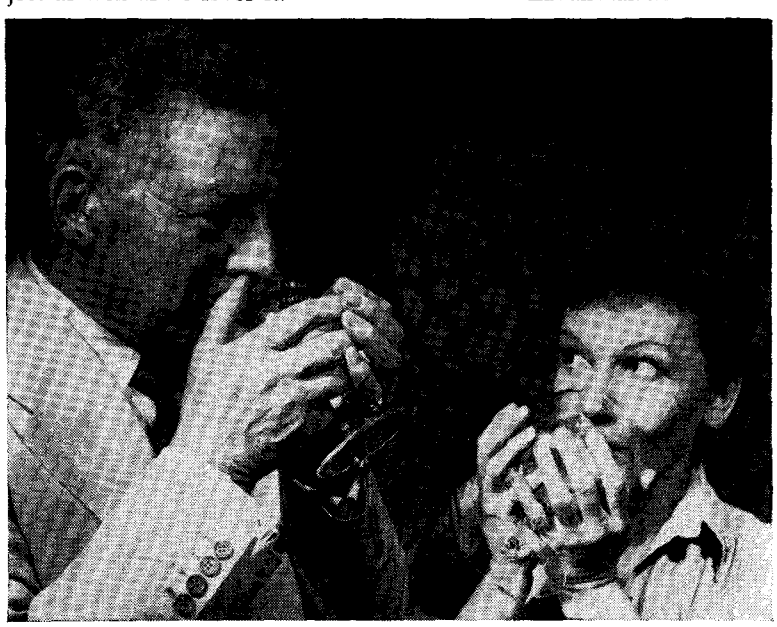
A really splendid new Shakespeare series (and there are already several good ones on the shelves) is the Harbinger Shakespeare, published by Harcourt, Brace & World under the editorship of G. B. Harrison. The first four plays published this month, are **"Twelfth Night"** ($1.45), **"Hamlet"** ($1.45), **"King Henry IV, Parts I and II"** ($1.95), and **"Macbeth"** ($1.45). Each is handsomely presented, with gracefully written introductions and notes helpfully placed on the same page as the text.

BIOGRAPHY

A particularly distinguished new series is Little, Brown's Library of American Biography ($1.65 each), edited by Oscar Handlin. Included are such definitive works as Edmund S. Morgan's story of John Winthrop, **"The Puritan Dilemma"**; Richard N. Cur-

A distinctive U.S. contribution to the theatre is recalled in fascinating detail in **"Musical Comedy in America,"** by Cecil Smith, former editor of *Musical America* (Theatre Arts Books, $2.60). Apparently it all began in 1866, when 100-girls-100 displayed their legs for five and a half hours in something called "The Black Crook." From there, Mr. Smith goes on to the glorious Gaiety girls, the Ziegfeld Follies, and Rodgers and Hart, pausing along the way to pay tribute to Lillian Russell, Anna Held, and Marilyn Miller, to the comics like Durante, Bobbie Clark, and Ed Wynn, to the tunes of Gershwin and Porter. It's a complete guide by a man who knows his subject as well as he loves it.

Lillian Russell



Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin in "South Pacific."

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rent's **Daniel Webster and the Rise of National Conservatism,"** and John Morton Blum's **"Woodrow Wilson and the Politics of Morality."**

Collier's biography series includes studies of men and women in many lands and centuries. Among the recent releases are A. R. Burn's stirring **"Alexander the Great and the Hellenistic World"** (95¢), Gladys Scott Thomson's **"Catherine the Great and the Expansion of Russia"** (95¢), and Howard K. Beale's **"Theodore Roosevelt and the Rise of America to World Power"** ($1.50).

Anthony Nutting's **"Lawrence of Arabia"** (Signet, 75¢) attempts to discover the man behind the veil of myth. Much of the book is devoted to military history; but it is most engrossing when the author tries to determine whether "El Aurens" sought glory for the Arabs or for himself.

"Kingmaker" is a term that might be applied about as accurately to William Randolph Hearst as to Lawrence. W. A. Swanberg's biography, **"Citizen Hearst"** (Bantam, 95¢), is a fascinating study of a complex, controversial man.

A far quieter biographical work is H. S. Bennett's **"Six Medieval Men and Women"** (Atheneum, $1.25). It's a charming book, scholarly and literate, devoted to such different people as Margaret Paston, a fifteenth-century housewife, and Sir John Fastolf, a professional soldier whom Shakespeare transformed into the immortal Falstaff.

MUSIC

One of the more ambitious new paperback ventures is Collier's Great Composers series, eighteen volumes of musical biography ranging from Bach to Wagner. Each book is a concise guide to the man and his music. A chronology, a catalogue of works, and an ample bibliography are helpfully included. Among the series are such well-known studies as Alfred Einstein's **"Gluck"** (95¢) and M. D. Calvocoressi's **"Mussorgsky"** (95¢).

Rudolph Reti's **"Tonality in Modern Music"** (Collier, $1.50) is a contemporary composer's analysis of such present-day mysteries as the twelve-note scale. Another distinguished modern composer, Roger Sessions, delivered a series of lectures in 1949 at the Julliard School of Music which has now been published as **"The Musical Experience of Composer, Performer, Listener"** (Atheneum, 95¢). Mr. Sessions is an articulate spokesman, and his book is a philosophical inquiry into the nature of music and how listeners may receive what he terms "the full message."

"Great Orchestral Music" (Collier, 95¢), edited by Julian Seaman, is a delightful book for people who not only enjoy listening to music but also like to read about it. It's an anthology of program notes, crammed with pertinent information about composers and specific pieces of music.

It's curious that a European jazz expert should have written such an engrossing study of American jazz as has Joachim Berendt in **'The New Jazz Book"** (Hill & Wang, $2.45). A remarkably straightforward tour of jazzland, it follows a musical path from New Orleans to Chicago, from San Francisco to Newport. Excellent photographs of jazz performers.

THE NATURAL WORLD

Dr. John C. Lilly has been called "the man who talks to dolphins." Sometimes they answer back. As a scientist with the University of Miami's Marine Biological Laboratory, he's been conducting experiments in communication with these lively sea creatures. **"Man and Dolphin"** (Pyramid, 75¢) tells of Dr. Lilly's work in a highly engrossing fashion.

Another scientific adventurer is Gerald Durrell (the brother of novelist Lawrence Durrell). He has traveled over most of the world, collecting animals, and though his book **"The New Noah"** ($1.25) is one of Penguin's Peacock Library designed for teen-agers, any adult will enjoy the author's witty accounts of garnering eels and ant eaters and boa constrictors.

Rachel Carson is another writer who has a winning way of making the natural world seem immensely real. In **"Under the Sea Wind"** (Signet, 60¢), she tells of marine life, of fish and birds who live out their days in or near the ocean.

The world above us is the subject of **"Stars and Galaxies"** (Spectrum, $1.95), a collection of articles by seven astronomers, edited by Thornton Page. Based on a symposium sponsored by the American Astronomical Society and the Frontiers of Science Foundation of Oklahoma, it's a scholarly book, not for rank amateurs. But anyone who'll stick with it will find its essays absorbing and extremely timely.

F. K. Hare's **"The Restless Atmosphere"** (Harper, $1.35) is also a book one hesitates to recommend for anyone without some scientific background. This is a sober, well-illustrated introduction to climatology.

V. A. Firsoff, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, has written a concise lunar study. In **"Strange World of the Moon'** (Science Editions, $1.65) he examines the moon's atmosphere and terrain, and even advances the opinion that life on that celestial sphere is entirely possible.

Finally, there's Glover Morrill Allen's **"Bats"** (Dover, $2), which is indeed a very specific but highly enlightening book about those mysterious night creatures. We learn that bats are the only flying mammals, that some of them actually are vampires, and that they can be as harmless and as colorful as parakeets.

PSYCHE AND SEX

Scattered among the many paperbacks with lurid covers announcing studies of sexology are a few solid and sober contributions to our knowledge of human behavior. One of the great predecessors of Freud was Richard von Krafft-Ebing, professor at the Royal University of Vienna. His **"Aberrations of Sexual Life"** (Capricorn, $1.95) provides a series of case histories that paved the way for modern psychiatry.

Wilhelm Stekel was one of Freud's early associates. In his famous study **"Compulsion and Doubt"** (Universal, $2.45) clinical cases and clear, concise conclusions explain neurotic obsession and anxiety so that laymen can not only understand their complexity but find in each case history a complete, simply-told human drama. Another of Stekel's masterpieces is **"Frigidity in Women"** (Evergreen, 2 vols., $1.95 each). Beyond the investigation of particular cases and the drawing of general conclusions about a subject which in his day must have been subterranean, Stekel includes a discussion of such perennial concepts as love at first sight, fantasy in love, the idea of romance, and sexual trauma.

"The Homosexuals" (Citadel, $1.95), edited by A. M. Krich, is a subdued and careful account of the homosexual life gathered from anonymous narratives, as well as articles by people like Jung, Freud, Clara Thompson, and Sandor Ferenczi. The general conclusions are that inquiry into homosexuality, its causes and cures, is still in the most tentative stage.

Erich Fromm's **"The Art of Loving"** (Harper, $1.25), "an inquiry into the nature of love," enjoyed huge success as a hardcover book. Fromm, one of the most articulate writers around, confronts the whole range of love, from God through mother to self.

If you've ever been fascinated by a ouija board or thought wistfully about the ESP experiments at Duke, you will find René Sudre's **"Parapyschology"** (Evergreen, $2.95) as good as science fiction. Mr. Sudre examines "supernatural" events, clairvoyance, water divining, and many other phenomena against the history of recorded events.

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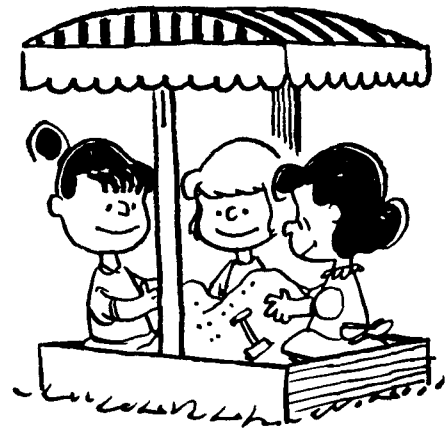
Not to Be Taken for Granted



—From "Happiness Is a Warm Puppy."
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By ALICE DALGLIESH

DURING Christmas week I bought myself a book that is on the adult best-seller list, but is also liked by children. It is a small fat volume, with black-and-white cartoons on varicolored backgrounds. Its title is familiar by this time: **"Happiness Is a Warm Puppy."** Written by Charles M. Schulz, it is published by that California firm with the aggressive name Determined Productions, Inc. I bought it because I happen to like the Schulz cartoons, and because I'd read that children were having a good time finding out what Charlie Brown, Lucy, Linus, Snoopy, and the others considered happiness—and then making definitions of their own. Perhaps they discovered the bit of philosophy which should be learned early: that happiness mostly comes in small packages and is often fleeting and that it is sometimes only removal of pain. Happiness to Linus is "finally getting the sliver out" (Lucy operating); to adults perhaps it may mean removal of missiles from Cuba. Happiness is also "three friends in a sandbox and no fighting"—which, if you know the inflammatory nature of Lucy, is a miracle.

This time of year we usually begin to pay attention to the more serious nonfiction books. The group is so large that it is hard to select from it, but two books especially seem to call for special reviews. They discuss facts and events young people might take for granted but which have been, and are, most important to us nationally.

One is **"Forever Free: The Story of the Emancipation Proclamation," by Dorothy Sterling,** illustrated by Ernest Crichlow (Doubleday, $2.95). The subject is timely because this year is the centennial of the signing of the Proclamation. The book is effective, journalistic, dramatic, sometimes emotional in its style. It may not be the best work on the subject to be published in 1963: the rest of the year may bring others.

But this first one does give a sense of immediacy as it opens in Boston. "The Music Hall filled up early for a grand jubilee concert. Everyone who was anyone in literary New England was there. . . ." As they waited for the orchestra to tune up, Ralph Waldo Emerson climbed to the stage to read "a string of verses, a sort of Boston hymn" that he had written that morning. It was ten in the evening before the news of the signing came through: "The roar of applause could be heard all the way to Boston Common." The effect is of general jubilation; but there were those, even in the North, who did not celebrate. The issues sometimes were not quite as clear-cut as presented by this author: see **"Concise Dictionary of American History"** (Scribners, $19.50) for a more judiciously balanced account, if not such a stirring one.

However, it is hard to keep a balance, and it is sadly illuminating to note that the history of Virginia provided for the seventh grades in all the state's schools has as appendix the whole of the Virginia constitution, which begins by stating that "all men are by nature equally free and independent" and that one of their inherent rights is "pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." Yet later we read: "Mixed schools are prohibited, white and colored children shall not be taught in the same school." However, things should eventually turn out well in a state where they not only pursue happiness but obtain it.

The other situation that cannot be taken for granted is found in **"The Friendly Frontier: The Story of the Canadian-American Border," by Edith Patterson Meyer** (Little, Brown, $4.75).

Did you know that in Lincoln's time there was actually a song about Secretary of State Seward, sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"?

> Secession first he would put down,/
> Wholly and forever,/ And afterwards from Britain's crown,/ He Canada would sever.

When the St. Lawrence Seaway was opened, Queen Elizabeth II unveiled a monument inscribed:

> This stone bears witness to the common purpose of two nations, whose frontiers are the frontiers of friendship, whose ways are the ways of freedom, and whose works are the works of peace.

The author goes on to tell us: "The frontiers of friendship between Canada and the United States have not come about easily. Peace between neighboring countries does not just happen; it has to be worked for continually and energetically . . . the full benefits of a friendly frontier are still not completely realized, largely because of the indifference and ignorance of each neighbor about the other."

The narrative that follows tells a story that I am sure has not been clear in all its details to the twelve-to-fourteen-year-old. "A stake near a Yellow Birch Tree, hooped with Iron" was probably the first marker on the boundary line; it showed the place where Champlain spent the winter in 1604 and was used as the eastern end of the frontier. The hazards and handicaps of marking the boundary in wild country and over mountains are described. There was no fence or wall. The boundary was marked by forty-three iron pillars, also by stone pyramids and wooden posts. Later, more uniform markers were set up, of cast iron as well as lighter aluminum that could be carried up the mountains, and there was some barbed wire to contain the stock on the plains.

Up to and after the marking of the boundary, Indians drifted back and forth across the border. Sitting Bull and his Sioux strained relations considerably by insisting they were Canadians. "Canada is now our home," Sitting Bull announced. It was not until he and his people were almost starved that they moved back to the States.

Relations between the two countries are summed up, and in conclusion the author quotes from the bronze plaque on the International Bridge, which states, perhaps a little pontifically, that the unfortified frontier should be "a lesson of peace to all nations."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reviews that follow are for young people aged twelve to fourteen unless otherwise specified, as many publishers do not indicate the age level for this group. Some of them will also be read by people older than fourteen.*

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FABLES FROM AESOP. *Retold by James Reeves. Illustrated by Maurice Wilson. Walck.* 124 *pp.* $3.50. Everyone is "retelling," trying to adapt the old stories to the twentieth century, sometimes succeeding, more often not. This retelling of Aesop's fables by an English writer and poet embellishes the bare narratives and has the animals talk—as La Fontaine did in French with considerably more grace. It is possible that children will prefer the less formal telling, with cheerful, well-reproduced pictures, but the virtue of the fables seemed to many to be that they were succinct and unadorned. Some of the fables have recently appeared in single picture books, simply and directly told. Ages 9-12.

CHILDREN IN HISTORY. I. The Middle Ages. II. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. III. The Eighteenth Century. IV. The Nineteenth Century. *Dufour Editions, Philadelphia.* 152 *pp. ea.* $1.95 *ea.* Usually I do not think that English books (except original fantasies) are better than ours, but at a time when many of ours are overblown and overpriced, some English editions may seem more functional. These four little volumes are neat, light, well illustrated with line drawings, and they are easy to read without being vocabularized. They seem to be schoolbooks, because those in a companion set on early civilizations (also useful introductory books) tell us on the covers that they are "produced for elementary schools." Be that as it may, they could supply American children with excellent background material for an understanding of our original settlers who came from Britain. The style is direct, addressed to the children ("if you had lived in this century"); the chapters are equally direct: "How They Dressed," "Where They Lived," "Helping at Home," "In the Town," "In the Country," "Playing," "Travelling About."

Though interesting and amusing, the chapters on clothing are sometimes pathetic. In the seventeenth century, for instance, even very small girls wore corsets. A letter from a father tells why his daughter Elizabeth died when only two years old: "I had the advice of a very able physician . . . his judgment was that her iron bodice was her pain; and hindered her lungs to grow . . . two of her ribs were broken." Country children did not have to be so fashionable and were more fortunate than Elizabeth. Not aged. 9-12?

THE FIRST BOOK OF STONE AGE MAN. *By Alice Dickinson. Pictures by Lorence Bjorklund. Watts.* 82 *pp.* $1.95. If this careful and explicit book does nothing but make writers think before they attribute everything to "cave man," it will have accomplished something. It should also make children realize that early man did not live in caves *all* the time, and that there were several glacial ages. When I was an editor I lived so often and so thoroughly through "cave man's" exploits in manuscript form that I am a little oversensitive to them. This book, with its carefully detailed illustrations, is recent enough to take in the latest discovery in Africa—the skull of Zinjanthropus, which was found on the shores of an ancient lake. Ages 9 up.

—From "Fables from Aesop."

MEET SOVIET RUSSIA. Book One: Land, People, Sights. Book Two: Leaders, Politics, Problems. *By John Gunther. Illustrated by Grisha. Harper & Row. Vol. I.* 260 *pp. Vol. II.* 246 *pp.* $3.50 *ea.* By now John Gunther's travel-observation books are so well known that they really need no review. These two volumes will give young people a fairly accurate view of Soviet Russia, though some of the descriptions of people may be a little dated; the second book, which presents leaders, politics, problems, seems more up to date. Mr. Gunther explains Khrushchev in considerable detail, but I don't go along with either pronunciation or humor when he says that the name is pronounced "Crew-shove with an accent on the 'shove.'" There are a number of seeming *non sequiturs.* For instance, the author remarks that there are few pets in Russia because it costs too much to feed them. "But once I ran into a dachshund on a leash made of grocery string." At the end he concludes that "the Russians like the weather are here to stay" —so it is our duty to try to understand them. We may have made a beginning in these books—but there should be others, of different types, to follow.

RUSSIA UNDER THE CZARS. *By the editors of Horizon Magazine. Author: Henry Moscow. Consultant: Cyril E. Black, professor of history, Princeton University. Illustrated with paintings, prints, engravings, and maps. American Heritage.* 154 *pp.* $3.95. By now everyone knows that six Horizon Caravel books a year have come to supplement the six Heritage Books. Of those published recently, "Knights of the Crusades," "Russia Under the Czars," and "Alexander the Great" seem the most interesting in their presentation. There are picturesque details omitted from more formal histories: we see an extraordinary little primitive painting of Peter the Great and his boy army with their cannon that really fired. Peter and his troops "soldiered almost incessantly. When Peter's tutor called him to his lessons, Peter tethered him to a tree, with a bottle of liquor to keep him quiet." The book adds to young people's knowledge of pre-Communist Russia, and, in the nature of the events, features violence. At the end, crowded into the last page, Khrushchev is briefly presented at the U.N. "Waving his arms and banging his shoe, he was as boisterous as Peter the Great," a not too accurate comparison.

"Alexander the Great," by Charles Mercer, sweeps through the Macedonian's conquests with great rapidity until stopped by the Himalayas and the refusal of his army to proceed. Most pertinent, however, are the views of Alexander and his armies as seen by artists of various countries. The Altdorfer endpapers are spectacular.

One wonders whether these books are simply summing up wars from present-day viewpoints, or providing spirited pictures that enable boys to "play at soldiers," without, of course, any identification with the men dying in the foreground. One wonders also whether the girls who may belong to the Heritage-Horizon Book Club get too much of this in relation to the number of books published? There are, of course, non-war books, including "Westward on the Oregon Trail," "Great Days of the Circus," "The Pilgrims and Plymouth Colony."

THE PEOPLES OF AFRICA. *By Colin Turnbull. Illustrated by Richard M. Powers.* **HORSEMEN OF THE STEPPES.** *By Walter A. Fairservis, Jr. Illustrated by Richard M. Powers.* **SLAVIC PEOPLES.** *By Thomas Caldecot Chubb. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. World.* 128 *pp. ea.* $3.50. *ea.* These three volumes in the dozen making up the Major Cultures of the World series are handsome and competent; each presents a civilization as adequately as it can be depicted in 128 pages, including pictures—which tend to be overdecorative rather than informative.

"The Peoples of Africa," latest of the group, is also the most interesting. It supplies a basis for the study of the continent in other books, because it goes back to earliest history and types of people. Colin Turnbull knows Africa: he is an anthropologist and at present assistant curator in charge of African ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History. Mr. Turnbull discusses the beginning of man in Africa, and divides the people into the hunters, the pastoralists, and the cultivators.

Making a strong case for tribal tradition, as seen in its own context, he says, "Contact with the Western world has been far too rapid for tradition to be able to adapt itself effectively. For instance, in many areas colonial powers have forbidden certain initiation rites, marriage practices or ceremonial festivals." He explains the difficulties in Kenya between pastoralists like the Masai, who feel they are superior to other men because their god gave them cattle (they also, I have read, help themselves to those of other people), and the Kikuyu, who are cultivators. Although Mr. Turnbull's confidence in the moral code of the tribe is perhaps stronger than that of some other writers, his explanation helps greatly in understanding the more primitive peoples.

Mr. Chubb, in his discussion of early

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Slavic peoples, has less patience with "pagan" customs, and an entirely different approach to primitive religion, while Mr. Fairservis, an anthropologist, gives a realistic view of "The Horsemen of the Steppes," the "barbarians" before whom great civilizations fell. It is worth while to read several of these books together and compare the viewpoints.

AFGHANISTAN. *By Christine Weston. Illustrated with photographs by the author and others. Scribners.* 162 *pp.* $3.95. "Why do we have books for young people about such little known countries?" someone recently asked me. The reason is that no country can now remain "remote and unknown." Afghanistan, Christine Weston tells us, is one of the least predictable places left in the modern world. If you look at that country's place on the endpaper map, you will see that it borders on Iran, the USSR, Pakistan, Kashmir—with a finger of land even extending into China; and most of those border countries are in the news. We marvel at Mrs. Weston's courage in tackling this rough and primitive terrain; fortunately, her practiced writing takes us safely through it. Among the most interesting chapters are those on "Social Customs" and "Women," where we learn that women, unveiled, are objects of suspicion, while veiled ones, in their heavy *chadris*, are certainly not beautiful.

The book offers, of course, an outsider's viewpoint: the author, who grew up in India, has not lived in Afghanistan, but she is a skilled observer.

CAMBODIA: Land of Contrasts. *By Ruth Tooze. Illustrated with photographs. Viking.* 144 *pp.* $4. Most of us who work with children's books know Ruth Tooze and her enthusiasm for storytelling and reading. This she transmitted to many children in our own schools and undoubtedly did the same for the children of Cambodia when sent there by the Foreign Aid division of our government. About as large as the State of Missouri, Cambodia is but one of the group of strategically and ideologically important countries on that Asian peninsula coveted by Communism: Laos, Vietnam, Thailand, Malaya—their names come in and out of the news. Mrs. Tooze tells us what we need to know about Cambodia, its people, their work and customs, schools and government. Always she is the sympathetic worker and observer, never the tourist. This is a picture of a tiny country living almost entirely on its rice culture, and on fish, "backward" in many ways, unsanitary and therefore unable to conquer disease, but also having a happiness of its own.

STARS, MOSQUITOES AND CROCODILES: The American Travels of Alexander von Humboldt. *Selected and edited by Millicent E. Selsam. Illustrated by Russell Francis Peterson. Harper & Row.* 170 *pp.* $3.50. Millicent E. Selsam, herself a science writer, notes that every geography textbook owes something to Humboldt and to the

—From "Stars, Mosquitoes and Crocodiles."

maps that he made. While in Ecuador Humboldt climbed Chimborazo, then thought to be the highest mountain in the world. Mrs. Selsam goes on to show his other contributions, including plant geography. In spite of its alluring title, "Stars, Mosquitoes and Crocodiles" is a book for young people with special interests, or for use as a reference work. One chapter, "A Side Trip to Cuba," includes a section headed "Reflections on Slavery," which speaks particularly of the hard lot of the West Indian slave attached to a sugar estate. This is an attractive book with decorative formal illustrations. Ages 12 up.

NOMUSA AND THE NEW MAGIC. *By Reba Paeff Mirsky. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Follett.* 190 *pp.* $3.50. "Before I went to school, words were like fireflies which shone brightly for a little while, then were gone before I could catch them. Here they are caught in a book for everyone to see." Nomusa, daughter of a Zulu chief, is reading to her brother, who is awed by this ability, as her family is awed by her growing knowledge of the new medicine, for Nomusa is preparing herself to become a nurse. In the first chapter she has to prove herself, as her mother gives birth to twin babies while working in the field. No real details are given, but the reader is bound to have a feeling of pleasure to learn that the Zulus call the time of pregnancy "being beautiful."

This is a sequel to "Thirty-One Brothers and Sisters" and "Seven Grandmothers." The author has lived among the Zulus and seems to understand their transition from tribal superstitions to new beliefs. Obviously, there will be another book in which Nomusa is a full-fledged nurse. We hope older girls who earlier will have found her a pleasing friend will be willing to continue with her in this rather young-looking but attractive pictorial format.

AMERICA SAILS THE SEAS. *By John O'Hara Cosgrave II. Houghton Mifflin.* 95 *pp.* $5. Everyone is familiar with Mr. Cosgrave's pictures of ships. His wide knowledge of them and his careful use of detail have made his work popular with ship-lovers. Here he provides a brief pictorial history of American ships, from dugout canoes to the nuclear submarine, and a picture of the N.S. *Savannah.* Of some boats he gives cross sections, of others carefully diagrammed sails. The pages are alternately printed in green and black and blue and black, presumably for variety in color. A child of ten will use it as a picture book, but interest will continue upward.

THE PICTURE HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY. *By Patrick Moore. Illustrated with engravings, diagrams, photographs, and paintings. Grosset & Dunlap.* 253 *pp.* $5.95. Patrick Moore may be an amateur astronomer, as one reviewer has said, but the back flap of the book jacket tells us that "he was officially admitted to the British Astronomical Association at the astonishing age of eleven. By then he already had nine years of astronomical study behind him." Perhaps the British Astronomical Association is kind to very young but earnest astronomers. At all events, Mr. Moore has written an interesting and efficient history of astronomy, illustrated with many dramatic pictures. Planets, the Great Nebulae, planetariums, northern lights are all effective in color. The book ends with the flights of Gagarin and Shepard and the Russian photographs of the reverse side of the moon.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE RENAISSANCE. *Adapted for young readers by Irwin Shapiro from "The Horizon Book of the Renaissance." Golden Press.* 168 *pp.* $5. "The Horizon Book of the Renaissance" is large, has in general better reproductions, and costs $17.50. The Golden Press book is $5, and easier to read for young people up to fourteen. Shapiro falls into the traditional manner of talking of this period as "an awakening from the long sleep and dark dreams of the Middle Ages." He does say that it didn't happen "suddenly" and that no one agrees when it began or ended.

His shortened, rewritten text passes quickly over the invention of movable type and the discovery of America; and history does not keep pace with art, as it did in the Horizon book. The quality of the many paintings that are reproduced varies with the amount of color correction done on the plates. Young people will, however, find enjoyment in the book and gain from it a good deal of information.

—From "The Golden Book of the Renaissance".

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Current Books

Continued from page 40

& Row. $3.95. A lighthearted report on the author's career as a spy for Germany in World War II, for which he was paid in counterfeit money.

SERVANT OF PEACE. By Dag Hammarskjöld. Harper & Row. $6.

JOURNALS OF CHARLES BEATTY, 1762-1769. Edited by Guy S. Klett. Penn State. $6.

CADENUS: A Reassessment of the Relationships Between Swift, Stella and Vanessa *in the Light of New Evidence*. By Sybil LeBrocquy. Oxford. $5.

THE EARLY GOEBBELS DIARIES. Edited by Helmut Heiber. Praeger. $5.50.

CHILDREN OF THE A-BOMB: The Testament of the Boys and Girls of Hiroshima. Compiled by Dr. Arata Osada. Putnam. $4.50.

INNOCENT IN ALASKA. By Margaret Knudsen Burke with John Springer. Coward-McCann. $4.95. The story of the first woman telephone operator in the Territory, who set out for Alaska in 1904 at the age of eighteen.

MY LIFE: The Memoirs of Claude Bowers. Simon & Schuster. $6.50. Recollections of the former U.S. Ambassador to Chile and, before that, to Spain.

HERE I RAISE MINE EBENEZER. By Mrs. Kemper Campbell. Simon & Schuster. $4.50. A one-time Los Angeles assistant district attorney recalls her childhood in a Seventh Day Adventist family, her years of legal practice with her husband, and her retirement to operating a guest ranch.

JOSEPHINE. By Hubert Cole. Viking. $6. A sympathetic portrait of Napoleon's first empress.

A LION IN COURT. By Vincent Hallinan. Putnam. $4.95. Reminiscences of the controversial attorney who first achieved fame with his defense of Harry Bridges.

THE DUCHESS OF DINO: A Life of Dorothea of Courland, Mistress to Talleyrand. By Philip Ziegler. John Day. $5.95.

THAT SUMMER IN PARIS: Memories of Tangled Friendships with Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Some Others. By Morley Callaghan. Coward-McCann. $5. (*SR*, Jan. 12, 1963.)

THE NEHRUS: Motilal and Jawaharlal. By B. R. Nanda. John Day. $6.75.

I MEET RAJAJI. By Monica Felton. St. Martin's. $4.75. An informal biography of India's first Governor-General, Chakravarti Rajagopalachari.

JOHN ANDERSON: Viscount Waverley. By Sir John W. Wheeler-Bennett. St. Martin's. $10.

MY LIFE. By Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello, Sardauna of Sokoto. Cambridge. $5.50.

CAPTAIN MEDWIN: Friend of Byron and Shelley. By Ernest J. Lovell, Jr. University of Texas. $5.75.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH. Edited by Mark Bonham Carter. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

UNTITLED: The Diary of My 72nd Year. By Morris Ernst. Luce. $4.95.

Writers and Writing

THE EVOLUTION OF WALT WHITMAN: The Creation of a Book. By Roger Asselineau. Belknap-Harvard University. $7.50.

STRUCTURE AND MOTIF IN FINNEGANS WAKE. By Clive Hart. Northwestern University. $6.95.

RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE LYRICS: An Anthology of Translations from the Italian, French, and Spanish. Edited by Harold M. Priest. Northwestern. $5.

THE FINE ART OF LITERARY MAYHEM: A Lively Account of Famous Writers and Their Feuds. By Myrick Land. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5 (*SR*, Jan. 5, 1963.)

JOHN DONNE'S LYRICS: The Eloquence of Action. By Arnold Stein. Minnesota. $5.

EDWIN MUIR. By P. H. Butter. Evergreen Pilot. Paperback, 95¢.

HENRIK IBSEN. By G. Wilson Knight. Evergreen Pilot. Paperback, 95¢.

JAMES JOYCE. By S. L. Goldberg. Evergreen Pilot. Paperback, 95¢.

MARK TWAIN. By Douglas Grant. Evergreen Pilot. Paperback, 95¢.

THE ART OF FAULKNER'S NOVELS. By Peter Swiggart. University of Texas. $4.50.

THE MYSTICAL POETRY OF HENRY VAUGHAN. By Robert Allen Durr. Harvard. $4.50.

PUZZLES AND EPIPHANIES. By Frank Kermode. Chilmark. $4.95. Salinger, William Golding, Nabokov, Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell are among those considered by erudite young English critic in first collection of literary essays.

History

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALY. By H. Hearder and D. P. Waley. Cambridge. $3.95.

CAMBRIDGE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE. Vol. III: Economic Organization and Policies in the Middle Ages. Edited by M. M. Postan, E. E. Rich, and Edward Miller. Cambridge. $13.50.

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MIRO. By Jacques Dupin. Translated by

WILD OR WOOLY: No one is sure of the exact original context of critic Louis Vauxcelles's famous phrase about the wild beasts. The remark was first uttered at an exhibition in Paris of the bold and brilliant canvases of Vlaminck, Derain, Marquet, Matisse, and others. Matisse accompanied Vauxcelles to the showing, and some say the comment was inspired by a great hairy overcoat the artist wore. At any rate, the following day Vauxcelles repeated the label in print in his review of the exhibition, and Les Fauves were born. **"Les Fauves,"** by Jean-Paul Crespelle (New York Graphic Society, $25.) contains 100 color plates of their paintings.

Marquet, self-portrait.

Vlaminck, self-portrait.

Derain, by Vlaminck.

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Norbert Guterman. Abrams. Illustrated. $35.

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PROVING GROUND: An Account of the Radiobiological Studies in the Pacific, 1946-1961. By Neal O. Hines. University of Washington. $6.75.

Intellectuals

Continued from page 45

and intellect captivated the geniuses, none of them, including Freud, attempted to analyze her secret in psychological terms. Mr. Peters is equally prudent, and contents himself with making the legend of Lou believable. He has succeeded admirably. Lou herself remains elusive, but the facets of her personality are reflected in the eyes of her admirers. Homer, after all, did not do more for Helen of Troy.

Masks of Laughter

"Lives of the Wits," by Hesketh Pearson *(Harper & Row. 318 pp. $5.95), reveals some remarkable parallels in the personal histories of men such as Swift, Johnson, Gilbert and Chesterton. Burling Lowrey edited "Twentieth Century Parody."*

By BURLING LOWREY

UPON seeing himself reflected on every side by a mirror in an eighteenth-century French drawing room, Sydney Smith, the brilliant English clergyman-wit, quipped: "I took it for a meeting of the clergy and was delighted, of course." This charming jest typifies Hesketh Pearson's talent for selecting telling, character-revealing detail from the lives of great literary men.

His book is a compendium of what Mr. Pearson prefers to call "biographies-in-miniature." The subjects include Swift, Samuel Johnson, Disraeli, Whistler, Shaw, Chesterton, and other great English wits from the eighteenth century on. Having already written full-length biographies of nine of these figures, Mr. Pearson is eminently qualified to undertake an experiment of this kind.

His method is refreshingly old-fashioned. He neither debunks nor psychoanalyzes. Instead, he dwells on the "outer" man, objective manifestations of character and personality. Thus the reader is furnished with an abundance of facts concerning such matters as early schooling, attempts at finding an occupation, accounts of love affairs, and, especially appropriate for this magnificent gallery, memorable witticisms, quoted in context and under the circumstances in which they were delivered. Happily, Mr. Pearson is no mere compiler of data, and he synthesizes his material beautifully.

The chief interest of the book lies not so much in the events in these lives, since these are well known, but rather in the remarkable parallels that exist in such things as family upbringing, environment, schooling, temperament. For example, most of these wits suffered all their lives from the social, economic, and emotional deprivations of their childhoods. Swift felt socially inferior; Johnson suffered from ill health and from having been a poor boy among wealthy students; Sheridan as a child was mocked for being the son of an actor, and spent most of his adult life compensating for this by status-seeking and hobnobbing with the rich and well-born; Whistler hated himself for being born in the wrong place at the wrong time and being christened with the wrong name; W. S. Gilbert had "a repressed mother and an oppressive father"; Shaw was brought up in a loveless home. Nearly all these remarkable men despised early formal schooling and rebelled against it, Chesterton referring to it as "the period during which I was being instructed by somebody I did not know about something I did not want to know."

Philandering was a popular diversion among most of them. At the same time, a surprising number suffered from some form of sexual maladjustment. Shaw never slept with his wife; Swift and Chesterton dallied with women but remained celibate; Wilde, of course, was a flaming homosexual.

Finally, many of these figures, as adults, either actively participated in or dabbled in politics, suggesting that wits perhaps have a power drive that transcends their own literary efforts. Unfortunately, Mr. Pearson does not explain fully enough what bearing all these factors had on the type of crushing conversational wit practiced by these men.

Mr. Pearson, being interested in what these wits did apart from writing,

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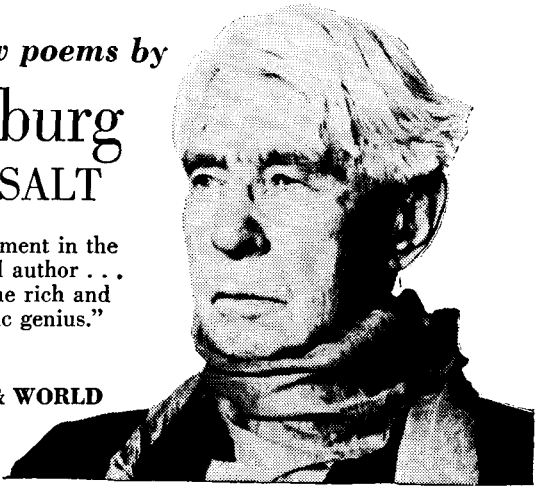

William A. Smith

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has given us a side to their characters that is seldom explored—their compulsion to talk, talk, talk, anywhere and any place: in Parliament, in coffee ouses, in taverns, at private social gatherings, wherever there was an audience to be enthralled or an adversary to needle. Here we have Sydney Smith convulsing his audiences to the point of tears; Wilde, the greatest talker of his day, spellbinding any and all who would listen; Chesterton, talking in Thomas Wolfeian torrents, unconscious of "time, place, or climatic conditions"; Max Beerbohm, laughing uproariously at his own jokes. The combination of gregariousness and intellectual and physical vitality in these great wits is wonderful for the reader to behold, and Hesketh Pearson etches these qualities brilliantly.

However, other areas of his subjects' lives are treated less satisfactorily because of his tendency to oversimplify and dismiss too quickly complex behavior patterns. For example, of Oscar Wilde he says:

> This odd conjunction of an immature sensibility with a superabundant intelligence, a condition that did not change and may have been due to some glandular defect, explains his social behavior and his sexual constitution.

As it stands, this statement is next to meaningless. Unfortunately, the biographer lets it stand.

AS TO THE actual witticisms, which are sprinkled generously throughout the book in the context of time and place, they are unforgettable. Among those that are likely to linger after the book has been read:

Sydney Smith, commenting on Milmain's History of Christianity, "No man should write on such subjects unless he is prepared to go the whole *lamb*."

James Whistler, in answer to the question, "Do you think genius is hereditary?" "I can't tell you. Heaven has granted me no offspring."

Samuel Johnson, after the performance of a famous violinist was described as difficult, "Difficult, do you call it, sir? I wish it were impossible."

Gilbert Chesterton, on the emancipation of women, "Twenty million young women rose to their feet with the cry *We will not be dictated to*, and promptly became stenographers."

Max Beerbohm, commenting on Zuleika Dobson, "For those who like his sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they like."

All in all, Hesketh Pearson has performed a great service in bringing to life some of the most engaging personalities that have ever lived.

No sugar no superlatives

On December 2, the front page of the *New York Times Book Review* was devoted to an essay by Edward Weeks, distinguished editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Weeks' article was concerned in part with the publisher's problem of introducing readers to novelists worth reading. Mr. Weeks' commentary speaks for itself; the italics are ours.

> ***"The best first novel of this year is Morte D'Urban by J. F. Powers.*** This is not a book which came out of the blue, written by an unknown. On the contrary, it is by a fine prose stylist whose two books of short stories, ***Prince of Darkness*** and ***The Presence of Grace*** were reviewed with admiration . . .
>
> ***"Will this funny and at times most moving story, Morte D'Urban, find enough adventurous readers to give Powers the audience he deserves?*** . . . And how long can the publisher afford to advertise *Morte D'Urban?* . . . In these days of mounting costs, the life of a book has grown perilously short, and if there is no reaction within the first two months, its promotion will cease.
>
> ***"And what words shall the publisher use to entice the reader?*** Blurbs and advertisements are now so loaded with unwarranted superlatives that there is no sugar left. Nor belief on the part of the beholder."

Morte D'Urban's publishers respond with an advertisement in which Mr. Weeks will find no superlatives save his own. We feel it fair to point out, however, that he is far from alone in his opinion of *Morte D'Urban,* and, in respectful rebuttal to his pessimism, we cite growing numbers of "adventurous readers" who are discovering with delight J. F. Powers' new novel.

We hope that you will soon be among them.

MORTE D'URBAN

J. F. POWERS

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DOUBLEDAY

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Fiction

Continued from page 44

concocted by sensitive women who feel compelled to whisper in the presence of something so awe-inspiring, noble, and godlike as the Creative Act.
—SELDEN RODMAN.

THE OLD SCHOOL GARROTE: "You can always tell an Etonian." "Yes, but it's no good." The old joke was very much at the back of my mind while reading **"The Fourth of June,"** by David Benedictus (Dutton, $3.95). I doubt whether it would be the least good telling the author, who, tongue in cynical cheek, has turned out a *conte scabreux* calculated to make prurient snobs and sadists the world over dive for the nearest bookshop. It is clever, cold, cruel, and —paradoxically—tainted with just the sort of mannered vulgarity that Etonians affect to despise. While its general atmosphere and conversational tone are authentic to a degree—Mr. Benedictus writes a sort of precocious cad's mandarin, which those acquainted with, say, Cyril Connolly's "Enemies of Promise" will instantly recognize—its incidents and characters, on the other hand, suggest compensation-fantasy of a rather nasty sort.

We have a voyeuristic bishop, addicted to peering through girls' bedroom windows at night; a titled lady, known among her intimates as "Lady Hormones," who first procures a chorus girl for her virginal son, and then rapes his housemaster when the little monster's threatened with expulsion; a boy who hires his attractive young brother out to the Rowing Eight at three shillings a go; other boys who strangle pet sparrows or urinate in honey-pots by way of a joke; and a proletarian scholarship boy, the central figure in this unsavory narrative, who's so appallingly uncouth that one wonders whether Mr. Benedictus hasn't perhaps got stuck with more of his alma mater's prejudices than he realizes.

It was unwise of him, to say the least, in what purports to be satire directed *against* Etonian malpractices, to present his victim as a squat, nose-picking, pin-headed, evangelistic oaf, a naïve blubbering creature who's scared of thunderbolts and in general resembles "the Great Panjandrum himself with a little round button at top." It was unwiser still to suggest that this fantasy-projection was an East Anglian farmer's son from Diss. It so happens that I live some six miles from Diss myself, and most of the farmer's sons I know in the area—including a couple of Old Etonians—are muscular six-footers with shoulders like trucks. Scarfe, the grammar-school boy, so earnest, so despised, so pusillanimous when beaten, hints at the ambivalent *odi et amo* streak running through Mr. Benedictus's supposed revelations.

The truth of the matter is, I suspect, that Etonians will love this novel: it highlights just those vices—sexual precocity, premature sophistication, open snobbery, ritual sadism—which carry most *cachet* in the English upper-class mind. "The Fourth of June" exploits a myth; in its own way it is rather akin to the British Travel and Holiday Association's advertisements in America, and, like them, it will almost certainly attract a large public that prefers myths to reality. The prospect tempts me to make a noise (if I may borrow one of Mr. Benedictus's charming similes) "like a *basso profundo* vomiting his breakfast in an echo-chamber."
—PETER GREEN.

BOTH ADAM AND CAIN: If ever I meet an Irishman who can—or even tries to—tell a plain, straightforward tale without songs, sprites, bawdy jokes, religion, trickery, violence, idiocy, and assorted fandangos, I shall go into mourning, sure that glory has departed from the earth, that poetry has been killed by computers.

Fortunately, this dreadful day is not yet upon us. For in **"Rebel to Judgment"** (Obolensky, $3.95) Anthony C. West writes as if he had never left his native parish in County Down, although he came to this country as a lad in 1930. He is one of the great breed of lusty, quarrelsome, loquacious, mystical men who can roam the world, squandering their substance but never bartering their birthright, a mystery to baffle the intellect but lighten the heart.

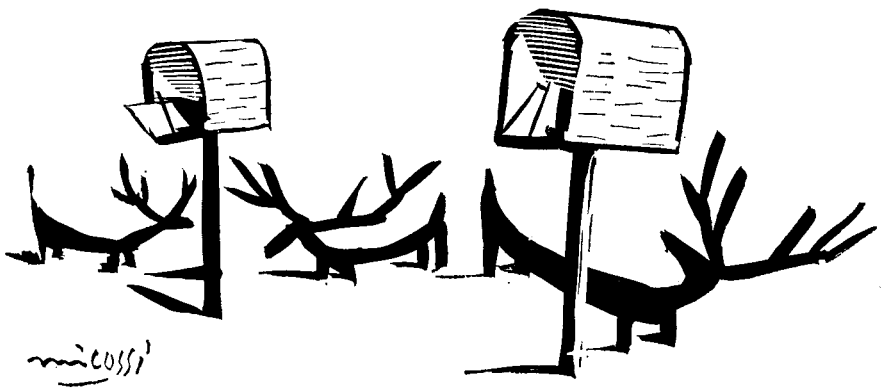
The hero of this novel is a peasant boy named Adam; he is also Cain, for he slays, without warning or premeditation, a kind of Abel, a man who has done him no wrong but is desired by a village woman who shares with the landlord's lovely young wife the part of Eve, the temptress.

There are other echoes of the Bibl story. In Genesis, Cain's punishment is exile, but he is divinely protected from mortal avengers; in the novel, the murder remains unsolved and the youthful killer is removed from the district to attend a better school.

Traces of other mythologies appear in this symbol-heavy tale: peacocks, whose iris feathers are so drab when plucked; a lunatic who drowns seeking the reflected moon; a clay manikin, cherished to induce love or tormented to cause pain and death. The local landowner stands for authority, obeyed and feared, but also mocked in a farcical shambles of parading "volunteer." Overthrown as a representative of law, when he dies mad he is replaced immediately by his widow's new husband, another Britisher (for County Down is in Northern Ireland, still part of the United Kingdom). Wealth and poverty, laughter and tragedy, the mixture is much as before.

Strangest and loveliest of the symbolic figures is Adam's mother. We are not told her name, but she speaks in the voice of Sophia, or Divine Wisdom, as she exhorts the boy to love peace, the Greek classics, and Shakespeare's sonnets. How she first came to the village or why she married Adam's surly clod of a father is not explained, but, though she often has the shining aspect of an unearthly visitant, she is the practical means of his escape to a wider world.

Whether the author intended any of these allusions it is impossible to say. He can be realistic enough when he wishes; but the narrative thread is often lost in a spate of words, and the meaning of sentences has to be disentangled from double negatives or bramble patches of disordered dreams. One thing, however, is certain: it is as Irish as all get out, and for that we must be duly thankful. —AILEEN PIPPETT.



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TV AND RADIO

Gift of Value

TELEVISION recently offered a significant reminder that altruism remains a stubborn, mysterious, and hopeful fact in human behavior. The testimonial came in the form of a program in the NBC "Chet Huntley Reporting" series. In this report, presented during a week of religious significance to both Christians and Jews, Mr. Huntley narrated a group of vignettes in which viewers met six Christians who risked their lives during World War II to help Jewish children and adults escape from the Nazi holocaust. One rescuer, who died in a concentration camp after he was captured by the Nazis, was seen in still photographs as his story was told by his wife.

It is difficult to imagine that even those most hostile to the idea of altruism would condemn the selflessness and the courage of the half-dozen European Christians introduced on Mr. Huntley's program. Three still live in Europe; the other three are in the United States. Two of the six are women. One man is a contractor, another man works in Los Angeles, a fifth is a Catholic priest, and the man who died was a newspaper editor. In France, Poland, the Ukraine, Italy, and Holland, each of the six was impelled by his own sense of right to enter into sustained underground work to succor and release from the Nazi net innocent victims marked for extermination. It is widely known today that the German people as a whole did very little to help the Jews caught in the Nazi venture into genocide. The evidence that some Europeans, even Germans, acted bravely has not been so well publicized. I do not recall television having brought us before, in such moving terms, individuals whose actions in behalf of "wounded birds" affirm that the altruistic impulse still exists, however wanly, in a time when faith seems notably shrunken.

Strongest of the six vignettes were those that presented rescuers who spoke English. We could savor their personalities more directly. The French priest, the wife of the Italian editor, and the Polish lady, a librarian, spoke in their own languages. The newscaster, off camera, narrated while they spoke with a reporter on screen. This is an unsatisfactory solution to a difficult language barrier in television. The individual, shorn of speech, seems remote from us. But there was no diffusion of impact when Jeanne Dama, the Frenchwoman, told us in English why she joined the Jewish underground. She was a schoolteacher, and one day she had to hand over three kindergarten children to the Gestapo—their destination a gas chamber. It was the turning point of her life; it symbolized for her the helplessness of the Jews. She was able thereafter to participate in the hiding and rescue of 10,000 children.

The basis for the TV program was found by Gerald Green, the producer, in the existence in Israel today of a museum devoted to the experience of the European Jews during the Hitler period. Toward the end of the program, an American rabbi told of the organization in California of an Institute for Righteous Acts, a center to collect and document episodes of righteous human behavior while the people who participated in them still live. Under its auspices, he said, social scientists have begun an empirical study of the altruistic personality. What were the motives of the six Christian rescuers? These motives were humanistic and religious—decency, charity, justice, an impulse to help the weak, guilt at the thought of doing nothing. The priest felt grateful to the Jews for originating Christianity; the German was quickened to action by the fear that some day his own son would ask him: "What did you do?"

The motives given, however, may have been mere verbalizations; the deeper springs of their behavior may have been hidden even from the rescuers themselves. They were unpretentious people: they had every reason for standing aside, as the vast multitude did on this great road to Jericho. Yet when the opportunity came, their response was unequivocal. Is there a seed here that can be nurtured and propagated? It is good to know that another institution has come into being which is comparable to Pitirim A. Sorokin's Harvard Research Center in Altruistic Integration and Creativity, where systematic attention has been given to understanding "righteousness." The NBC program was an interesting, useful introduction to an important idea. The producer's handling of the elements was enterprising and the unity was skilfully managed. Whether or not it was intended to be a Christmas package, this issue of "Chet Huntley Reporting" was a television gift of value.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $10 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break – and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

Save the Children Federation is registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare

Serving Children for 32 Years

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐

Enclosed is my first payment:

$10.00 a month ☐ $ 60.00 semi-annually ☐

$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Contributions are income tax deductible. SR 1-19-3

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Excerpt from January Program Guide

JANUARY 1963

Wednesday 23

	P.M.
THE AMERICAN ECONOMY	4:30
ONCE UPON A DAY	5:00
WHAT'S NEW — **Honey Bees and Pollination.***	6:00
PROFILE: NEW JERSEY	6:30
RUSSIAN FOR BEGINNERS	7:00
DYNAMICS OF DESEGREGATION — **With Some Deliberate Speed.** Dr. Pettigrew and Dr. Martin Luther King discuss situation since 1954 Court Decision.*	7:30
♦**CASALS MASTER CLASS** — Pablo Casals in the art of the cello. Dvorak: **Concerto in B minor, Op. 104** (1st movement).*	8:00
♦**COURT OF REASON** — Dr. Robert K. Merton and guests examine controversial issues.	8:30
PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S PRESS CONFERENCE (if held)	9:30
THE WORLD AT TEN	10:00
♦**TURN OF THE CENTURY** — **The Big City.** Max Morath and Robert Benson examine rise of the city at the turn of the century.*	10:30
REFLECTIONS — A spiritual thought expressed through music.	11:00

Thursday 24

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY	4:30
ONCE UPON A DAY	5:00
WHAT'S NEW — **Log Drive.***	6:00
PROFILE: NEW JERSEY	6:30
JAPANESE BRUSH PAINTING — Simplified instruction in this delicate Japanese art. (R)*	7:00
TO BE ANNOUNCED	7:30
♦**OF MEN AND IDEAS** — *Weekly interview series with host Richard D. Heffner.*	8:00
♦**THE ROBERT HERRIDGE THEATRE** — **Ballad of Huck Finn** — Part III. Two scoundrels sell Jim back into slavery. Kurt Kazner, guest star.	9:00
M.I.T. SCIENCE REPORTER — Discussion of various aspects of scientific study.**	9:30
THE WORLD AT TEN**	10:00
♦**HEIFETZ MASTER CLASS** — Features Jascha Heifetz — artist and teacher — in a rare TV appearance. Brahms: **Violin Concerto** (1st movement); Bach: **Concerto for Two Violins.***	10:30
REFLECTIONS — A religious meditation.	11:00
AFTER HOURS (SCIENCE)	11:10

♦Programs of special interest
**Indicates National Educational Television programs*
***Indicates WGBH-TV, Boston, programs*
(R) Rebroadcast

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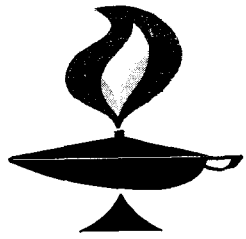

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editors: JOHN SCANLON, JAMES CASS

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement.
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Max Rafferty of California

FOUR and a half million children attend the public schools of the nation's most populous state. Their education is the responsibility of California's State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who is elected to his office by popular vote. Usually there is no real contest, but last fall two candidates staged a bitter fight that caused comment across the nation and gave California voters a chance to express their views on education. Now that the dust has settled a bit it seems a good time to try to see what the battle was all about and what the people voted for.

During the campaign newspaper headlines featured the struggle as one between Progressive Education and education of a more conservative kind that stressed the three R's. This was misleading because no progressive educator was running for office and neither candidate opposed the teaching of the three R's.

The candidate endorsed by teachers organizations, most professional educators, and many liberal organizations, was Ralph Richardson, a speech professor at UCLA who had been president of the Los Angeles Board of Education. His views on education were middle-of-the-road and he made it clear that he considered progressivism a dead issue in education. He endorsed such innovations as teaching machines, educational television, and team teaching and said that no child should enter high school "without having achieved mastery of the fundamentals of English."

His opponent, a former school superintendent named Max Rafferty, was an outspoken critic of the educational leadership and educational ideologies that have been dominant in California's schools for the past three decades. Rafferty promised to root out the "arch-progressives" from the schools and the State Department of Education and to bring back an emphasis on the fundamentals.

When I was in California during the campaign I could not find a single educator who thought well of Rafferty. Those with whom I talked were appalled by the violence of his attack, his assault on John Dewey, and his rejection of the broadened social responsibilities of the schools. Some were convinced that he was an opportunist who had seen a bandwagon and was quick to jump aboard. They could not understand how a professional educator could believe the things Rafferty was saying. Others agreed with his opponent that Rafferty was a reactionary who had "the finest mind of the twelfth century."

Although conservatism in education is by no means the same thing as conservatism in politics—many politically liberal scholars and other intellectuals have always been strong opponents of progressive education—Rafferty gained the support of politically conservative groups and even of the radical right, probably because he emphasized the teaching of patriotism. But the radical right is a minority even in California, and, as it turned out, Rafferty also had the support of a majority of the voters.

Rafferty won by a margin of 220,000 votes out of 5,000,000 cast. Whether he will be able to bring about much change in the schools remains to be seen, but if he fails to try he will be letting down the 2,600,000 voters who

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supported him. This makes his views important.

During the campaign Rafferty indulged in rhetorical excess that he probably would prefer to have forgotten. His more carefully considered views are on record in a recent book, "Suffer Little Children" (Devin-Adair, 166 pp., $3), which, it seems a safe guess, is being widely read by California's teachers.

What does Rafferty stand for and what is he against? If we may judge from his book he favors free enterprise and prefers democracy to Communism. He favors merit pay for teachers. He thinks teaching is an art rather than a science and that teachers should be firmly grounded in the subjects they are to teach. He proposes that school administrators should be required to pass comprehensive tests of general culture.

He rejects life adjustment as an educational goal and wants more emphasis not only on the three R's but on the academic disciplines. He believes that history and geography should not be combined into a social studies core but should be taught as separate subjects, with an emphasis on facts. He favors ability grouping and more homework.

To say, as his opponents do, that these views are "conservative" or "reactionary" is not an adequate appraisal. To be sure, they have the approval of Admiral Rickover and the Council for Basic Education but some of them also are consistent with the views of Thomas Jefferson, William James, James Conant, and even John Dewey.

Nothing is gained by applying, to such views, appellations borrowed from the political arena. There is nothing inherently either progressive *or* conservative about a conviction that children will learn best in the company of others of similar capacity for learning, that they should do some schoolwork at home, that teachers should be rewarded for excellence in teaching, or that school administrators should be liberally educated.

Many of Rafferty's views are consistent with the trends of American education in the 1960s—trends which, in many cases, are the antithesis of those of the Thirties, Forties, and early Fifties. They represent an effort to correct extremes in one direction by moving in the opposite direction. Just where the synthesis will be found is a proper subject for debate, and each of these issues should be fought out on its own merits. But the fundamental issue, as John Dewey said in 1938, "is not of new versus old education, nor of progressive against traditional education, but a question of what anything whatever must be to be worthy of the name *education*."

Max Rafferty

Now that he holds office, and must build and defend instead of attacking, Rafferty would be well advised to tone down his flamboyant prose style. He can write clearly when he wants to, but often he comes up with such gems as this: "The scarecrow figure of Pragmatic Progressivism rode tall in the saddle, brandishing the brittle lance of Behavioristic Psychology and armored with the invulnerable reputation of John Dewey."

SUCH rhetoric obscures more than it illuminates. As a professional educator with a Ph.D. in education, Rafferty must know that progressive education has not ridden tall in the saddle for a long time. He must know that John Dewey, long before his death, became a harsh critic of the excesses committed in the name of progressive education and cannot be held responsible for the weaknesses that Rafferty criticizes. He must know that progressive educators rejected behavioristic psychology more than thirty years ago when they transferred their allegiance to a confused misalliance of Gestalt psychology, organismic, field theory, and many varieties of psychoanalysis. This was one cause of their downfall, for they failed to develop a coherent theory of classroom learning and came to confuse education with therapy.

But Rafferty's election has a significance that educators cannot safely overlook. There now can be little doubt that the American people want some changes in their schools and that they prefer to place their confidence in educators who are willing to speak up for the fundamentals and to say what the fundamentals are. Rafferty has demonstrated that a man can move into the school superintendent's office of the largest state by using the three R's as a slogan and John Dewey as a scapegoat.

Now he faces the more formidable task of gaining the confidence of California's 150,000 teachers, and of developing an educational program consistent with the facts of individual differences in learning capacity, the wishes of the people, and the urgent demands of the last half of the twentieth century. Like the children of California, Max Rafferty has his homework cut out for him. —P.W.

Rafferty on Education

"Adjustment as an educational goal is a pricked balloon. To adjust to the twentieth century is to come to terms with madness. What is needed is the adjustment of our environment to ourselves, or rather to what we would like ourselves to be."

* * * *

"Education's first duty is to make possible the survival of our country."

* * * *

"Within the last year or two, we have witnessed the beginning of the Conservative Revolution in Education. Children are being grouped according to their abilities. Homework is being assigned to elementary children. Foreign languages are being taught down in the grades. Eighth-graders are studying Latin and algebra. Kindergarteners in a few places are even being taught to read. In California, teachers must now have an academic major or minor before they can qualify for credentials. Mark this: until just the other day, *all these things were considered heresy by my profession.*"

* * * *

"Class work should include in all schools memorization and drill in vital subjects, such as historical dates and names of great significance, the multiplication tables and number combinations, and passages from great works of prose and poetry so that the next generation will not inherit the cultural vacuum which we have inflicted upon the present one."

* * * *

"The schools—all of them—should teach the basic principles of our American free enterprise system, contrasting modern democratic capitalism point by point with totalitarian Communism and its system of complete control.

"None of these things are being done today except in a relatively few schools." —*Excerpts from "Suffer Little Children."*

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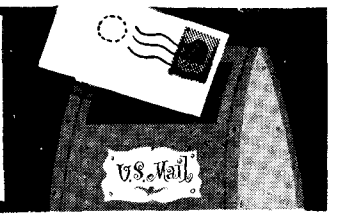
Letters to the Editor



HOW CLEA READS

I THOROUGHLY ENJOYED "Why Clea Can't Write" [*SR*, Dec. 15]. It's great! I can't write either—only like this [in manuscript print on foolscap.—Ed.], and I'm squeezing this in surreptitiously while my second-graders practice *their* writing. I should really be doing the register and/or lesson plans and/or book inventory and/or requisition for '63-'64—to say nothing of looking for that missing $1.02 for the ice cream money—but I just had to tell you how much I did like that article. (I read it in the tub.)

(Mrs.) MARY SCHNEIDER.
Huntington, N.Y.

ON IDIOTISMS

MAY I POINT OUT to you that the foreign student at the University of Oklahoma (REPORT CARD, Dec. 15) was using the English language correctly when he complained of the idiotisms, and he was not referring to stupidities.

The word *idiotism*, coming from the Greek for a private person, meant originally a homely or vulgar phrase. It now means "a current deviation or departure from the strict syntactical rules or usages of a language" (The Century Dictionary).

A current example is "We couldn't help but wonder" instead of "we couldn't help wondering" which you will also find in the same issue.

M. D. BIAL.
Summit, N.J.

GEOGRAPHY IN BALTIMORE

I HAVE READ with great interest Robert N. Saveland's "Whatever Happened to Geography?" [*SR*, Nov. 17]. I am heartily in accord with the theme of the article.

I feel, however, that I must put the record straight regarding geography in the Baltimore Public Schools, as the program was used as an example in the article.

In 1953, our social studies program in the seventh grade was reduced to six periods per week. But geography and history are still taught as *separate* subjects, one semester each. The total loss in actual time over the older program is only 360 minutes per year.

In addition, the author failed to mention that geography was formerly given in the eighth grade for three forty-minute periods per week for one semester (2,160 minutes). In the 1953 reorganization, eighth-grade geography was expanded to a full year with four fifty-minute periods per week (7,200 minutes). This represents a gain of 5,040 minutes in the eighth grade or a total gain of seventy-eight hours of instruction in the total geography program in the junior high school.

So Baltimore, rather than losing time, actually strengthened its geography curriculum. We also have a geography course in the senior high school on an elective basis.

We are in favor of Mr. Saveland's article but feel his example was carelessly taken.

EDWARD L. BILLER,
Supervisor of Geography,
Baltimore Public Schools.
Baltimore, Md.

STUDENTS CAN WORK A FULL WEEK

YOUR SERIES of articles on the topic "Colleges *Can* Operate All Year" [*SR*, Dec. 15] might well have a sequel: "College Students Can Work a Full Week."

The academic year has traditionally allowed college students much more leisure than industry and commerce have ever allowed their toilers. Now, as your articles show, colleges are putting their operations on a year-round basis and are giving their students the chance, if not the compulsion, to be in the business of learning for all but a small fraction of each calendar year.

Maybe the next step toward increasing the annual Gross National Product of the students at academic work in our colleges is to lengthen and intensify their work-weeks.

At Grand Valley State College, just started in Michigan and now in process of constructing its first buildings, the problem of the academic work-week is receiving as much attention as is the need for year-round operation. One-half of each academic building, which also contains seminar rooms, lecture halls, and faculty offices, will be devoted to study areas. These areas will provide individual study carrels, separated by acoustical partitions, to which each student will be assigned. The same areas will also provide small rooms for group study work and open shelves and reading tables for selection of library materials. Piped into the carrels will be audio and visual programs for selective use as study aids.

By these means we anticipate achieving an academic work-week of much improved productivity, with twice as many hours truly spent by students in self-learning than in attending classes. This achievement should contribute even more significantly to educational efficiency and effectiveness than will the year-round operation to which ours and many other colleges are going.

PHILIP W. BUCHEN,
Vice President,
Grand Valley State College.
Allendale, Mich.

PROFESSORS' PAY

DO ASSOCIATE PROFESSORS at the University of Pittsburgh really teach a third term for $3,000 when they have received $4,500 for each of the first two terms? ["Colleges *Can* Operate All Year: 1. The Trimester System," by Edward H. Litchfield].

R. WESLEY BEACH.
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes, but it must be remembered that Pitt's eleven-month academic year is less than one-fourth longer than the usual nine-month college year.*

NEBRASKA'S SUMMER PROGRAM

IT IS REGRETTABLE that *Saturday Review* did not include reference to the so-called traditional semester program combined with a strong eight-week summer program in its otherwise excellent analysis on the various calendar devices for handling increased enrollment and achieving maximum utilization of facilities.

In many institutions, such as the University of Nebraska, strong summer programs have existed for many years. The University of Nebraska, with a current enrollment of 10,401 regular students, will have a summer enrollment in 1963 in excess of 4,000 students. The majority of these 4,000 students are going the year around in any one of the several programs available to them at both the graduate and undergraduate levels.

The University of Nebraska operates under the semester plan and uses the eight-week summer program (with a two-week post session in limited areas) for many and varied programs which might otherwise not be possible if the University were on a trimester or some other calendar.

A. C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Vice Chancellor and
Dean of Faculties,
University of Nebraska.
Lincoln, Neb.

MICHIGAN'S SPLIT THIRD TERM

OUR GOOD FRIEND and former colleague, Chancellor Litchfield of Pittsburgh, lists the University of Michigan as having adopted the "trimester" plan. We prefer to think of our future academic calendar as a split third-term plan. As of now, we are scheduling the first semester to end before Christmas, and the second from mid-January to late May, but we are staying with an eight-week integrated summer half-semester, growing out of our former summer session. With more than 12,000 students in residence during the summer, we like to think that we have long been on two-and-a-half semester year-round operation.

Our faculty holds no special brief for accelerated college education, but believes that time itself figures prominently in the maturing and education of the student. We intend to lengthen and broaden our summer offerings as funds and student demands develop, but we hope to serve more students by having them come in and leave throughout the year, rather than by speeding them up. Two and a half out of three terms are the most we'll recommend for undergraduates; and the students who leave after two and a half terms of continuous study in June will have a two-month break in July and August while we work with the thousands of school

(*Continued on page* 78)

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—*David Plowden.*

"The student interest in learning can be reinforced by the very design of the campus."

What Makes a College Distinctive?

By EDWARD D. EDDY, JR., *President of Chatham College, Pittsburgh.*

SELF-REALIZATION is a pleasantly vague term usually included among the goals set down by colleges for their slowly maturing students. Not much attention, however, has been paid to whether the colleges prescribing these goals are themselves "self-realized." Indeed, most American institutions of higher learning have been fairly content to remain copies, some masterful and some merely amateurish, of the handful of genuine originals.

The rise in enrollment and the increasing demand for college education presage a unique chance for each college to be exactly what it has always wanted to be—not a copy but a distinctive original. Better prepared students have arrived on our campuses right now, and we are on the verge of having more and more of the better and better.

All things being equal, the quality of the student admitted to a college is usually the largest single determinant of the college itself. In the latter half of the present decade, it will be possible for colleges and universities to attract, admit, and educate almost any quality the college chooses. An institution could, for instance, enroll only blond, left-handed, five-and-a-half-foot men and women with an SAT score of 610 and a knowledge of the role of the flute in Japanese civilization. If a college sent out such a prospectus in 1966, it would probably find itself with sufficient deposits in the spring to pay the maintenance staff over the summer. No longer will the college have to be all things to all people or merely to take what comes.

Reduced to oversimplicity, three choices will face the college of the future in its admissions policy. First, if it will, it can take the dry-ice approach. Within the limits of human judgment, it can admit only those who are obviously going to become, granted four years of natural growth and development, exactly what it wants its graduates to be. In other words, well-adjusted, bright youth will, if kept on dry ice for four years, emerge as well-adjusted, bright adults.

A second approach to admissions in-

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volves mixing the juices: add a dash of grapefruit to the sweet orange nectar. Thus one achieves a blend neither too saccharine nor too sour. The assumption here is that the college will take a majority of those well-adjusted, bright youngsters but will throw in enough of the dubious and different not to become overly homogenized.

Finally, the college may select the pot luck approach. Here one may, without benefit of an established recipe, either attempt to achieve an edible blend or merely finish up all the leftovers without an attempt at blending.

The college that truly wants to be itself will find it imperative, of course, to do more than merely choose what type of student it prefers to enroll. Among the many necessary steps, seven appear to have special importance.

STEP NUMBER ONE: Stop worrying about the "projected image" of the institution. Such a step implies forfeiting one's place in the current mad scramble for status among American colleges and universities.

At present there is a pervasive fear of being labeled as second or third rate, although no one ever seems able to identify, beyond a mere handful, who is actually first rate. Magazine writers with their "authoritative surveys" are contributing to this fear by offering readers convenient guides to "the prestige colleges," "the fast-becoming known," and "the good but unknown." The so-called prestige colleges are fearful of the day when they will no longer be listed, and the multitude waiting to take their places are crawling all over each other in the hope that there will be room at the top.

Without meaning to depreciate its contribution, the recent respectability of excellence can be blamed for much of this scramble. (Excellence in this context is strictly limited to academic achievement.) The collegiate status seekers are climbing the erudition ladder with a frenzy never before observed.

Teachers colleges, for example, are no longer content with their role; in many states they have jumped a rung on the ladder to become full-fledged colleges of liberal arts, despite the fact that many of them are ill prepared to take such a step. The apologists for the church colleges, on the other hand, still find it necessary to proclaim that freedom and commitment are not mutually exclusive and the church college can be just as academic (meaning, I gather, just as uncommitted) as other institutions of higher learning.

The needed but now inadequate diversity in American higher education will be destroyed completely if all colleges join the status scramble. The college that wants to be itself and thus, in the process, help preserve some diversity can use the ten years ahead to establish its independence from senseless collegiate comparisons.

STEP NUMBER TWO: Make collegiate claims realistic. Probably as much if not more than any other social agency, the American college has been guilty of hiding behind pretensions. Half of the current public criticism of higher education is the result of the extravagance of stated objectives. When colleges fail, as inevitably they must, they are justly criticized for not achieving what they said they would.

The college of the future might begin, for instance, by dropping the claim that it will act *in loco parentis*. It can say quite plainly in the first pages of its catalogue that it intends to enroll students who will behave as adults. With the privileges of education goes this obligation.

The college can also trim its various claims of accomplishment, including the production of mentally alert, spiritually sound, automatically loyal, emotionally adjusted young adults who know enough to wash behind their ears.

STEP NUMBER THREE: Use to educational advantage the increasing student interest in genuine learning. It is no longer necessary to force the American student to hit the books or to get the idea. Today's student has been scared into eagerness by the admissions hysteria. He is genuinely thankful to have the opportunity, even if it means attending the college of his third or fourth choice.

This pleasant circumstance (for the colleges, at least) will increase in intensity over the next five years. The colleges will fail in their appointed task if they don't take advantage of an attitude which, in the past, they have fervently wished were present.

The first requisite is a major overhaul of the freshman year, already in progress in a number of colleges. We have an obligation of our own not to dampen or to smother the naïve but consuming eagerness with which the freshman approaches his collegiate experience. We may discover, in initiating this overhaul, that creativity has been suffocated by inadequate provision for the pursuit of special interests. And we may discover that our bleating about individuality is meaningless when one totals the abundant "basic requirements."

Beyond the curriculum, the student interest in learning can be reinforced in other ways, such as by the very design of the campus. Campus architecture has hopefully now passed through an unfortunate phase of educational togetherness. At least a few colleges are beginning to realize that individual cubicles not just in the library stacks but in the reading room are not merely desirable but are essential replacements for the long, noisy, and distracting study tables. Single rooms in the residence halls are also better educationally for some students and worth the added cost.

Still other colleges recognize that one should make an honest attempt to achieve a unity between the residence hall and the academic program. The process of living on a campus need not be a relief from academic life or a reaction to its obligations; it can and should be an integral part.

STEP NUMBER FOUR: Capitalize on the increasing student interest in meaning. These are not students who seek

—*Hanson Carroll.*

"The college that truly wants to be itself will do more than merely choose what type of student it prefers to enroll."

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the easy answer, nor are they students who are willing to accept any answer without their own searching and personal inquiry. Donald MacKinnon describes the creative person as having a "preference for complexity, delight in the challenging and unfinished, which evoke . . . an urge, indeed, a need, to discover unifying principles for ordering and integrating multiplicity." By this standard he is describing many present-day college students.

Anyone who knows these students recoils in sadness when he hears the repeated, generalized attacks of the clergy on the alleged godlessness of the American college student. Unfortunately for the clergy, the student is no longer the easy, tut-tut sermon illustration of the past. The aim of the student is better described in Robert Frost's eighty-eighth birthday observation: "All there is to life is getting a meaning into a lot of material. . . . You've got to be sweeping and you've got to be pointed. You've got to come out somewhere, just as plain as a wisecrack or a joke."

Today's student does want to get "a meaning into a lot of material." In essence, this is his concept of higher learning. The colleges do him an injustice in not providing manifold opportunities for delving, deliberating, and finally determining.

But the interest in meaning extends beyond religious discussion. The student is seeking genuine interdisciplinary interplay at the upper level, not just in the usual general education or seminar approaches for freshmen and sometimes sophomores. He wants to hear the social psychologist, the anthropologist, and the political scientist, for example, dig into the rationale for decision-making in the 1960s. And he would like the historian and philosopher to add the even broader perspective.

STEP NUMBER FIVE: Recognize the value of the education of students *by* students. In his book on the college presidency, Harold Dodds writes, "Although teachers may not always admit it, it is probably true that half of an undergraduate's education comes from fellow students and sources other than formal instruction. Thus the prevailing campus culture is both an effect and a cause relating to both the lower and higher limits of what one student receives from another."

We know from the biologists that an organism adapts itself to its environment; all of us soak up whatever surrounds us. Obviously college students surround college students many more hours in the day than faculty members surround students.

The areas which deserve support and close attention, rather than indifference or toleration, from the college include the residence hall, the dining room, and social activities, as well as the rapidly growing number of extracurricular ventures of a more academic character.

STEP NUMBER SIX: Achieve a genuine spirit of community by the establishment of expectations thoroughly in keeping with an institution devoted to higher learning. These might include, for example, a self-conscious emphasis on integrity, objectivity, and morality, with activity as the culmination.

Integrity in higher learning implies more than the accustomed but oft-neglected emphasis on the use of logic in *life* as well as thought. To achieve true integrity, the college must not just tolerate but encourage thorough inquiry. And it must be ready and willing to stand behind both faculty members and students wherever the search happens to lead them. There are few lessons more important or more telling for students than observing free men stand for freedom.

A recent report of the Committee on Civil Rights of the New York Lawyers' Association concluded that "students and teachers should be encouraged to inquire into and challenge all manner and means of life, even the basic tenets of democracy, liberty, and freedom." The New York *Times* then observed in an editorial that "the last place in a democracy to expect or tolerate restriction of the thinking process is in a university or a college. . . . What danger did any banned speaker ever carry to a university that was greater than the danger of suppressing him as a danger?"

The private colleges especially have a duty to be objective and not protective. They cannot claim to be "independent" (in contrast, for instance, to publicly supported colleges) if differences are not freely expressed and freely encouraged.

A growing number recognize, too, that the college can and should provide leadership in the strategic area of moral expectations. Surely President Blanding of Vassar did not think of herself as taking a particularly unusual and courageous step in her widely publicized stand against promiscuity. This, however, was the interpretation of the press and of the thousands who wrote letters to newspapers, news magazines, and to Miss Blanding herself. The impression was given that the American college either favors promiscuity or demurely looks the other way. Such an interpretation raises questions regarding just where many colleges actually do stand on a question of no small significance to youth.

Finally, activity should be the culminating expectation. Education has no meaning until it is put to some effective use. If our colleges can succeed in producing graduates with a sense of mission, a deep, annoying conscience about the social ills of man, and the courage to help correct them, then higher education will have a strategic place in society so long as man has problems to be solved. There must be no bowing to expediency, no capitulation to materialism, no compromise with opportunism of any kind. Instead we might hope for a quiet determination to use education for more than polite self-enrichment.

STEP NUMBER SEVEN: Engage in intelligent experimentation. Creativity in higher education is desperately needed in order that we not fail the new student who comes to our campuses with a different set of hopes and frustrations. Each decade may bring another set and a newer challenge.

Unfortunately American colleges and universities have come to depend far too heavily on foundation-subsidized programs for the approach to anything slightly new or different. The assumption is that present allocations of funds cannot be changed and that priorities should not be disturbed. Thus the presidents troop off to New York or the other large cities to stand in line in the same manner that fledgling inventors approach the Patent Office.

Realistically the foundation pot isn't deep enough to support all of the creative experimentation which is desirable and necessary. Every new venture cannot await the availability of outside funds. Colleges must begin to ask themselves whether the idea has enough value to merit the diversion of funds in hand. If not, then perhaps a foundation should not be expected to jump with joy at the presentation.

This is not, of course, to deny a rightful place for certain foundation-supported innovation; it is only an attempt to point out the folly of expecting *all* educational creativity to be "outer-directed."

Self-realization, then, will not come automatically for the college any more than it does for the student. Mere enrollment of quality does not guarantee distinction. Internal changes in attitudes and emphases must accompany the realization of the admissions dream. Without these changes, nothing of importance will have been achieved during this unique decade ahead. And we will continue to hang in America poor copies of a few masters instead of a gallery of great and varied distinction.

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THE NEW MATH:

You Don't Count on Your Fingers Any More

By EVELYN SHARP, *mathematics teacher, Holland Hall, Tulsa.*

IF YOU have a child in school you are beginning to feel the impact of a change in mathematics—a change so far-reaching that it warrants the word revolution. Not only has the whole program been revamped and accelerated, but some of the subject matter itself is new. Do you know what Boolean algebra is? Or non-Euclidean geometry?

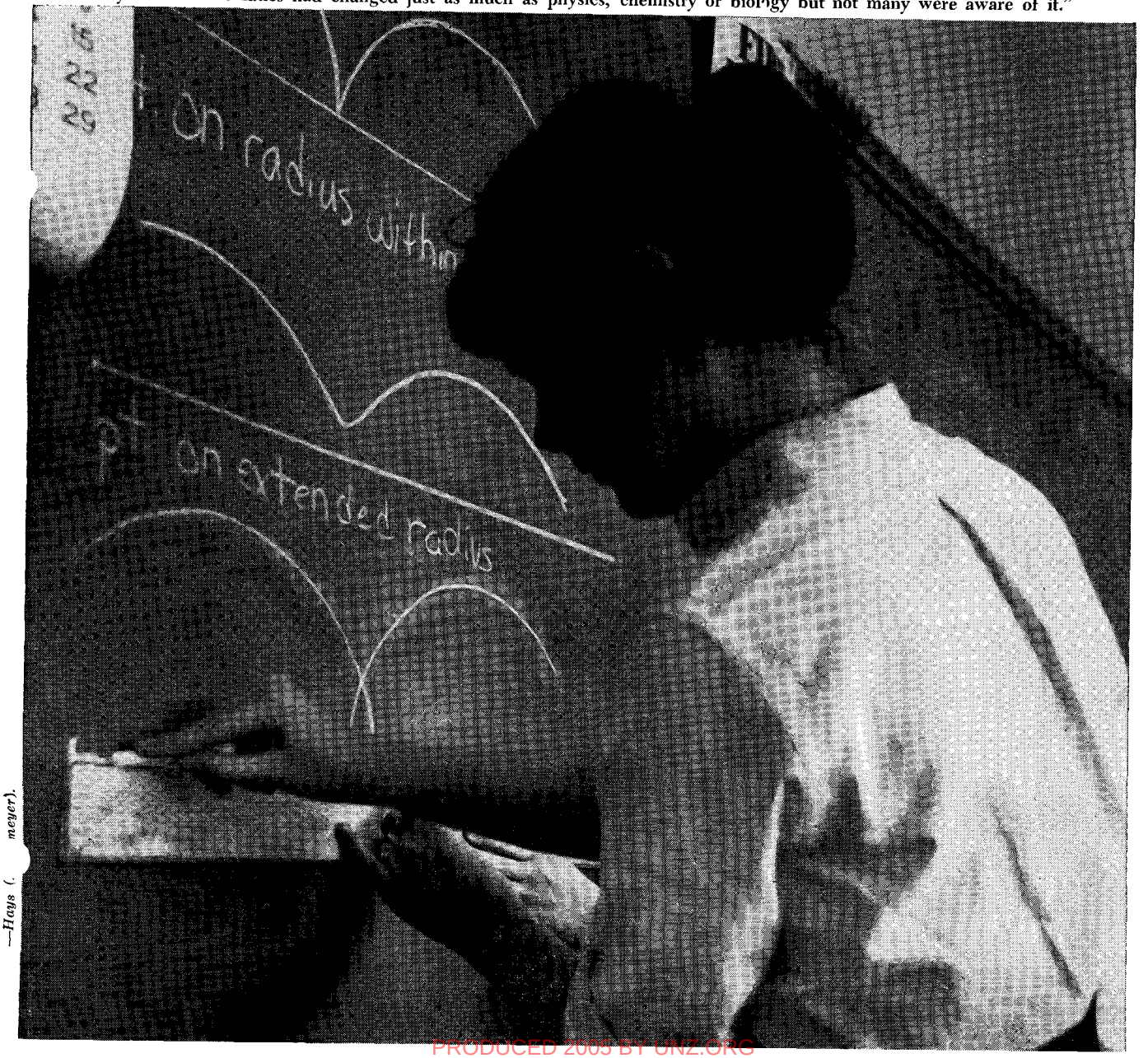
The opening salvo in the nationwide attack on old-style mathematics was fired in the summer of 1955 when a commission appointed by the College Entrance Examination Board met to discuss a revision of the high school courses in that subject. It was high time.

The general feeling of the commission members was that the standard curriculum was outmoded and that it was based on a static concept of mathematics which was now antiquated. As Dr. Albert E. Meder, Jr., the executive director of the commission, said: If you dug up an old seventeenth-century don he could walk right into any classroom and start teaching math. Nobody would notice the difference, since the content of the courses hadn't changed in the last 300 years.

It was a surprise to many people that there was anything wrong with a static mathematics program. If they thought about it at all, they assumed that mathematics was invented in antiquity by Euclid and a few others, added to by such geniuses as Sir Isaac Newton, and given the final touches some time before the battle of Bunker Hill.

Actually, by 1955 mathematics had changed just as much as physics, chemistry or biology, but not many were aware of it. Why? Because higher mathematics is an esoteric subject, and only the initiated—namely, those who got as far as graduate school—knew

"By 1955 mathematics had changed just as much as physics, chemistry or biology but not many were aware of it."



—Hays (. meyer).

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what was going on. And few of the initiated taught below college level.

In short, the high school curriculum had lagged far behind the advances in the subject. It was the purpose of the commission to modernize it. They studied the situation for nearly three years, and in 1958 published a report of their recommendations. In essence, it said to cut out obsolete material, regroup the rest, and add the new. Specifically, the report gave the axe to most of solid geometry and to a portion of the traditional course in trigonometry, especially the extensive work on logarithms—a rapid calculating device of the seventeenth century, replaced now by electronic computers. They favored the addition of classes in probability, a subject that deals with the application of mathematics to events in which luck plays a role, and in modern (abstract) algebra.

The commission also published a series of pamphlets to help schools begin the transition, and a textbook which they had written for the course in probability. (There were none available at the high school level.)

TO whip up interest Dr. Meder traveled about the country speaking to groups of teachers; he offered to go wherever he could be assured of an audience. The desire for a change had been given a powerful impetus by the launching of the first Sputnik in the fall of 1957.

In the meantime two universities had set up projects of their own. The University of Illinois was already sponsoring experimental classes in a new mathematics curriculum in a dozen high schools in the Midwest, using materials they had developed, and the University of Maryland did the same thing for junior high schools in the Washington area. Both received funds from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, as did the College Board Commission.

The next big push came with the creation of the School Mathematics Study Group, an organization including both teachers and representatives of industry—a sort of cross-section of the mathematical profession, financed by the National Science Foundation. They took up where the College Board Commission left off.

First, in two summer writing sessions in 1958 and 1959, they drafted tentative textbooks for all four years of high school mathematics, in general agreeing with the recommendations of the earlier commission. Then, since mathematics is a subject in which each block must, of necessity, fit on top of the one below it, they undertook a revision of the junior high school curriculum. This in turn called for a change in the sixth-grade course, then the fifth, and so on. Eventually their textbooks reached as far down as the fourth grade.

To try out their sample texts, the SMSG set up a nationwide network of experiment centers, each a nucleus for experimental classes in some of the schools in that area. The results of this trial teaching were funneled back through the center chairman and evaluated, then used in revising the texts and tried on more classes the following year. To escape the stigma of guinea-pigdom, children were encouraged to feel that they were taking part in a research project and were asked to help answer questions such as "Are the books well worded?"

It was the large number of these experimental classes which brought the mathematics revolution down to the grass roots, for, while the College Entrance Examination Board is the lodestar of those who work with college preparatory groups, the SMSG program reached all kinds of schools.

What is the new mathematics like? At its core is the set theory, an idea at once so simple that it is included in the fourth-grade course of study and so all-pervading that you can't understand modern mathematics without it.

A set is just what you think it is: a group of things that are alike in some way. You can speak of a set of chairs, a set of people, or a set of numbers. if you call this —— a line, you're dreadfully old-fashioned. It's a set of points, standing shoulder to shoulder. If you go to Florida, that's not a beach you're lying on—it's a set of grains of sand. A set can contain any number of members all the way up to infinity or all the way down to zero. If I speak of the set of all the red-haired people in this block and it happens that everybody in the neighborhood is either blond or brunette, that's still all right —I have an empty set and its symbol is Ø.

You don't add, subtract, multiply, or divide sets—instead, there are three fundamental operations called intersection, union, and complementation. For an example, you might begin by listing the four-legged objects in the room where you're sitting—say the sofa, the table, an armchair, and the dog. Enclose the list in braces (never parentheses or brackets, always braces) and call it set A.

A = { sofa, table, chair, dog }

Set B could be all the animate objects in the room—yourself, the dog, and whoever else happens to be there.

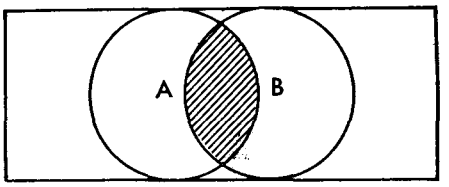
B = { you, dog, John, Sue }

Now the intersection of sets A and B would be the dog—he's the only one that fits both categories. In other words, he's a member of both sets. This is written:

$A \cap B = \{ dog \}$

$\cap$ is the symbol for intersection. A $\cap$ B is read "the intersection of A and B" or "A cap B". Of course, if you don't have a dog, or even a cat, the intersection would be an empty set, written $A \cap B = \emptyset$.

The set operations are usually illustrated by drawings, called Venn diagrams after the English logician who popularized them. A Venn diagram of the problem above looks like this:

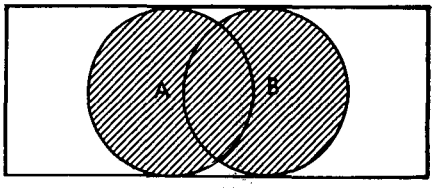


Circle A represents set A, circle B is set B. (They show the relationship between the sets—not their comparative sizes.) The shaded portion is A $\cap$ B.

Turn $\cap$ upside down and you have $\cup$, the symbol for union. A $\cup$ B, read "the union of A and B" or "A cup B," means all the objects contained in either set.

$A \cup B = \{$ sofa, table, chair, dog, you, John, Sue $\}$

You notice you don't list the dog twice —only once. In Venn diagrams the entire shaded area represents A $\cup$ B.



For complementation you need a set and a subset. Say set V comprises all the things you had for dinner:

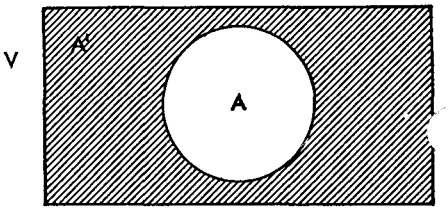
V = { steak, baked potato, green beans, salad, bread, coffee, apricot mousse }

Then let subset A be only those you had as a first course:

A = { steak, baked potato, green beans, bread }

The complement of set A, written A', would be all the other things—the ones you did *not* have in the first course:

A' = { salad, coffee, apricot mousse }



One of the applications of the set theory is in Boolean algebra, so named

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for George Boole, an English mathematician who pioneered in the study of symbolic logic. It is used in the design of high-speed electronic digital computers—the electronic brains—where it provides a tangible and workable method of analyzing the myriad electric circuits involved. Actually, Boolean algebra had been lying around in the attic of pure mathematics for about a century (George Boole died before Abraham Lincoln did) until the dictates of the machines brought it downstairs. And that pinpoints one of the underlying causes of the mathematics revolution—automation in general and the computers in particular. They do not merely provide a faster way of doing the old math, as you might think, but demand new subject matter.

A good example of this new material is in arithmetic, where even the number system itself has taken some pushing around from the electronic brains. Since an electric switch has just two choices—on or off—they like a method of representing numbers by using only two symbols, 1 (on) and 0 (off), instead of the 0123456789 that we are used to. In such a binary system 110 doesn't mean one hundred and ten—it means six. You do this by changing the invisible headings that we have been schooled to see over each digit. Instead of:

Hundreds	Tens	Units
1	1	0

it becomes:

Fours	Twos	Units
1	1	0

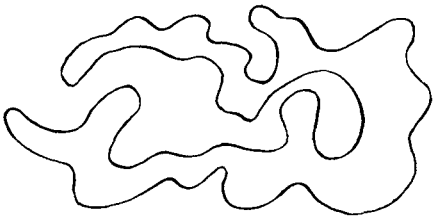
In other words, 1 four, 1 two, and no units—that add up to six. Each heading is twice the one to the right, instead of ten times it. In this way any number, no matter how large, can be expressed by just two symbols.

64s	32s	16s	8s	4s	2s	units
1	1	0	1	0	1	1

Add them up and you get 107. This may be cumbersome for us, but it's convenient for the machines, and brother, that's what counts.

Once you get used to this free-wheeling idea, you can make up a number system using any base you want to. The Babylonians used sixty, and a few years ago there was a movement to change ours to twelve. The only reason most civilizations have used ten is that humans happen to have ten fingers. If it should turn out that the Martians have sixteen, then the astronauts will probably find them using a system based on sixteen.

If they're learning the binary system in arithmetic, and algebra problems now look like this: $(A \cap B)' = (A \cap B') \cup (A' \cap B) \cup (A' \cap B')$, what's happening to geometry? Plenty. It may have been Euclid alone who looked on beauty bare, as Edna St. Vincent Millay said, but nowadays a lot of other people are helping him. The modern point of view is not geometry in which the figures are pictured as if drawn on a slide and thrown on a flat screen from various angles. The idea is to find what properties remain unchanged throughout these distortions. In topology—a geometry of form without size or shape—we go much, much further. The figures, apparently of rubber, are continuously deformed by stretching, squeezing, and twisting until any semblance of their original appearance is lost. A circle, deprived of its roundness, might look like this:



About the only property that's left is that it has an inside and an outside, although it's a little hard to tell which is which.

The net result of all these changes has been to speed up a slow, glacierlike movement in mathematics that, for a long time, has been pushing each subject down to an ever earlier level. A century ago geometry was exclusively a college course. Twenty-five years ago so was trigonometry, although more recently it has been taught in both places, a wasteful duplication. Now it will be moved entirely into high school—the colleges are doing away with their traditional freshman course of trig and college algebra.

It won't be long until calculus follows them down, shoving everything still another year ahead. Beginning algebra, already presented in the eighth grade for accelerated students, may go even earlier and arithmetic will be telescoped into elementary school. Old landmarks, like the multiplication tables, fractions, and decimals will all move correspondingly.

This is going to put it up to you, father, when your child brings you his homework. (Nine times out of ten it is father who helps with the math. If mother can also explain the problems, the child is usually so smart he doesn't need help, anyway.) You have two choices. You can take the book and, prudently keeping a few lessons in advance, sit down and learn it. Or you can wash your hands of the whole thing, privately agreeing with a little girl I know who said, when she heard about the avalanche of math that was coming, "Gee, I got out of grade school just in time."

The New Math Overseas

SCHOOLS THROUGHOUT EUROPE are busily revising traditional courses in the old classical math "to coincide with contemporary thinking on the subject," according to Professor Howard F. Fehr, head of the Department of Mathematical Education at Teachers College, Columbia. Reports from more than twenty countries indicate widespread reforms are underway in secondary school math. For instance, probability and statistics, part of the "new mathematics," have been introduced in the secondary schools of nearly all European countries. And many are shifting the emphasis from the mere solution of routine problems in isolated branches of the subject to the logic, structure, and unity of mathematics as a whole. Some examples of change:

The Scandinavian Committee for Modernizing School Mathematics has prepared books on modern algebra, geometry, probability, and calculus for grades ten to twelve, and has produced similiar programs for grades seven to nine, in the schools of Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden.

Senior-year math in Italy is being revised by five mathematicians, working with high school teachers and consultants.

Greece's Ministry of Education has appointed a national committee of mathematicians, high school teachers, and teacher education specialists to rewrite the entire math program from grade seven through the high school.

Japan has prepared a new syllabus which follows reforms now taking place in the U. S., and is now retraining its teachers. The new program will be inaugurated in 1963.

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—*Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).*

"Talented children are vastly different from each other."

THE FOUR FACES OF ABLE ADOLESCENTS

Elizabeth Monroe Drews is an associate professor at Michigan State University who is well known among educators and psychologists for her important research in the education of the gifted. Of herself she says, "I am neither a Calvinist nor a Freudian but rather think man is basically a good sort, just a little overcome by the odds."

By ELIZABETH DREWS

ALTHOUGH our schools are becoming more skilful at identifying gifted students they still make far too little effort to understand children's potential for intellectual and creative thinking—and we fall far short in applying what we do know.

The tests have improved and, in general, more effective use is being made of test results. It is widely accepted that an intelligence quotient should not be an absolute and final label since the score is apt to vary with the test and the age and condition of the child. Further, educators are asking pertinent questions: Do we measure enough variables? Are our measures broad enough to gauge intelligence? To gauge creativity?

Because even the best of our testing instruments are still rather blunt, the specific strengths and talents of many talented children go unrecognized. These children stand out as superior students but we seldom know how superior and in what ways. This is unfortunate if there is truth in the theory held by some that to be really top-flight in certain fields one has to begin young. Whitehead called it a need for "initial momentum." Tutoring took care of John Stuart Mill in this situation—he was taught Greek at the age of three. Michelangelo, over his father's objection that such work was for artisans, spent his days as a sculptor's apprentice at thirteen and by fifteen shared the company of Lorenzo the Magnificent and his guests, the most able minds in Europe.

Today, development along such unique lines might be thwarted. The tendency is to teach gifted youngsters what they already know and to keep them marking time. And sometimes when they themselves reach for knowledge they need and don't have, they are told to wait, it's too soon, the knowledge is forthcoming in another book, another year.

In the selection of children and adolescents for gifted programs, the guidelines commonly used are achievement measures, teacher judgment, and grades. Beyond this, there are some who are exploring such nonintellectual facets as openmindedness, motivation, tolerance of uncertainty, preference for complexity, high regard for learning, and a sense of destiny. These investigators are looking at creativity more closely and at some of the dimensions ascribed to it, such as fluency, originality, spontaneity, and flexibility.

For the past eight years, in a series of studies conducted in the public schools of Lansing, Michigan, and Buffalo, New York, I have been trying

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to describe superior adolescents by any and all measures available. Almost at the start I found that superior adolescents look disconcertingly alike when viewed in terms of certain group intelligence or achievement tests designed for various grade levels. Yet working with, counseling, and teaching these young people provided ample evidence that they are vastly different from each other. And data beyond achievement and ability scores—showing the varieties of interests, depth and strength of responses, and styles of thinking—also indicate that this group is variable to the widest range of extremes.

Bright children not only have more talents than others but they often have unusual combinations of talents and styles. The boy scientist is sometimes a poet as well, and the May Queen may take computer programming on the side. There are limitless contradictions and inconsistencies.

The years of research included intensive case studies as well as studies of the records, interests, and creative products of about a thousand gifted children. Added to the resultant data were conclusions gathered from reading countless other research studies on such topics as achievement, social acceptance, creativity, and dogmatism. Obviously one cannot talk meaningfully about a thousand different children. A way to reduce and organize the data was essential. My problem was to find some way to depict the disparate styles, tempos, and patterns of the gifted and to bring test data and reality, as I perceived it, closer together.

My search finally resulted in the selection of a formula consisting of four categories of gifted students as a practical method of handling the data. These categories are: the high-achieving studious, the social leaders, the creative intellectuals, and the rebels. The types, of course, are not pure or stable. Many talented children are combinations and many surely will change.

But to test my theory that the formula was practical, I asked 500 superior high school students to indicate which of the types they considered themselves to be and also to describe their personal interests, aspirations, and values. So many times over the years my research had been inconclusive. This time, however, my hypotheses were borne out by the results. The students were dramatically different from one another, and they were able to describe themselves according to the types. There follows an explanation of the four types as the students categorized themselves.

THE HIGH-ACHIEVING STUDIOUS. These students, who think hard work is a good thing in and of itself, have a lot of what the sociologists call "Protestant ethic." Some people call them "grinds," but that seems inappropriate since many of them are girls and such a designation has a harsh, unfeminine sound. Generally speaking, twice as many bright girls are high achievers, at least in the sense of getting good grades, although on achievement tests boys and girls appear to do equally well.

High achievers are attuned to what parents and school (particularly school) expect. They tend to conform to what teachers demand or even to what teachers suggest. Since teachers' expectations, behavior, and attitudes are more often than not at odds with the dominant teen-age culture, this means that these students generally put their school work ahead of pleasure. They are not often school leaders, but they do their work and they turn it in on time. They may not be highly creative and original but many are highly productive in terms of such things as the number of problems completed or the number of words in a theme.

Many of these high achievers want to know just how to do something and when it must be completed, but they are not so interested in knowing the "why" of facts as are some of the other types. They want assignments to be explicit. They prefer to use textbooks and workbooks if given a choice, and they are the one group who do extra workbook exercises just for fun. In college they tend to prefer lectures to discussion groups—they sometimes describe discussion groups as a sharing of ignorance. They do not want the professor to ramble or to digress or to tell funny stories; they want him to lecture from an outline so they can put their own notes in an outline form and memorize them. Their feeling for logic is good; their sense of organization superb.

However, this means that they often reject learning approaches that lack an apparent structure and avoid tasks that are oriented to means rather than ends. They sometimes feel that learning for learning's sake may interfere with getting ahead in the world. For them, education must be instrumental.

In our exploratory research on the students who described themselves as the studious type, we found that they typically said they read to be well-rounded and to help their grades. Among school-year interests, recreation rated lowest (both in relation to all other interests checked and compared to choices made by other groups), and school subjects proved very popular.

Teachers are often favorably predisposed to these boys and girls; some of the teachers were like this when they were young. Besides, it is hard not to respond favorably to those who do everything you tell them to do and who want to know just the way you want things done. Many of the girls will be teachers themselves; others will be secretaries whom even the boss's wife will praise. The studious boys prefer math and science to the humanities and are particularly drawn to engineering.

In their future lives, they want to be hard-working and conscientious, to help others, and to live by the rules. They tend to be deadly serious and sometimes they take themselves that way. However, they are neat and attractive—the girls are often very pretty—and they make fine, upstanding citizens. They will be excellent employees. They may not scintillate at parties but they will shine on their monthly reports. They are punctual and not a little punctilious.

THE SOCIAL LEADERS. A few years ago when education criticism was just becoming a major sport Sloan Wilson of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" was quoted by *Life* as saying that "the schools can't make up their minds whether to make children well adjusted or to teach them something." At that time it was my contention that the children who were doing the very best school work were the best adjusted. (At least adjusted in the popular meaning of the term—well-rounded and well-liked.) A number of recent sociometric studies have supported this point. However, further examination has shown that not all of the gifted children are popular and socially in the groove; only certain ones—whom I term the social-leader type—can really be said to epitomize popularity. These are the ones who shine in personal or social relationships.

The social leaders as a group tend to conform more to teen-age mores than to teachers' expectations. However, they do well enough and sometimes very well academically. It is just that their social interests come first. While the studious are preparing for examinations and the intellectuals are reading about existentialism, the social leaders are out electing someone to office or, what is more likely, getting elected themselves.

This interest in and emphasis on social behavior seemingly does not interfere with good grades as much as do certain kinds of intellectual behavior. At least the social leaders consistently get better grades than do the talented "intellectuals." Perhaps schools value and understand sociability more than intellectuality or perhaps these social leaders are able and charming enough to accomplish all that is required academically. They are fluent and per-

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suasive; teachers, as well as students, find them hard to resist.

They are a particularly handsome group, boys and girls alike. Many of the boys are top athletes and mature for their age—"man-type boys" as one girl described them. They tend to be lionized and become campus wheels—very big and neatly rounded. They do not go in for fencing or ping-pong or chess; they are the captains or the quarterbacks of the football teams.

The girls are equally attractive, well-built, and well-coordinated. Many of them become majorettes and cheerleaders. Some come from homes with money; some do not. All of them like to spend money—on themselves. Clothes are important, a "big thing" in their lives.

The social leaders as a group begin to date early. They attend social functions early and, although some come from average homes, many are quite used to the country club or are beginning to be.

Their parents are often young and handsome, well-educated, and well-connected. Their basic values are materialistic, rounded out with hedonism, but they temper their competitiveness with good-humored togetherness. Neither the parents nor the students are visionaries. They rarely give a second thought to the starving millions in India, but they are community-minded, performing good deeds for the community and according high prestige to the chairman of the committee in charge of the good works. They work for the crusade of the moment but not for an unpopular cause. Other students like them and elect them to office; they're genuinely popular. They probably will become corporation executives, doctors, or lawyers. As one of our intellectual students said, "There isn't a teacher or a minister or a scientist or a real genuine attic-prone artist in the lot of them. They want jobs that pay."

THE CREATIVE INTELLECTUALS. The next group I have called creative intellectuals. As with the other groups, the climate of the community and the ambiance of the school at least partially determine how many one finds among superior students. Of the students involved with this research, about 20 per cent called themselves intellectuals and had the proper caste marks. (About 20 per cent said they were social leaders; about 60 per cent claimed to be studious high-achievers.) In talking to gifted students in some localities, I have felt that the percentage of intellectuals might be higher; in others it is certainly lower. And my guess is that in a few high-ranking liberal arts colleges most of the students lean in this direction.

In general, this group receives lower grades, at least in the conventional Midwestern high schools I studied, than either the studious or the social leaders. However, their achievement test scores are a shade higher than their grades, and there are more highly gifted students in this group. They do not conform to either the teacher's standards or to those set by other students. They are usually not leaders, and they do not want to be, at least in the high school setting. Even in their own groups there are few leaders. Instead, each individual revolves in his own orbit.

On creativity tests they tend to be both fluent and original. The studious high achievers and the social leaders are often fluent but less often truly original. The girls among the intellectuals scored particularly low on dogmatism tests, although teachers related the intellectuals as being more dogmatic than the other groups. In general, girl intellectuals find it hard to be accepted by either fellow students or teachers. As a group, these boys and girls are rather prickly young people, who ask below-the-surface or, for some teachers, below-the-belt questions.

Within this category, there seem to be future scientists (but not engineers), artists, writers, musicians, and scholars-at-large. At the high school stage, many intellectually inclined students have interests in all these areas. They are the ones who delve into extra-sensory perception, read on their own Rokeach's "Open and Closed Mind," and independently become experts on Albert Camus and Thomas Mann.

One sixteen-year-old boy spent last year reading Ibsen and Freud simultaneously, and assiduously applied Freudian theory to Ibsen passages. Another recently apologized to a psychologist working under a Cooperative Research Grant for not becoming a high achiever after group counseling. He explained: "I've read all of Freud and Shakespeare this year and lots besides, and I'm so busy educating myself that I just don't have time to get more than B's in my school work."

This is a skeptical group. However, they combine skepticism with a deep-seated idealism and a tendency to probe into basic issues. They frequently see the discrepancy between people's expressed beliefs and their actions. And this discrepancy disturbs them. Fortunately, their intense seriousness is usually leavened by a sense of humor that allows their creativity and imaginativeness to come into full play. Their humor is impulsive, subtle, and, above all, zany. They are devotees of shaggy dog stories.

These are students who do not want explicit assignments. They thrive on free choice and although they say "I want to help all I can," they also checked on our questionnaires an item that reads "I want to live my own life and make my own rules." This is in contrast to the high-achieving studious who want to "live by the rules," presumably rules made by someone else.

The intellectuals buy books and read them. Often they read them while the teachers are teaching. In contrast to the social leaders, the boys are fans of comic books, TV, and the sports page, and the girls still read the "series books," such as "Sue Barton." And in contrast to the studious, who read their assignments and occasionally the encyclopedia and current news magazines, the intellectuals read an exotic variety of things: science fiction from the "Fifth Dimension" on out, Russian translations, and French in the original, free verse, classics and plays, philosophy and religion and biographies.

In many ways the intellectuals are an off-beat group. Although they care deeply about mankind, they seldom form teen-age love attachments. They rarely date, especially the budding scientists and philosophers. Some of the scientists never seem to see a girl as a girl until one day—perhaps in graduate school—they see one suddenly on the other side of the test tube. They have more social conscience than social inclination. They are often humanitarian in a broad sense and more concerned with overpopulation and fallout than with student elections.

Their concern is more with process than product and with internal life than the external effect. Often they do not want or expect rewards. Their eyes are on the ultimate goals rather than immediate tasks. Education is seen as a continuing process and not just a series of grades on report cards. One of them told me, "I would be willing to kill myself for the discovery of one small segment of truth, even if only one other person in the world understood it."

THE REBEL. The rebel is that rare fourth type. More specifically he might be termed an individualistic creative nonintellectual. This group is very small, but it is a definite one with the qualifications for admittance being general nonconformity. Nonconformity serves no social or intellectual purpose for these students. It is only a means of showing their dislike for regimentation at all levels.

They are extremely low achievers. Most fall in the moderately gifted range and a few are even brilliant. By definition, they are neither leaders nor followers in school. On the other hand,

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they may be master minds in a subculture that borders on delinquency.

Generally, teachers reject the rebels and the rebels reciprocate in kind. Only a few ever become involved in school activities and then only when their teachers are willing to expend much time and effort encouraging them.

Most of the rebels are boys. Their dress is unpredictable; some wear the leather jacket trade-mark, others do not. Elaborate hair styles, leather boots, beltless pants, and open shirts are common exterior signs of the rebel boy.

Rebels measure low in social responsibility and high on delinquency scales. They test higher on the nonverbal than on the verbal sections of intelligence tests. On creativity measures they are not fluent (fluency refers to verbal productivity), yet they are highly original in their ways. Many are very clever with their hands and most are do-it-yourself fans. Their lives appear to be centered around customizing and dragging.

Creative intellectuals, our other nonconformist type, stem from the entire socio-economic range, but rebels are predominantly of lower-class origin. Their parents are often Outsiders; they are not likely to place much value on things either social or intellectual.

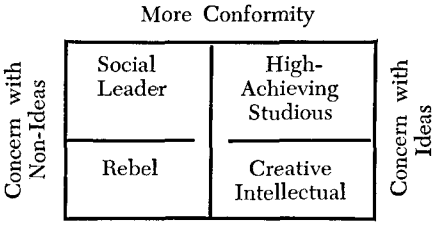
Rebels will sometimes be responsive to unusual ideas. An imaginative social studies teacher greeted a class, that was understandably apathetic on a warm fall afternoon, with the comment, "A bomb has been exploded and killed everyone in the world except forty-six people." To one of the students a challenge stirred. He was recognizably a rebel by his pants at half-mast, his "one-button" shirt, and leather boots. After several days and without solicitation he brought the teacher an elaborate plan for evacuation and rehabilitation of the survivors. He not only showed an ability to be precise and take pains, but also revealed a creative flair.

Rebels obviously are at odds with the school and the community, but much of their alienation is a reaction to the kinds of rejection they have experienced. When attempts are made to meet them in ways they understand and when school work "makes sense," they can sometimes be reclaimed. A few will go to college and develop their technical skills, and perhaps become masters of electrical brains. Others may make their mark in the entertainment or sports world. Some will become truck drivers and help to produce a situation such as that noted by a famous psychologist at the end of World War II; viz., the upper quarter of the truck drivers are brighter than the lower quarter of the lawyers.

An inescapable question arises: At high school age, have boys and girls become so molded that the types described are patterned for life? If external conditions (school mores, family values, national goals, etc.) changed, would the students respond and become different in type? Will some even create change, seemingly entirely internally? The striking response of one boy to the challenge of his social studies teacher indicates that change may occur. Some students now categorized in any one group may change to another, but not many.

Change is greater among the rebels than within any other group (in one year, 30 per cent of our rebels changed) for theirs is basically a negative reaction to life in general. Yet human beings, given the appropriate conditions, respond by becoming more human; they move in positive directions.

To illustrate the possibility of change, I have constructed a graphic depiction of the types:



The rebel is not likely to become a high achieving studious, or vice versa. And the creative intellectual and social leader would hardly move into each other's corner. Yet north and south movement and east and west movement of these types not only is possible; we know that it happens.

If it is true, as I certainly believe it is, that human beings, and especially young people, are likely constantly to seek higher values in life—becoming more socially oriented, more creative, and more constructive—then surely there will be movement from one type to another. This possibility is a challenge to those schools committed to greatness.

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Teacher Certification: *Is Overhaul Enough?*

By JAMES S. LE SURE, *Connecticut State Department of Education.*

IF PARKINSON can be believed, public employees do not make a practice of eliminating their own jobs; and my own observations in twelve years of state government service tend to support the validity of his "laws."

Nevertheless, and with due apologies to Parkinson and his many adherents, that is what I am trying to do. I am a professional employee of a state department of education who hopes to do away with his job. I am a certification official, professionally educated and committed to improving the preparation of teachers for the public schools. My contention is that the need for such people in certification offices, while still present, is about to wane and, indeed, die. Naturally, I should prefer that the funeral be delayed until my eligibility for retirement; but the demise, in my state at least, should not wait that long.

I am not suggesting that certification itself is a dying process. Certainly not. For the basic protection of children in the public schools, it will probably always be necessary that the state license public school teachers, and that the license be based on ever-increasing educational standards, including professional preparation for teaching. I *am* suggesting, though, that the influence of certification regulations on college programs of teacher education, which historically has been substantial, will soon become a thing of the past.

Certification regulations establish minimum requirements. Minimums at best suggest mere adequacy. And adequacy, in the classroom as on the stage, is mediocrity. Our society is finally beginning to realize that we need excellence in our teachers, and that we have all too little of it. It is even beginning to become evident that at least a few segments of our society are willing to pay for such excellence, although progress in this direction is distressingly slow. As a means of promoting excellence, certification has been a poor instrument indeed.

An administrative official in a state office building cannot look at the record of a candidate for a teaching certificate and determine whether or not the candidate loves children, gets along well with their parents, knows how to communicate knowledge to them (or to their parents), understands their problems, or can instill in them a love of learning as an end in itself. Certainly he cannot tell whether the candidate can function as an efficient and effective individual on starvation wages, or little more.

We can look at the record and discover that the individual has a degree from a "good" college, or at least from one which is fully "accredited." We can determine that his grades were at least adequate, that he has "taken" the right kinds of courses (that is, the ones which certification regulations require). We may have some indication that the college, or someone in authority in it, professes to believe that he will succeed as a teacher, by what standard we know not. In other words, if the arithmetic works out, and somebody says he ought to be able to make it, he gets a certificate. Unless he later develops into an outstanding failure, he may remain a teacher for the rest of his days. The certification office will probably never learn where he stands on the scale from barely adequate to truly superior.

SOME of that arithmetic is interesting. For instance, an A in advanced physics at Harvard and a C in a "survey of physical science" at East Gumshoe State College count exactly the same in the evaluation, provided, of course, that good old Gumshoe is a member of its regional accrediting association. As a state institution, it probably is. It probably also has specialized for years in the preparation of public school teachers, and may well be accredited by the National Council for the Accreditation of Teacher Education, and, of course, *maybe* that C does mean as much as the A at Harvard. The point is, who knows?

And then there's student teaching. Everybody agrees that this is the most important part of the teacher's professional preparation. At Gumshoe, our candidate may have spent as much as a whole semester doing full-time supervised teaching in the public schools nearby. He's had a lot of practice, and his faculty have some idea what he can do in the classroom—at least as a student teacher. There is considerable evidence, however, that this may not be an accurate index of what he can do when the chips are down.

Leaving Harvard out of it, there are many highly esteemed colleges, drawing on the intellectually elite of the best high schools and preparatory schools, which offer a so-called student teaching experience quite at the other end of the scale. The relatively few of their students who prepare for public school teaching may get their practice on a catch-as-catch-can basis, an hour or two here and an hour or two there, as the academic schedule permits. It may all add up to the 150 or 180 hours often required for certification, but the significance of such experience either as preparation or as an index of ability is open to considerable question. These lads will get their practice on the job, at the expense of their pupils. Since they are often superior people, they sometimes develop into superior teachers—after a while.

That's just it. Superior people with good education quite often *do* develop into superior teachers, no matter what kind of professional preparation they get. And we don't need "foundation" money, although we've had quite a bit in the past ten years, to prove it. Good teaching demands superior people. Certification isn't going to single them out, though. Such a legal—yes, bureaucratic—process must be based on quantitative measures, for no means exists for judgment to be exercised. Legal regulations must be administered alike to all; any attempt at subjective analysis of quality would result in utter chaos. The Gumshoe graduate and the Ivy University graduate meet the same standards, and receive the same certificate, as they should. Both may be world beaters, or both may flop, but they'll get the same chance.

In short, certification can do no more than enforce certain minimum quantitative standards for all teachers. It has attempted to go much further, and, in some states, the attempt continues. More and more semester hours are being demanded in fewer and fewer fields, as each academic association demands that its practitioners become more and more highly specialized. Sure, we'd a like to see nothing but English majors teaching English—or even nothing but Latin American history majors teaching Latin American history—in every high school. But we're not going to achieve

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—*Hays (Monkmeyer).*

"Certification is not the only means of maintaining high standards in teaching."

any such Utopia, and there's no sense in aiming for it, certainly no sense in building state certification regulations around such a dream. All we accomplish is to multiply the number of emergency permits (or other substandard certificates) we have to issue to cover the teachers who do not meet our requirements.

Certification, then, cannot guide teaching to the excellence it must achieve. What can?

Much of the responsibility for attracting excellence into teaching must lie with the colleges that prepare teachers. Promising young people will choose public school teaching as a career, as they now choose law, medicine, theology, engineering, science, or college teaching, when the college program for teachers is made challenging and rewarding to them. Oh, yes—other things must happen too. Society must recognize the teacher as an important and respected member. It must pay him, for in our society money is status. But these things will come when more and more superior young people become convinced that education—public education—is worth a lifetime of devotion. If they are to be convinced some changes will have to be made:

First, we are going to have to be a lot fussier about who is admitted to the college program for prospective teachers. Mere "good standing" is not enough. Teaching should be for the superior student. And teaching should be for the superior *person,* the kind of person we all want to guide the learning of our children and youth. The rejects can switch to the pre-med program. Impossible? Why?

Second, we need to put more substance into the professional preparation, and stop giving huge blocks of degree credit for on-the-job training and the development of skills of one kind or another. This training is needed, of course—but it should be in addition to the academic study that develops the educated man. And let all the professional courses contain something more than can be learned from reading a book or two over a weekend.

Third, we must have college programs for teachers which are the result of intelligent planning participated in by the entire faculty—not just by the Department (or College) of Education. This doesn't mean, either, that the education people handle the professional preparation and the academic people take care of the general education and the teaching field. All must get together. Let the educationists contribute, as they can, to planning the major program of the teacher, and let the academic faculty get out into the schools and see their majors in action in the classroom. They can probably do a lot to improve the professional preparation too.

Fourth, we must weed out the incompetents, or the poor prospects, as we discover them, and stop relying on a lukewarm recommendation as an indication of our low opinion. Either the college endorses its product, or it does not.

Fifth, we must keep track of the teacher after he begins his teaching career. We must offer help if he needs it and we can give it; and above all we must learn how we might better have served him while he was an undergraduate. This follow-up must be carried on constantly, systematically, and intelligently—and the results must be put to work.

But the whole burden cannot be left to the colleges. Once the graduate has accepted his first position, the college has lost control of him and of his performance. Here public agencies — the state and the local school system—take over; and here again, much improvement is needed.

The state will continue to issue a certificate to him, of course. This is the minimum protection mentioned earlier. But it will be a very broad certificate, saying in effect, "This man has been graduated from an approved teacher-preparing institution, and has been recommended as prepared to teach. He is therefore licensed to teach in this state." The certificate may be valid for a limited time, within which he may have to meet certain additional requirements, such as an additional year of preparation and a stated period of successful teaching experience. Beyond that, it may say nothing.

What, then, is to prevent the teacher's being employed in a position for which he is not qualified? These, I suggest, will be the deterrents, in that not too distant day when such a plan becomes feasible:

►The superintendent of schools, in

(*Continued on page* 78)

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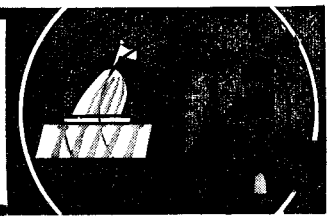
While School Keeps



SCHOOL LIBRARIES are widely accepted as prerequisites to good education. Superior libraries stimulate the development of superior readers—who, in turn, are likely to become competent scholars. Yet, despite all the heat generated by the reading controversy of the past few years, more than two-thirds of the nation's elementary schools do not have centralized libraries.

To help remedy the situation, the American Association of School Librarians has just launched a five-year project to demonstrate the ways in which good school libraries can contribute to the quality of the school program. Under a grant from the Knapp Foundation, the AASL will develop eight demonstration school libraries across the country. At these centers, administrators, teachers, school board members, and interested citizens will have an opportunity to observe superior library facilities and services at work within an actual school.

Aim of the $1,130,000 project is not only to promote acceptance of school libraries in those schools that lack them, but also to stimulate improvement of the many inadequate library programs now found at every level from the early grades through the secondary school.

FRESHMAN ENROLLMENTS in the nation's colleges and universities are slated for a massive jump in the next two years, according to a report of the College Entrance Examination Board, in the current issue of *College Board Review*. The number of college students has risen annually for eleven straight years and educators confidently expect total enrollments to double during the 1960s. What they have not realized previously is that half of the ten-year increase in freshman applicants will be concentrated in the 1963-64 and 1964-65 academic years.

Basic factor in the growing number of college students is the increase in the size of the college-age group, but this group will grow by less than 50 per cent during the 1960s, according to the CEEB. Other factors contributing to the king-size enrollment increase are the larger percentage of college-age students seeking higher education, and the growing number of students who stay in college longer.

The pressure of numbers will affect all colleges, according to the CEEB's analysis of the situation, but will probably have the least impact on the more prestigious schools where competition for entrance is already acute. The reasoning runs like this: These schools draw their students primarily from the more capable applicants; most students of this caliber already attend college; therefore, the group from whom they draw most of their students will grow at a slower rate than the group of college applicants generally. It seems clear that many more schools will have to prepare themselves for both the opportunities and the problems of the admissions deluge with which the nation's leading colleges have been contending for some years.

TEACHING ABOUT COMMUNISM has suddenly become fashionable in the nation's schools. Representing a complete reversal of attitudes that were prevalent a few years ago, when many schools carefully avoided the subject and few attempted more than the briefest treatment, the new bandwagon offers both opportunities and pitfalls for the social studies teacher.

Twenty-seven states have introduced instruction in the subject so far, according to Dr. Richard I. Miller, associate director of the National Education Association's Project on Instruction. Of these, five have taken legislative action: Florida *requires* secondary schools in the state to teach about Communism; California and New York *permit* such teaching; Georgia and Louisiana *request* it of their schools. Others leave it to local decision, with varying degrees of help from the State Department of Education.

Introducing the study of Communism as a separate course or as a unit within the social studies curriculum is not easy. Much of the stimulus for the new addition to the school program came from non-educational sources which visualize the proper approach as one of indoctrination rather than objective analysis. Teachers must be competent and thoroughly informed on this infinitely complex subject—which few have ever studied in detail. Too often, study units have been hastily prepared in response to popular demand, and have been handled by teachers who lacked adequate knowledge or understanding of what they were teaching. The result has often been a superficial treatment which did little more than pit the "good guys" against the "bad guys" in a fashion that superior students resented and the poorer students simply forgot.

With the large number of schools already teaching about Communism—and a growing number almost certain to initiate such studies in the immediate future—it is a hopeful sign that more and better instructional materials are beginning to appear. A number of leading publishers have prepared textbooks and other materials, and still others are in preparation. Especially helpful also are a number of guides for teachers which help to chart the way toward more effective classroom presentation of this important subject:

►"Teaching About Communism: A Definition of the Problem and a Description of Some Practices," by David Mallery, is reviewed on page 76.

►"Teaching About Communism: Guidelines for Junior and Senior High School Teachers" has been prepared by the Joint Committee of the National Education Association and the American Legion (available from the American Legion, Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana, 50 cents). It provides specific suggestions for the teacher's approach to the subject, selection of materials, classroom presentation, and for helping the community understand why and how the subject is being taught.

►"Totalitarianism: New Perspectives," by William Ebenstein (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, eighty pages, $1), was prepared under the sponsorship of the National Council for the Social Studies and the American Jewish Committee. It places the study of both Communism and democracy in perspective through a consideration of the nature of totalitarianism in general.

Effective teaching about Communism inevitably sharpens the student's perception of the essential nature of our own way of life. Few classroom studies are potentially more important, but few, also, can have a more negative result if poorly taught. Only the future can tell whether Premier Khrushchev was accurate when he bragged that our grandchildren would live under Communism, but in the final analysis, Democracy's surest defense is a highly informed citizenry.

—JAMES CASS.

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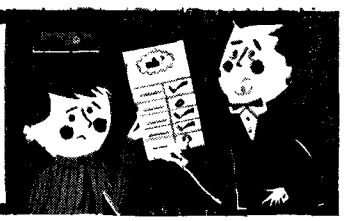
Report Card



EXPANSION. South Fayston, Vermont, is about to double the size of its school system. The town voted recently to sell its one-room school and replace it with a two-room school.

DEFINITELY U. Gray flannel may still have its aficionados on college campuses and along Madison Avenue, but for the young man who *really* wants to get ahead, Broadstreet's in New York is featuring a new color in men's suits—chancellor brown.

LAUNDRONAUT. David Olive of Memphis, a freshman at Vanderbilt University, recently climbed into a coin-operated laundry dryer, completed 430 orbits, and promptly claimed the intercollegiate spin-dry championship. He is shown below waiting for his fellow freshman, Brooks Griffin of Smyrna, Georgia, to complete the pre-liftoff countdown. The heat problem was solved by selecting the proper fabric temperature and keeping the door open. After emerging from his capsule, Olive told admiring onlookers: "It's the best ten-cent ride in the world."

THE ETERNAL EVE. Like most editors, we regularly receive frantic appeals from students who need instant information for a term paper that has suddenly fallen due. The Christmas mail brought one that we found utterly irresistible. It was from a girl at Emmanuel College in Boston who wanted "anything you have" on Maria Montessori. After an anguished description of her "desperate need" and "terrible rush," the letter closed with this postscript: "If you are unable to send me anything, don't worry. I won't be any worse off than I am now."

E.E., CHAPTER II. A girl in the seventh grade at Baldwin Junior High School on Long Island recently went to her first Saturday night dance at the school's youth center. When she returned home her mother asked her the usual questions about who she danced with, whether she had a good time, etc., to which the girl responded that she had danced every dance with the same boy but had refused when he asked her to go steady "because he wouldn't tell me his last name."

(*Contributed by Mrs. Althea Hultz, Baldwin, N. Y.*)

—*Frank Empson (The Nashville Tennessean).*

Laundronaut David Olive of Memphis—all systems go.

PLEASE PASS THE PARMESAN. Nan Carpenter, professor of English at Montana State University, writes us that while discussing burlesque epics of the Renaissance in class recently, she used the word *macaronic* and asked her students if they knew what kind of poetry that was. After a moment's silence, one boy offered brightly: "Long and stringy?"

KEYNES FOR THE KIDDIES. Under the sponsorship of Purdue University, first-graders in fifteen Indiana cities are studying economics this year. The course, offered by radio, features one semester devoted to work inside the home and another to work on the outside. Parents are understandably enthusiastic, because one of the things the youngsters learn is where daddy's paycheck comes from.

BIG BROTHER. Mr. Wellborn Jack, who represents Shreveport in the Louisiana State Legislature, told a recent meeting of the Citizens Council of Greater New Orleans that he has established a system of informers in Louisiana colleges and universities to alert him when professors try to "brainwash" students on the subject of integration. Reporting that he has put more than 250 students in Louisiana institutions of higher learning on scholarships he obtained as a legislator, he added: "I don't give them the scholarships unless they think like I do to begin with."

FIRST THINGS FIRST. Ralph McGill, commenting recently in his syndicated newspaper column on the unhealthy pre-eminence of football and marching bands in many U.S. high schools, cited the case of the Malta-McConnellsville High School in southern Ohio, whose boosters raised $10,000 to send the band to march in the Orange Bowl parade in Miami on New Year's Eve, while the school itself is in grave danger of losing its accreditation because the library is below minimum state standards, a third of the teachers are unqualified for the subjects they teach, and the taxpayers have shown no interest in providing the financial support necessary to remedy the school's academic deficiencies.

—JOHN SCANLON.

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BOOK REVIEW

Marx in the Classroom

"Teaching About Communism," by David Mallery *(National Association of Independent Schools. 72 pp. 75 cents), describes what a variety of schools, both public and private, are doing to meet the demand that secondary school students learn about Communism. Henry W. Bragdon, who teaches history at Phillips Exeter Academy, is the principal author of two high school texts in American history, "History of a Free People" and "Frame of Government."*

By HENRY W. BRAGDON

HERE is a book that will prove a gold mine for teachers, curriculum builders, and school librarians in search of materials on Russia and Communism in general.

For at least a decade after the inception of the cold war too many schools and too many textbooks treated Communism and socialism as "closed areas," like sex, not to be discussed in the classroom. In a widely used American history text, first published in 1950, there is not the slightest explanation of either socialist or Communist theory. There is no mention of Karl Marx; the only reference in the index to "socialism" or "Socialist Party" leads to a page where we learn that members of the Socialist Party were imprisoned during World War I. "Communism" receives treatment only in the spheres of foreign policy and domestic subversion. If responsible writers of what is on the whole rather a liberal text could pursue such an ostrichlike policy, small wonder that classroom teachers avoided discussion of dangerous ideas, or that a town librarian kept the Communist Manifesto under lock and key for fear a high school student might read it.

This conspiracy of silence was so obviously nonsensical that the pendulum now swings the other way. Schools are told they *must* teach the facts of life about Communism, and the demand is sometimes backed up by legislative fiat. Thus in Florida the legislature has decreed a separate course in Communism, the text to be chosen from an approved list. Much of the pressure to introduce courses on Communism—or "anti-Communism"—comes from the right. The John Birch Society urges its members to get elected to school boards and to attend PTA meetings in order to see that students learn anti-Communism and learn it right. Various rightist groups have been so successful in such endeavors, according to Eugene McCrary, Supervisor of Secondary Education in the University of California in Berkeley, writing in the April, 1962 issue of *Social Education*, that they threaten a crisis in American education. The world image presented to students by "anti-Communist" courses is this:

> Our political system is seen as a static and perfect product of the founding fathers rather than as a gradual development of a basically liberating and revolutionary approach to man and society. Our country is praised not for its continuing healthy progress toward equality, participation, opportunity, and a fuller life for all, but as a model of absolute, unchangeable perfection. Mixed economies are identified with socialism; socialism with Communism. . . . Legitimate strivings by hungry and desperate peoples in underdeveloped countries, which often require revolutionary change, are viewed as Communist plots. All reform or progress is seen as a threat. There is a simplification of reality into two polar absolutes — democracy and Communism — overlooking the manifold variety of human institutions. . . .

Even where saner counsels prevail, separate courses or "units" in Communism tend to suffer from this simple two-valued orientation; our side must always win, and no Communist ace can be played that is not soon covered with an American trump. The danger is that students are not led to realize the potency of Communism as an ideology, nor the variety of its achievements: the Communists are simply "the bad guys." Well, just because they are indeed the bad guys we need to study them coolly, objectively, and thoroughly — and to study ourselves as well.

But the demand from the right for courses on Communism has also done good. It has forced thousands of schools to reassess their offerings in social studies and to see whether students are receiving adequate instruction in the theory and practice of Communism. The booklet under review reflects this concern. Mr. Mallery has collected statements and course syllabi from scores of teachers and administrators in both public and independent schools, with a few college professors thrown in. Here are detailed a great variety of approaches to the study of Communism; it is noteworthy that without exception they all agree in their basic approach. They all regard crude indoctrination as self-defeating and wholly alien to the American tradition. All the educators quoted profess belief in free inquiry and the study of a variety of sources.

Mr. Mallery found that the most common approach to the study of Communism was to give it due place in history courses. The modern European history course at Exeter, for instance, puts special emphasis on "revolutionary movements in the field of ideas, as well as in politics and economics." Such a course deals not only with socialist theory as Marx presented it, but also with other varieties of socialism and various later adaptations of Marxism. Many schools have introduced courses in Russian history. Thus Paul Mitchell of the Lincoln-Sudbury (Massachusetts) Regional School District found that he could not live with an "anti-Communism, single-text, indoctrination-type course," and embarked on a three-year personal study of Russian history. The result is a course of great richness and variety in which students are encouraged to do their own investigating and form their own conclusions.

The comparative institutions approach to the study of Communism and the single unit on Communism also appear in the little volume under review, but it is clear that teachers are trying to avoid simple indoctrination and to keep the study on the level of investigation through use of a variety of materials.

The usefulness of Mr. Mallery's compilation is limited by the fact that most of his correspondents and interlocutors were from well-established independent schools or suburban high schools. Such institutions tend to attract the ablest teachers, and administrators who protect their faculties from outside interference. Moreover most of the courses here described are for those bound to college, and some for the highly talented. There is need for a more comprehensive study of schools less favored and students less academically oriented.

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New Books

READINGS IN HUMAN LEARNING. *Edited by Lester D. Crow and Alice Crow. David McKay Co.* 493 *pp. Paperback,* $3.95. A series of essays by leaders in the field on various aspects of the process of learning. Primarily a textbook, but also of concern to interested laymen.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND ITS TEACHERS. *By F. C. Rosecrance. Macmillan.* 316 *pp.* $5. Provides details of the opportunities, functions, and responsibilities of a college teacher, directed toward those in the profession or those planning to enter it.

PROGRAMMED INSTRUCTION FOR SCHOOLS AND INDUSTRY. *By J. L. Hughes. Science Research Associates* (259 *East Erie Street, Chicago* 11, *Ill.*). 299 *pp.* $6. A basic introduction to the use of programmed instruction, written in nontechnical language for the layman.

EVISED COLLEGE COURSES. *By John W. Meaney. The Fund for the Advancement of Education* (477 *Madison Avenue, New York* 22, *N.Y.*) 88 *pp. Paperback, no charge.* A progress report on television as a teaching tool in the college.

THE DIRECTORY FOR EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN. Fourth Edition, 1962. *Porter Sargent, Publisher* (11 *Beacon Street, Boston* 8, *Mass.*). 618 *pp.* $6. Descriptions of educational and training facilities for the emotionally disturbed, mentally retarded, and physically handicapped.

SUFFER, LITTLE CHILDREN. *By Max Rafferty. Devin-Adair.* 166 *pp.* $3. Some reflections on American education by the newly elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction in California. (See Editorial on page 59.)

EDUCATION IN URBAN SOCIETY. *Edited by B. J. Chandler, Lindley J. Stiles, and John I. Kitsuse. Dodd, Mead.* 279 *pp. Paperback,* $3.50. An interdisciplinary approach to the analysis of education in relation to large urban complexes.

SELECTING A SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS. *American Association of School Administrators* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*), *and National School Boards Association* (1940 *Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.*). 18 *pp. Paperback,* $1. A guide for school board members.

EARLY SCHOOL ADMISSION FOR MENTALLY ADVANCED CHILDREN. *Edited by Maynard C. Reynolds. The Council for Exceptional Children* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 56 *pp. Paperback,* $2. A review of research and practice.

THE MEANING OF PSYCHOTHERAPY IN THE TEACHER'S LIFE AND WORK. *By Arthur T. Jersild and Eve Allina Lazar with Adele M. Brodkin, Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 151 *pp.* $3.95. A study of some 200 teachers who had undergone psychotherapy, which charts the changes in their attitudes toward themselves and others.

CIVIL RIGHTS U.S.A.—PUBLIC SCHOOL NORTH AND WEST 1962. 309 *pp. Paperback,* $2. **CIVIL RIGHTS U.S.A.—PUBLIC SCHOOLS SOUTHERN STATES 1962.** 217 *pp. Paperback,* 75 *cents. The United States Commission on Civil Rights.* (*Available from Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington* 25, *D.C.*) Reports submitted to the Commission on Civil Rights on racial issues in selected school systems.

HELP YOUR CHILD LEARN HOW TO LEARN. *By Marie L. Avery and Alice Higgins. Prentice-Hall.* 271 *pp.* $5.95. A complete home training for youngsters that can be directed by their parents, after school.

CHINESE EDUCATION UNDER COMMUNISM. *Edited by Chang-Tu Hu.* 157 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. **THE MINOR EDUCATIONAL WRITINGS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.** *Selected and translated by William Boyd.* 105 *pp. Paperback,* $1.25. **PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION.** *Selected Writings of Edward L. Thorndike. Edited by Geraldine M. Joncich.* 158 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. **THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.** *Introduced by Paul Leicester Ford.* 78 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. *Nos.* 7, 11, 12, *and* 13 *in a series entitled "Classics in Education." Lawrence A. Cremin, general editor. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University. TC's Bureau of Publications continues an interesting and valuable series of educational studies in pocketbook form.*

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Ralph G. Nichols, Chairman, Department of Rhetoric, University of Minnesota, who lectures on listening to business administration groups and who serves as coauthor on primary-grade materials titled *Learn to Listen, Speak, and Write.*

Peter Odegard, Professor of Political Science, University of California, Directing Professor of Continental Classroom, who is one of the advisors on elementary texts in The Basic Social Studies Program, authored by **Paul R. Hanna** of Stanford University, **Clyde F. Kohn** of State University of Iowa, **Robert A. Lively** of Princeton.

Alfred J. Rieber, Associate Professor of History, Northwestern University, and **Robert C. Nelson,** Staff Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor, who have coauthored *A Study of the USSR and Communism,* a paperback text for high-school use.

Dr. Frederick Crane, Research Scientist at Purdue University, who opened the doors of his laboratory for the taking of photographs of an experiment in photosynthesis, included in a new 7th-grade Basic Studies in Science text, *Science Is Explaining.*

To these scholars and many others, the American public and the teaching profession, as well as the makers of textbooks, are indebted for keeping education abreast of rapid advances on the frontiers of knowledge today.

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Certification

Continued from page 73

his wisdom and professional competence, will not permit misassignment of teachers.

►The qualified teacher will not accept an assignment for which he is not prepared.

►Professional associations of teachers, especially at the local level, will be alert to violations of sound practice in assigning teachers.

►State boards of education will exercise more strongly the power usually vested in them by law to supervise public education. As each state contributes more to its local school systems to relieve them of financial burdens, its obligation increases to make sure that the money is well spent. It is not well spent for unqualified teachers.

►Teacher associations will enforce ethical practices and encourage effective performance on the part of members. As competence in this activity develops, so will their influence, particularly in achieving the revocation of credentials of persons proved unfit for membership in a profession. So also will the public image of the association of teachers change from that of a pressure-group-welfare-agency to that of a profession dedicated to the improvement of public education.

What, then, shall we do with certification officials under this plan? There will be sincere suggestions that they all be taken out and shot, but perhaps I can be forgiven for hoping that this will still be illegal. Some will die; some will retire; some (apologies to Parkinson) may even quit! The rest will have plenty to do working with the colleges to improve programs; carrying out much-needed and long-neglected research; working on state and local programs to recruit for teacher education; and writing magazine articles on the evils of certification.

A procedure such as is suggested here may involve statutory change in some states; in others, the change will be more of tradition than of law. In still others, little basic change will be necessary except in certification regulations. Some of the proposals will not be popular with those of the state and college officials—and they may be a substantial majority—who believe sincerely that certification is the only effective means of controlling the assignment of teachers. Certainly the idea of a single certificate will not be popular with people primarily interested in one academic discipline or one special service, many of whom believe that certification is the only means of maintaining standards. It is quite possible that the most likely source of support is the certification officials themselves, who understand best the ridiculous lengths to which we go when we try to regulate every *i*-dotting and *t*-crossing by legislative fiat.

We cannot create a profession through regulations, any more than we can legislate integrity and common sense. We can create a profession by improving our own performance, and by improving the quality of persons entering public education. In the long run, we can accomplish this only by making teaching more attractive, although not necessarily more accessible, to talented youth. We will not become professional by harping on past deficiencies and present difficulties; but we will get nowhere by ignoring them or by appearing to ignore them. Neither will we become professional by coercion through weight of numbers and public necessity. We will become a profession when society recognizes us for what most of us want to be and try to be—people who have learned from experience, who thrive in adversity, and who strive only to improve the opportunities and the performance of our children and our children's children.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 61

teachers and other "summer only" student who have traditionally come to us at that time.

Why don't we like the word "trimester?" It means "three-months" and the fifteen-week, three-times a year academic term should be called a "quadrimester." Not wishing to be that erudite, and not seeing the advantage of exchanging one etymological inaccuracy for another, we prefer to stay with "semester" (six-months) which at least was coined here on our campus.

STEPHEN H. SPURR, Dean,
University of Michigan.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

WHAT'S THE HURRY?

WHAT IS THE HURRY? The God-awful hurry? Why should college students now graduate in three years? Is an education between the years eighteen and twenty-two accomplished by a college campus alone?

If colleges increasingly take on this all-year operation—though they can handle more students—they will be encouraging young people to drop a traditional and worthwhile quarter—the summer: a time to operate in one's mind (without the burden of tests and prelims, without the worry of grades) in a situation where the subjects they have studied in the fall, spring, and winter can be considered in terms of life.

I found my summer vacations my most rewarding quarter following each year in college, for I was given a chance for my thoughts to grow *naturally* as only things can grow if they are given a little time. One summer I hitchhiked around the United States, picking up various jobs to pay for my food. Another summer I worked for a newspaper, and another summer I was a lobster man.

Each time I returned to school, I was *ready* for school. Learning did not become an oppression—going on and on without letup as would be the case of the three year students. Nothing but book work for three years! How sterile! And what a way to spend one's maturing youth!

Do American educators—high-powered and blind—not realize that some aspects of education are intangible, and that the fusion of good summers with nine months of study produces a richer man than any three-year crash program?

JONATHAN FAIRBANKS.
Chicago, Ill.

OBJECTIONS TO THE 3-3 PLAN

IT MAY BE HELPFUL to report some objections to the 3-3 plan as shown by an informal survey of a faculty which had used the plan for twenty-five years.

With only three subjects, the studen may, if he will, focus more sharply on them, but this is for a shorter period than with the semester plan—by six weeks plus a holiday recess. Gain in concentration, then, is at the expense of time for assimilation and maturing of concepts. Whether

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there is net gain or loss must depend on the course, on the instructor, and on the individual student. Our survey showed that about 40 per cent of the faculty felt [illegible]e is a serious loss, about 30 per cent [illegible]ght there is a very real gain, and 30 per cent held no decided views.

The advantage of concentrating on three subjects instead of five has merit if they are of intrinsic interest to the student, and are suited to his aptitudes. Not infrequently, however, a student finds himself with three uncongenial courses, and concentration becomes dreariness.

Among my colleagues in the sciences and foreign languages, disapproval was unanimous and vigorous; it was generally approved by those in the fine arts and social sciences; in English and literature there were wide differences of opinion. Even on the question of the "lame duck" session which, in the semester plan, follows the Christmas recess, there was no agreement. Some regarded it as culmination of the course, others as virtually useless.

On the basis of our experience, it seems improbable that any great improvement in the quality of learning will be achieved by adoption of the 3-3 plan.

ERNEST H. LYONS, JR.,
Principia College.

Elsah, Ill.

ACADEMIC PRODUCTION LINE?

TO THIS UNDERGRADUATE (senior year, honors philosophy) the Education Supplement of December 15 was unusually inter[illegible]ng. One can only regret that no editorial was written on the implications of "Colleges *Can* Operate All Year."

Of course colleges can operate all year —or, to be precise, education can continue all year. What the four plans say is mostly admirable, but they leave out too much. The plans are a tribute to our penchant for complex planning but do nothing to guard against the defects of production-line education.

DONALD PHILLIPSON.

London, Ontario, Canada

GOOD LUCK TO CALVIN GROSS

THE APPRAISAL OF Dr. Calvin Gross [*SR*, Dec. 15] was read with interest and admiration. I had had no idea how serious was the need for an administrator of Dr. Gross's caliber in my native city. The remarks he made about education in that engrossing profile are impressive indeed. "Here," I thought as I read, "is a man of integrity and competence." Good luck to Dr. Gross and the fulfilment of his realistic yet praiseworthy plans for the future of "the world's largest school system"!

EDWARD TOMASIAN.

Capistrano Beach, Calif.

CHRISTMAS STORY, CHAPTER II

[illegible] STUDENT COUNCIL would like to [illegible]k you for the article [*SR*, Dec. 15] on our Christmas Tree Festival, held in our own forest. Our sales totaled over $3,500, up $1,200 from last year.

JEAN ALEXANDER,
Student Council President,
Bryan High School.

Yellow Springs, O.

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(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued on page 82, Column 2)

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(Continued from page 81)

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Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Additions by ordered growth or process.	170 201 102 97 162 7 61 126
B. French general who had a flower named for him (1787-1865).	188 133 149 91 63 166 108 80 84 142 115
C. Rooms where raw food is kept.	156 187 199 9 90 8 44
D. Suffering a state of listlessness, ennui, boredom (fig.; 3 wds.).	150 128 82 165 181 122 3 34 186 140 92 196 11
E. Complete.	106 71 31 38 94 197
F. Large inlet of Atlantic Ocean and connected with it by Davis Strait (1616).	179 1 110 100 101 141
G. Enriches by adding or inserting pork or bacon.	37 129 14 157 118
H. Great city, two-thirds in Europe, one-third in Asia.	109 27 86 51 112 172 42 203
I. Describing a book yet in galley form (2 wds.).	185 75 198 4 111 191 33 69
J Imperials.	72 168 78 95 10 65 50
K. Carouser.	158 83 56 104 52 123 16 29 176
L. Certain feminine ornaments which come in pairs.	200 93 23 132 30 161 164 43
M. Menace of final dissolution (3 wds.).	182 25 147 139 57 15 154 195 124 131 175 28 120
N. Captain Ahab's quarry (2 wds.).	153 66 173 77 146 143 138 178 47 103
O. Insults, shameless and impudent.	159 134 21 116 99 40 174 13 41 189 89 183
P. X-ray photograph of the brain.	45 167 114 96 2 145 49 68 194 190 163 53 151 32
Q. The "way that leadeth unto life" (2 wds.).	81 121 137 105 22 48 64 17 144 127
R. Mother of a household.	18 60 135 26 88 55 113 130 35 180 70 73 12
S. Rake with gunfire.	148 58 160 125 6 202 20 192
T. One of those unfortunates who suffer a morbid antipathy to cats.	107 152 36 155 193 67 79 87 62 169 19
U. Praiseworthy.	54 39 5 85 184 74 46 117
V. Certain hesitations in speech.	98 59 76 24 177 136 171 119

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 F		2 P	3 D	4 I	5 U	6 S	7 A	8 C		9 C	10 J	11 D	12 R	13 O	14 G
15 M		16 K	17 Q	18 R	19 T	20 S		21 O	22 Q	23 L		24 V	25 M	26 R		27 H	28 M
29 K	30 L		31 E	32 P	33 I		34 D	35 R	36 T	37 G	38 E	39 U	40 O		41 O	42 H	43 L
44 C	45 P	46 U	47 N		48 Q	49 P	50 J		51 H		52 K	53 P	54 U	55 R		56 K	57 M
58 S	59 V	60 R	61 A	62 T	63 B	64 Q	65 J		66 N	67 T	68 P	69 I	70 R	71 E	72 J		73 R
74 U	75 I	76 V	77 N		78 J		79 T	80 B	81 Q	82 D		83 K	84 B	85 U		86 H	87 T
88 R	89 O	90 C	—	91 B	92 D	93 L	94 E	95 J	96 P	97 A	98 V		99 O	100 F		101 F	102 A
103 N		104 K	105 Q	106 E	107 T	108 B		109 H	110 F		111 I	112 H		113 R	114 P	115 B	116 O
117 U	118 G	119 V		120 M	121 Q	122 D		123 K		124 M	125 S	126 A	127 Q		128 D	129 G	130 R
131 M	132 L		133 B	134 O	135 R	136 V	137 Q		138 N	139 M	140 D		141 F	142 B	143 N		144 Q
145 P	146 N		147 M	148 S	149 B	150 D	151 P	152 T		153 N	154 M	155 T	156 C	157 G		158 K	159 O
	160 S	161 L	162 A	163 P		164 L	165 D	166 B	167 P	168 J	169 T	170 A	171 V	172 H	173 N	174 O	175 M
176 K		177 V	178 N	179 F	180 R	181 D	182 M	183 O		184 U	185 I	186 D		187 C		188 B	189 O
190 P	191 I	192 S	193 T		194 P	195 M		196 D	197 E	198 I	199 C	200 L	201 A	202 S	203 H		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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Adieux de Napoléon à La Garde Impériale à Fontainebleau. Détail de la peinture par E.J.H.Vernet.

Napoleon bids farewell to his Imperial Guard at Fontainebleau, April 20, 1814, shortly before abdicating. General Petit, Commandant, embraces him.

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(Offer subject to state and local regulations.)

84 Proof

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